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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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PENTHOUSE

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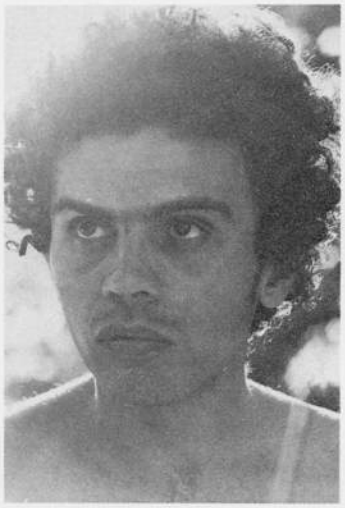
HOUSECALL

Who lied about the John F. Kennedy murder? Somebody did, according to **George O'Toole** who reopens the case in *Assassination Tapes* (page 44). O'Toole, former CIA agent, think-tank consultant and novelist, used the new Psychological Stress Evaluator—a new super lie detector that can analyze recorded voice patterns—to scrutinize taped statements of eight key persons in the inquiry, including Chief Justice Earl Warren and four Dallas police officers. O'Toole says the voice prints show a 94 percent chance that someone is telling less than the whole truth. Penthouse will carry the continuing revelations of O'Toole's one-man lie detector assault in future issues. **Vernon Bellecourt** speaks with a straight tongue. Bellecourt is as American as you can get—an Ojibwa Indian, born on the White Horse Reservation in Minnesota. He is president of the American Indian Movement, and he speaks for his blood brothers at Wounded Knee in this month's *Interview* (page 58). Bellecourt also tells his own tale, which moves from reservation to slum, to prison, to a successful career in the "white world," then back to his people and finally to the Indian movement. In keeping with this All American issue, we sent hard-eared music writer **David Dalton** to the South to find the real American music, the Big Country sound. He found that things weren't exactly the same in the old Southland and *Honky-Tonk Angels in Hillbilly Heaven* (page 82), tells the story of country-cum-slick. Hank Williams Jr. and Tootsie's Orchid Lounge are some of the people and places that make songs like *Billy Broke My Heart At Walgreens* and *I Cried All The Way To Sears* more than moonshine melodies. But the lonesome twang is still there, says Dalton, for, "lonesomeness is the country malady." In his story *The Kingdom of Come,* erotic novelist **Marco Vassi** writes about a lady who likes sex by herself until she finally meets the man of her dreams, who turns out to be God (page 78). Talking about kiss and tell, we come to **Richard Curtis,** who leaps out of the closet to confess his rampant heterosexuality in *Heterosexual Manifesto* (page 96). It includes a list of ten top hetero demands, such as the right to work as a hairdresser. Curtis admits that he was involved in this weirdness even as a small child, when he would sneak off to wear his father's clothes. No wolf in sheep's clothing is **James Lincoln Collier,** who checks into this issue with a firsthand report on *Whorehouses of My Youth* (page 107), touring the erotic underbelly of the 1930's and 1940's, when nice girls didn't do it much and a whore was still a man's best friend. Collier is a literary pro with more than 500 magazine articles and two dozen books to his credit. Continuing our tour of erotic America, free lance **Peter Hauck** reports on San Francisco's new X-rated art museum, where for two and a half bucks (half-price for students, and who isn't a student?) you can see more skin than in any movie. Picasso, Dali, Grosz and several Japanese *shunga* artists are represented there. All of it is tasty and it all happens in our *Happenings* section. Elsewhere, irascible **Henry Morgan** splits sides with some letters-received, including one from an eighty-seven-year-old virgin who lives with a fading memory of the day the handyman dropped his overalls. As Harry Golden once said, where else but in America? Indeed.

O'TOOLE

COLLIER



VASSI

DALTON

BELLECOURT

HAUCK

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method. Kool Kings 17 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Kool Longs 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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editor & publisher

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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Mail on mail

I have just read your March editorial on "Postal Health" and the death of *Life*.

I wrote on this subject to the Consumer Advocate of the Postal Service Department and sent a copy to Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska, who is on the Postal Operations Committee.

You did not mention the real problem—"junk" mail sent at very cheap bulk rates. The Postal Service loses money on this and is trying to make other classes of mail pay for the junk. Perhaps junk mailers have a strong lobby in Washington.

I believe that some junk mail goes for less than two cents per item. It proliferates by the selling of mailing lists. Even the State of Alaska sells mailing lists of citizens who register motor vehicles. Thanks for your editorial stand on the postal problem.—*Walt and Elsa Pedersen, Sterling, Alas.*

I would like to comment about your editorial in the March issue on the postal-rate increase and the death of *Life* and other popular publications. In the past, many people, like myself, had to subscribe to certain publications because strict censorship laws would not allow them on local newsstands. But today, due to much more lenient censorship, virtually all publications can be purchased at newsstands and bookstores. I don't see why anyone other than "shut-ins" has to send for them by mail, but apparently a great many do, even some living next door to a bookstore or newsstand carrying those publications. I jokingly asked a friend who always asks to read my Penthouse after I'm through with it why he didn't invest a dollar himself. He replied that he didn't dare for fear of being seen purchasing it at a newsstand. . . .

Strangely, it seems that only such publications, which are allowed everywhere on newsstands, in schools, libraries, etc., are the ones folding, while publications like Penthouse and *Playboy* continue to flourish. This tends to refute the claim of those who predicted an early demise for all publications prominently displaying sex and nudity, as a result of boredom and waning interest by purchasers. Sex and nudity is nature in all its glory, and is here to stay. It's the hypocrisy surrounding it that should be removed.—*J.J., Brockton, Mass.*

Cappstone

I find it appalling that this magazine would publish, and presumably pay for, that article *Back to the Drawing Board,* by Al Capp—not because I would support censoring him or anyone else, but because it invalidates Penthouse's claim to professionalism and probity.

Capp has been dispensing this sort of mean-minded garbage for years, and whatever justification may have ever existed for giving him a forum has long since been exhausted by redundancy and repetition. He is about as incapable of growth or change or conceptual progress as Gerald K. Smith, Pat Boone or the Rev. Carl McIntyre. It is offensive, an exercise in repugnance—a kind of mass circulation obscene phone call—to foul up your otherwise artistic and graphically excellent pages with this thoroughly discredited man's offal.

To be sure, the magazine redeems itself with such articles as the tax analysis by Philip Stern and its superior photography, but to this discerning reader it makes the heavy-handed Capp crudities even more unredeeming and inexcusable. I hope you will never screen out quality, excellence, the bizarre and originality. But Capp's crap—and I use *this* crudity with calculated deliberation—deserves exposure, if anywhere, in a periodical addicted to a different and necessarily lower standard.—*William Rodgers, Centreville, Md.*

I don't mind Al Capp's ignorance or his simple-mindedness. He was ignorant and simple-minded when he was a leftist in years gone by and remains so now that he is a rightist. He seems to have changed hardly at all. This is a free country, though, and ignorant and simple-minded folk occasionally say intelligent things. What I cannot abide is Mr. Capp's pettiness. George McGovern's armpits, indeed! Infuriate us if you wish, Mr. Capp; it's good for the complacent among us. But for Christ's sake, don't bore us.—*L. G. Dorr, Jr., San Francisco, Calif.*

Mr. Capp's suggestions to the Democrats, if taken seriously, might keep their next candidate from losing by a landslide.

If the Democrats are smart, they will get their asses out of the red-grass pastures of the ultra liberals.

Maybe they will fare better next time if they don't insult the voters' integrity by supporting everything from pot to fags.

Good work, Mr. Capp.—*J.H., Modesto, Calif.*

Us and them

As a longtime reader of *Playboy* and more recently Penthouse, I would like to congratulate the editorial staff of your magazine for its selection of articles.

It's quite refreshing to read the work of a talented author in its original form and style. I was getting used to tailored prose in other magazines, and the recognition of freedom in your periodical is both startling and appreciated.

It appears that authors submitting work to you do not have to fear massive rewriting and editing in order to fit a preconceived ideal, a practice all too prevalent elsewhere. This is a wonderful thing to see.

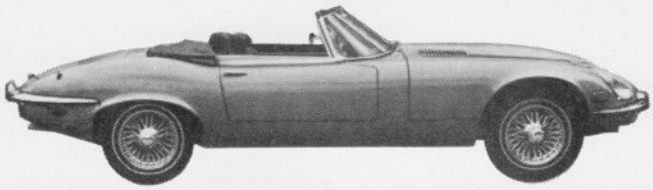
I hope Penthouse continues this practice of noncensorship and freedom, and I look forward to reading more of your stimulating work in the future.—*J. Brand, New York, N.Y.*

Viva lives!

I read in the *New York Times* that the publisher of Penthouse is going to publish a magazine for women called *Viva*. He's quoted as saying, "There will be no centerfold beefcake." How come? Does everything have to be as tasteless as the Burt Reynolds centerfold in *Cosmopolitan*?

We once saw your publisher fully clothed, posing with a nude girl. Not bad. Why couldn't he take off his clothes and provide us with *Viva*'s

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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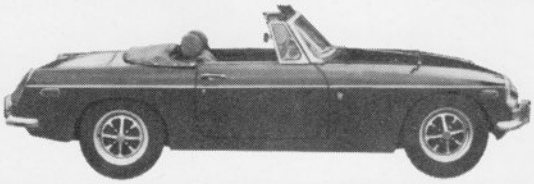

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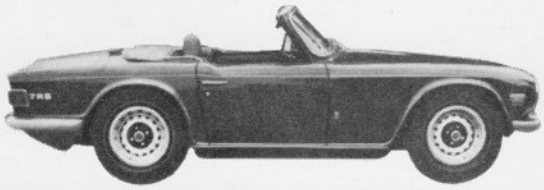

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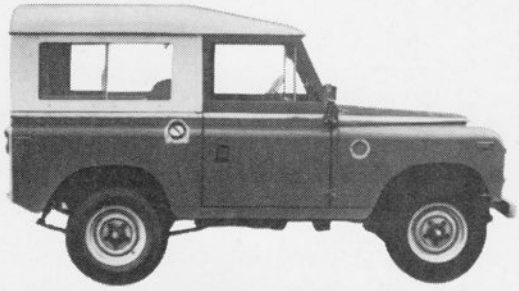

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227900 * PERCY FAITH • CLAIR COLUMBIA Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001) Dueling Banjos • 9 MORE
226647 * SONNY JAMES COLUMBIA SINGS THE GREATEST COUNTRY HITS OF 1972
220723 KAPP FOXY LADY CHER
223420 BARBRA STREISAND COLUMBIA Live Concert At The Forum
214650 COLUMBIA Blood, Sweat & Tears GREATEST HITS
220335 * CHUCK BERRY CHESS THE LONDON SESSIONS
187161 MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR'S COLUMBIA GREATEST HITS, Vol. 3
230136 * PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL BILLY PAUL EBONY WOMAN
228833 * ROY BUCHANAN POLYDOR SECOND ALBUM Filthy Teddy
227462 * ABC STEELY DAN Can't Buy A Thrill DO IT AGAIN
222646 COLUMBIA ANDY WILLIAMS ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)
224147 * A&M JOE COCKER Pardon Me Sir
222679 * UNI INSIDE THE MIND OF BILL COSBY
219485 PARROT TOM JONES CLOSE UP
216804 * DECCA LORETTA LYNN One's On The Way
218610 COLUMBIA JIM NABORS The Way Of Love
225094 * COLUMBIA WEST, BRUCE & LAING WHY DONTCHA
217356 * PARAMOUNT SOUNDTRACK "THE GODFATHER"
216093 KAPP SONNY & CHER ALL I EVER NEED IS YOU
225839 * EPIC THE HOLLIES ROMANY
219634 COLUMBIA PETER NERO THE FIRST TIME EVER (I SAW YOUR FACE)
227496 * Mercury THE STATLER BROTHERS SING COUNTRY SYMPHONIES IN E MAJOR
203919 A&M CARPENTERS Rainy Days and Mondays
224758 * COLUMBIA LYNN ANDERSON'S GREATEST HITS
225300 * COLUMBIA MARTY ROBBINS I've Got A Woman's Love
228957 * DOT JOE STAMPLEY SOUL SONG
223230 * KUDU GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. ALL THE KING'S HORSES
222018 BELL THE 5th DIMENSION Greatest Hits On Earth
216820 KAPP ROGER WILLIAMS LOVE THEME FROM "THE GODFATHER"
176594 COLUMBIA CHOPIN'S GREATEST HITS ORMANDY – KOSTELANETZ ENTREMONT, Piano
227504 * London Phase 4 TED HEATH ORCHESTRA SALUTE TO GLENN MILLER
201129 COLUMBIA TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 Overture Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy
196248 EPIC Sly & The Family Stone GREATEST HITS
209973 A&M CAT STEVENS Teaser and the Firecat • 9 more
209544 * SCEPTER B. J. THOMAS Greatest Hits Vol. 2 Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head
225938 * DECCA MARTY ROBBINS THIS MUCH A MAN
220038 * A&M Ferrante & Teicher Play The Hit Themes
225862 THRESHOLD THE MOODY BLUES SEVENTH SOJOURN Isn't Life Strange
228270 * (SOUNDTRACK) LAST TANGO IN PARIS
228791 * MGM EDDY ARNOLD So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'
212753 POLYDOR ARTHUR FIEDLER PLAYS THE MUSIC OF PAUL SIMON
229823 * PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL THE O'JAYS IN PHILADELPHIA
202796 COLUMBIA RICHARD STRAUSS Also Sprach Zarathustra Bernstein, New York Philharmonic
223123 * COLUMBIA LIZA MINNELLI Liza with a "Z"
227363 * ABC THE BEST OF JAMES GANG FEATURING JOE WALSH
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212852 ODE CAROLE KING MUSIC
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211284 * COLUMBIA VIKKI CARR SUPERSTAR
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222380 * ODE CHEECH AND CHONG Big Bambu
216812 * DECCA CONWAY TWITTY I Can't See Me Without You
196444 A&M CARPENTERS CLOSE TO YOU
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218297 * SUSSEX BILL WITHERS STILL BILL

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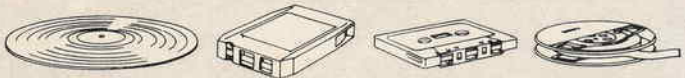

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. . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have at least ten days in which to decide)

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D151/F73

You can smell a great shave coming.

With English Leather you can actually smell a great shave coming. Even before you put blade to beard.

That's because we pour so much of our great English Leather® aroma into every can of our new concentrated shave cream. It's almost like putting on our famous After Shave before you shave.

Then there's the cream. Thick, rich, luxurious. With special beard softening agents. To give you a shave that's cleaner and smoother than anything you ever imagined.

And your nose will keep telling you all day long what a great shave you had.

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ALSO IN LIME AND TIMBERLINE MENTHOL.

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first nude centerfold? Why should he consider this "demeaning to men"?

Pictures of nude girls aren't demeaning to women. What's the big difference? And don't tell me "Viva la différence!"—*Horny, Teaneck, N.J.*

The difference is bigger for some men than for others. And "Viva la différence!"—Ed.

I see where Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione was quoted as saying that his new magazine, *Viva,* is based on the fact that "Men are the biggest interest women have—provide all their motivation." Bullshit. The only reason women are interested in men is as slaves. Read Esther Vilar's *The Manipulated Male.*—*T. L. Johnson, New York, N.Y.*

We read it. And an interview with Mrs. Vilar will appear in a forthcoming issue. It's true that many women love men as slaves, but this simply strengthens our argument.—Ed.

I've just seen Mr. Guccione on Phil Donahue's show and must let you know that he's wrong, wrong, wrong about women and male-nude photos. There's nothing we'd subscribe to quicker than a Penthouse for women!

I'm writing for all my friends and sisters-in-law who are busy with children younger than my own, who are eleven, fourteen and seventeen years of age. I felt I had better speak up for us all.

Viva sounds like a disappointment from your description. If it's not going to be a counterpart for us (as many and as good photos of men as the women you now have in Penthouse), I'll just continue to share Penthouse with my husband and not subscribe to *Viva.*

I fail to see why you or Hefner or somebody else doesn't jump at the chance to make the fortune that most certainly awaits you from the "other half" of the world! Look what happened to *Cosmo*'s Reynolds issue.

I guess liberation is farther off than I'd thought. Men think, or like to think, that women just don't need to enjoy what they enjoy. A Penthouse for us would prove that you think we're equals (even in bed).

I have nothing to do with any women's lib organizations. I'm a wife, mother and housekeeper, as all my friends and relatives are.

Penthouse is great, but how about one for us? —*B. Kirby, Kenosha, Wis.*

P.S. You as a centerfold: Marvelous!

Thanks for the memories

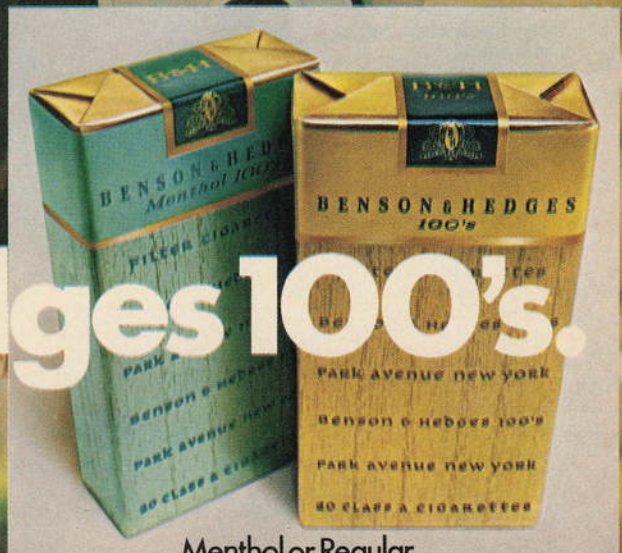
Very seldom am I moved enough by a magazine article to want to make a response. In this case, I am more than moved. I am damn well upset! I am referring to your article *Letter From an Indignant Taxpayer.* Mr. Stern has taken the view that every American should take. That is probably the only way we will ever be rid of the ridiculous way the Federal government has chosen to collect its revenues.

I am a business student at the University of Nebraska at Omaha, and I have recently been doing some research on the subject of the Federal income tax. I was really shocked at what I learned, as was Mr. Stern. As I'm sure you know, the income tax hasn't always been with us, and often when it was, it was only used as a means to finance a war. Somehow the Federal government just didn't have the heart to vote it out after it was enacted for financing some past war. I'm not sure of any dates, so I'm not going to mention any. However, I do know that at times it was as low as 2 percent on personal incomes and something like 14 percent on corporate incomes.

As if the presence of the tax, with all its in-

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.



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18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

equities, isn't enough, we also have to put up with all those nice men who serve as IRS agents. These men remind me of the Gestapo of Germany. They can literally make or break a man. In view of some of the sentences that courts have been handing down lately, a man who cheated on his taxes and got caught could end up serving the same sentence as a murderer. And to think we call ours a democratic government.

Mr. Stern asks why the government doesn't give us "average" taxpayers a break. Well, I'm sure he knows the answer to that one as well as I do. The answer lies in that age-old game called politics. In order for state senators and congressmen to attract industry to their states, they often have to grant concessions. Just look at the way some of the states tax corporations.

I want to say thank you for the article, and I hope you will continue to print articles like this one. You and I, with a little help from our friends, may some day get rid of the Federal-income-tax monster.—*R. E. Clark, Omaha, Neb.*

I've just read your February issue, with the splendid article by Jerome Doolittle on the Rendezvous des Amis. The best thing I've ever seen in Penthouse, and the best of its kind in any magazine of the Penthouse type. Doolittle is a real writer.—*Brian McFarlane, Honolulu, Hawaii*

In the April issue of Penthouse (I am an avid reader of your magazine, cover to cover) there is a Penthouse exclusive, *Unhappy Landings*, by Martin Schram and John Wallach. The article is a journalistic gem for the way the information was achieved and presented. My question is WHY? Why did men with their talent write such a useless and meaningless article as *Unhappy Landing*. All the article pertains to is how such men as Richard Duwayne Witt and Farland Jesus Grant are mistreated and have been done wrong by the Cuban government. Did these men really think that they would receive a hero's welcome, the red-carpet treatment, for an act of air piracy? Did the people of the U.S. ask them to hijack an airplane and take it to Cuba, because they would be treated like heroes? Hell no. Now they are complaining about all the ill effects of a hijacking. I hope (and I find that a lot of people think this way) they are getting exactly what they goddamn deserve, prison. It also states they are willing to suffer the consequences if they can come back to the States. Well, I don't want the filthy bastards back in my country. Once they have left, stay out. Sure they would like to go to prison in the States, because the Federal government is too damn easy on prisoners. I don't want my tax money spent on these animals to rehabilitate them, so they can get out of prison in a few years and do it again. Most crime is committed by people awaiting trial or who have been in prison before.

I don't think the American public gives a damn what happens to these people. Too many people abide by the law for a few idiots to think they can break it, get away with it and just serve a few years.

My suggestion is, have Martin Schram and John Wallach write more constructive articles. These men are an asset to your magazine, and damn good journalists, too.—*Cole W. Buerkle, Lancaster, Calif.*

I wish to commend you on your article in the March, 1973, issue entitled: *Tim Leary, Won't You Please Come Home*. While speeding my brains out, I read the article. Needless to say, I was enthralled! Alan Levy put forth a very human account of the life-style of a man who is a legend on the American scene.

While I was reading the article, I became absorbed in the idea of living the life Mr. Leary obviously enjoys. Being employed by the U.S. government as a Naval Aviation Structural Mechanic, I have been exposed to all kinds of literature. Your magazine is by far the best in it's field. I have been an avid reader of your magazine for, I think, three years now. It has never failed to entertain me and give me new insights into the world around me.

To get back to Tim Leary and Alan Levy's account of "the Big Energy" and his theories of Einstein's classic equation, $e\text{-}mc^2$. That the number two equals Man plus Woman is, in my opinion, an extremely logical conclusion. I couldn't quite grasp the idea of "the heavier the mass of your mind, the less your erotic energy." Perhaps a few more years and I'll have the experience necessary to comprehend. Leary's analogy of the caterpillar/butterfly tended to confuse me more than help.

Is Timothy Leary really a myth? I conceive, after rereading the article, Tim Leary as a necessary reality. And I do agree with his last words, "America seems like a distant lunatic asylum where the inmates get two-week passes."—*R.E.E., New York, N.Y.*

I wish to take this time to commend you and your magazine for the fine and very timely article by Philip M. Stern in the March issue.

For a long time the American people have been growing increasingly hostile to the unfair and unconstitutional tax structure in this country. Most do not even know the background of the Sixteenth Amendment. That is a study in itself. Mr. Stern does an excellent job in covering the many inequities that leave the small, long-suffering poor man no loopholes while the wealthy get by with little or no taxes.

I would like to carry the final statement in the article a little bit further and suggest that the Sixteenth Amendment be done away with entirely, to get the government out of private business. Then let us clamp down on some of the nations that owe us huge sums from war debts, make them cough up a lot of our money.

Again, congratulations on a fine article.—*John A. Keeler, Humboldt, Ariz.*

There's No Business Like...

Playboy probably doesn't like you very much. You started off imitating them and now the pressure of your success forces them to imitate you. (How gauche!) I never thought I'd see the mighty Bunny stoop to that. Their attempt to follow Guccione's photographic style is unconscionably sad. They should fight you on neutral territory... originality for originality, idea for idea, style for style. Their baby sister-brother Oui is equally sad. Anyway, what possesses a Franco-American magazine to imitate a British one? Surely there's enough talent in France and America without having to look to Britain for inspiration. The final infamy will come when Playboy or Oui hires Linda Lovelace to compete with your Xaviera Hollander. Then I'll know Hefner's given up the ship.

—*P. D. G. Rochester, N.Y.*

Sex semantics

I have recently read your magazine for the first time and have enjoyed it. I am sure that you have probably received this information from many others, but in case you have not, I wanted to contribute it in the name of "science" and accuracy.

In your February issue, in the *Sexindex* section, the word fuck appears.

The word fuck is not derived from the German

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

astounding sounding

AR-7

The new AR-7 will, quite simply, astound you. Never before has it been possible to get so much sound—and such accurate reproduction—from such a small speaker system.

Although the AR-7 measures only 9¾" x 15¾" x 6¼", and sells for $65, professional audio critics and knowledgeable consumers have consistently compared it favorably with other speakers 4 times its size and 10 times its price.

The AR-7 was originally developed to fill the needs of 4-channel stereo where space is at a premium, but its high dispersion tweeter and new woofer—both with unusually high power handling capacity—provide such wide, even frequency response that the AR-7 is an excellent choice for any high quality music system.

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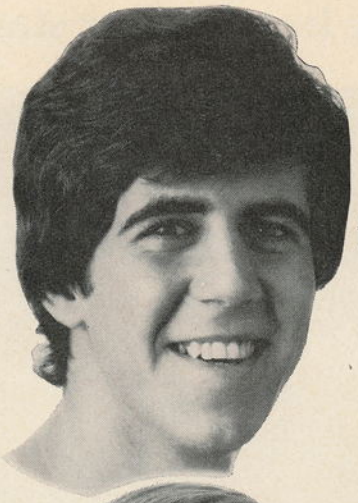
SCOTS WHISKY

"Don't give up the ship!"

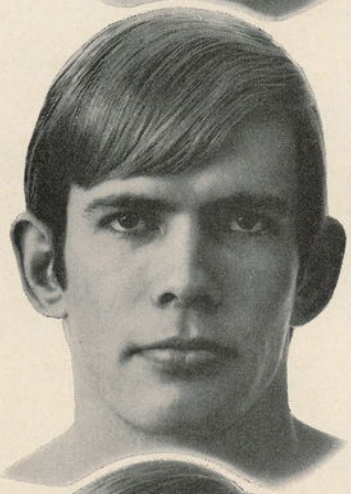
Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

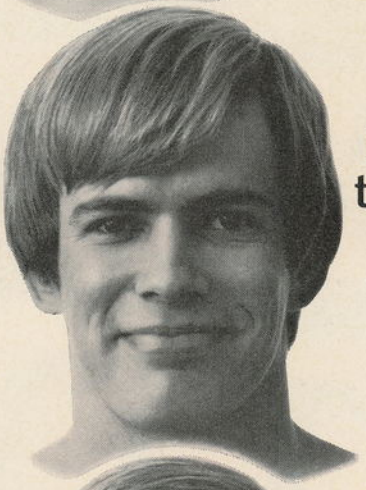
You think your nose is too big.



Brylcreem thinks your hair was too flat.

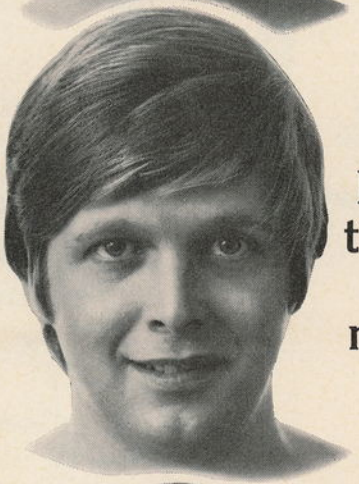
You think your ears stick out.





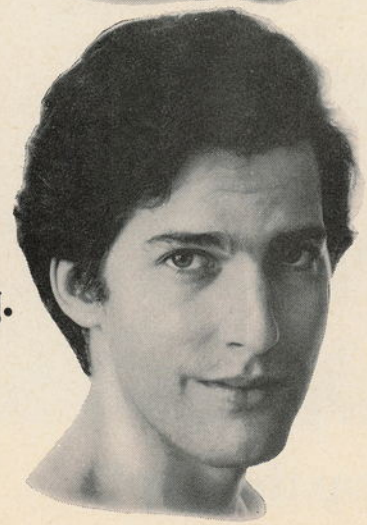
Brylcreem thinks your hair was too short.

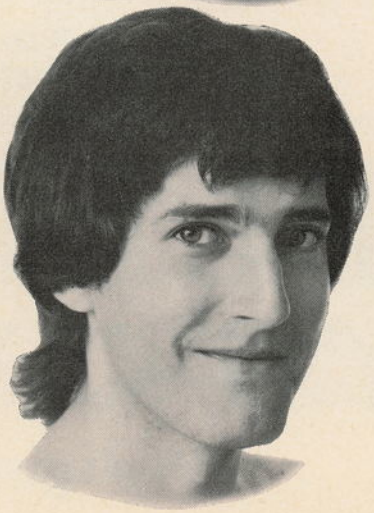
You think your face is too fat.



Brylcreem thinks your hair was misplaced.

You think your face is too long.





Brylcreem thinks your hair was too high.

There are a lot of men who think they look awful, and short of plastic surgery, there's nothing they can do to look better.

What these men don't know is that they can look better. They can style their hair to help correct nature's mistakes.

Your nose is too big? Your hair should be fuller on the sides. Wear your sideburns full too. But short. (Long sideburns only accentuate your already accentuated nose.) Try combing the hair on the top of your head forward at an angle, avoiding the elongating effect back-combed hair can give a large-nosed face.

Stick-out ears aren't a problem if your hair's full enough. Which means full enough to meet the outer limits of your ears and long enough to cover your eartops. Don't tuck your hair behind your ears. That only makes them stick out more. To train your hair over your ears, use Brylcreem Hairdressing. It's the conditioning hairdressing that leaves hair looking its natural best.

A fat face? This is the face for longer sideburns and hair that's brushed across your forehead. Keep hair full on top but close on the sides to lengthen your face. Then use Brylcreem Power Hold Dry Spray to keep your hair in place all day long. Power Hold was specially formulated to give longer hair extra long-lasting hold.

Face too long? There's something a good haircut can do for you. Have the hair on top of your head cut short. Leave the sides and back longer. Brush your hair forward and close to your head on top so you're not adding any height to your face. Then keep the sides full by brushing them forward and lifting from underneath. This will add width to your face. Finally, spray with Power Hold to keep your hair in place all day.

Maybe you don't have any of these problems. Maybe your problem is that your eyes are too close. Or your mouth is too big. What we're telling you is that if you find a good hair stylist, he'll analyze your problem and then cut your hair to draw attention away from it—not to it.

Brylcreem thinks it's time men started using their head about their hair. And we want to help them do it.

That's why, no matter what you want to do with your hair, we've got a product that will help you.

The Brylcreem® group.

We've come a long way since "a little dab will do ya."

A NEW MAGAZINE FROM PENTHOUSE FOR WOMEN

DRAWN from the rib of Penthouse...a totally new kind of magazine for women...designed to fire the imagination and fill the needs of a new generation of readers.

VIVA will recapture the quality of dreams, fulfill the fantasies and reflect the liberated lifestyle of the woman of the 70's. The real...the quintessential woman. The woman who thinks...who is aware of the intellectual and spiritual needs of her mind as well as the physical needs of her body.

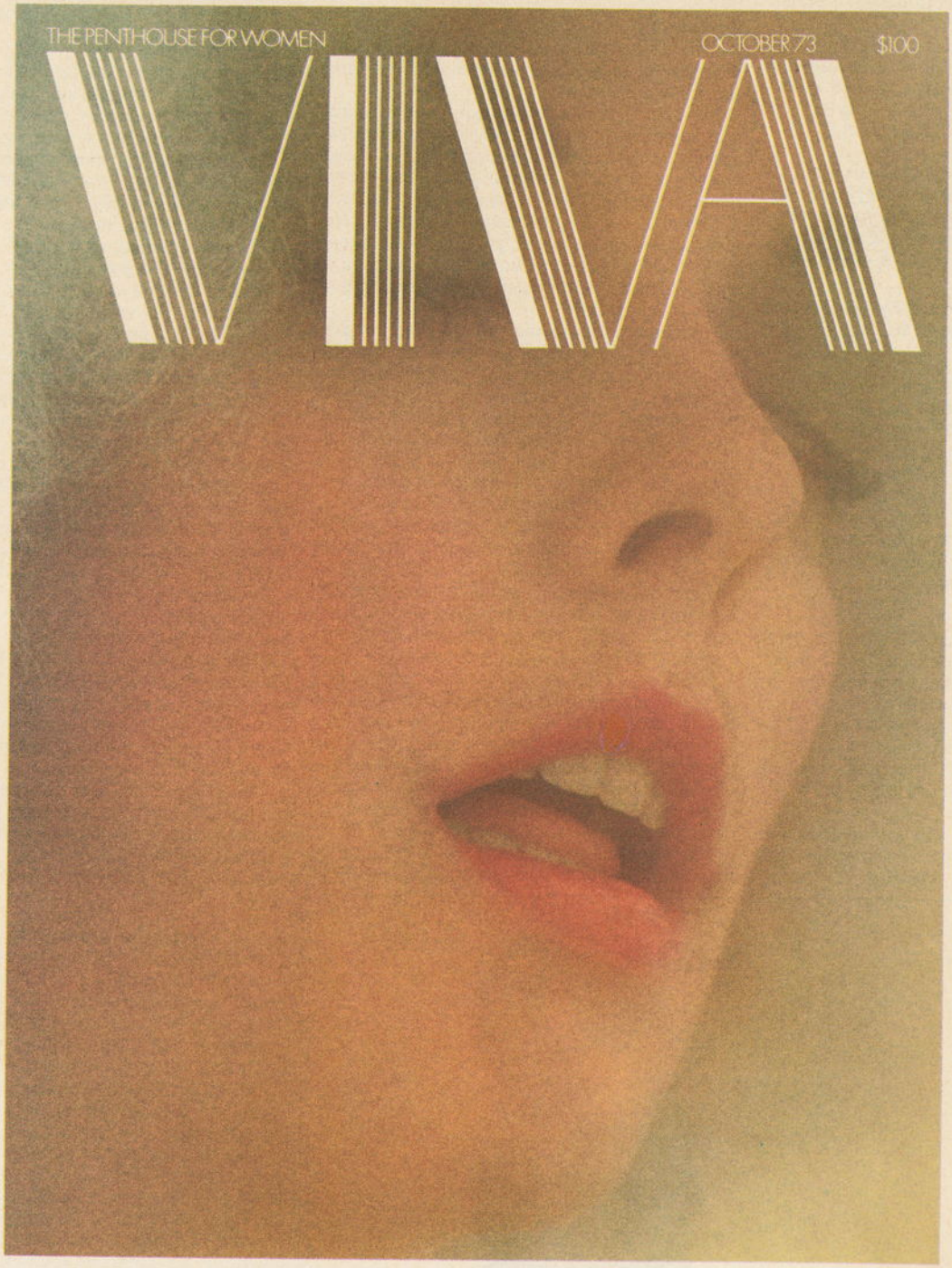
Lush pictorial features will essay the world of erotica, of art, of romance and love through a woman's eyes in the uniquely different way she has of seeing them. Important new ideas, controversial points of view, and intellectual concepts will be moderated and discussed in an editorial environment as frank, as liberated and as provocative as Penthouse itself.

VIVA will be magnificently produced with a combined quality of format, paper, binding and graphics never before seen in a woman's magazine.

VIVA is *all* new...a decisive, unstoppable publishing concept destined to stand alone and aloof in an era it will help create...

VIVA la difference!

VIVA



EDITED BY MEN WHO LOVE WOMEN FOR WOMEN WHO LOVE MEN

on sale mid-September 1973

verb to copulate. It is an acronym, like Scuba, made from the first letters of the words from which it is derived (Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus).

In old England, when two people were convicted of fornication, the bailiff would enter in his book the words For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge. This entry became abbreviated to F.U.C.K. Thence our word.—*R.W., Charleston, S.C.*

While an authority on sex you is, an authority on airplanes you ain't. I refer to your description of Mr. Hefner in your *Sexindex*. In it, you describe Hugh's flying contraption as a Boeing 707. Shame on ya, 'cause it's a DC-9.—*William D. Fauth II, Marietta, Ga.*

We acknowledge the error. Let it never be said that we have underestimated Mr. Hefner.—Ed.

Hank, Hank, Hooray

In regard to David Dalton's article on Hank Williams in the *Sounds* section of your March issue, I would like to thank you for bringing this great composer to the public eye again. Hank Williams composed and sang songs that everyone can understand and feel, with a sincerity that only the greats have. But don't take my word for it, ask the artists who keep his music as alive as it was in his heyday. May his music live forever! — *Steve Weller, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Bigger the better

I must thank you for your March Girls. Both Celeste and Avril have something none of your past girls had. They both have nipples. Nipples that I must say are mouth-watering.

As a rule you have big-busted girls, but they all have had nipples that were small, light-colored, and undeveloped. What good is having beautiful large breasts if no one has ever enjoyed them?

Personally, I enjoy my wife's breasts. I give her nipples a workout at least twice a day. They are beautiful. Large and very dark. Of course, this comes from being used. Truthfully speaking, I don't know who enjoys it the most, my wife or myself.—*G.C., Huntsville, Ala.*

Sex shock

Dr. Karl H. Stell's letter in the *Penthouse Forum* of your April issue has to be the most unscientific absurdity of its time.

His statement about the amount of voltage and current passing from one body to another during copulation is totally incorrect. The average human body under average conditions cannot even feel voltages as tiny as one-half a volt with a current as low as one-tenth of an ampere. Not even when "charged-up" sexually. If a human could feel these low values of electrical charge, we would all be electrocuted while changing batteries in a flashlight.

Furthermore, pubic hair, which is high in protein, has the electrical properties of an insulator not a conductor. Since insulating materials show an absence of free electrons, it would be next to impossible for pubic hair to provide a discharge path for electrical current at the low voltage and current Dr. Stell gives.

He further states that rapid penis-vagina action could build up .15 watts of power. How this could be possible is beyond me. Wattage is the product of voltage and amperage and cannot be "built up," as Dr. Stell so boldly states. Voltage can be built up, but not in the context to which Dr. Stell refers. Moisture in the vagina would cause a neutralizing effect between the two bodies, preventing potential difference from developing.

And since when is a girl negative and a boy positive? My electrical background has taught me that polarity is determined by the electrical-charge relationship between two bodies. For example, one body may be deficient in negative electrons, thus becoming positively charged, while the other body may contain an excess of negative electrons, regardless of sex.

It would appear that if Dr. Stell's theories on the function of pubic hair were correct, every time we slid across a car seat or shuffled our feet across a carpet, miniature lightning bolts would appear at the tips of our pubes rather than at our fingertips.—*T. Milleman, Lombard, Ill.*

Special Preference

Regarding a letter in the April issue signed "Disgusted Reader," I would like to ask if he is some kind of idiotic bigot. I am married to an amputee and wouldn't have it any other way.

Sex is one of the most important aspects of any marital or other free relationship. We don't do anything weird or imagine that his stump is a sexual organ. It is, however, a stimulating feeling to have it rubbing my legs or whatever is convenient to the position.

These men and women can offer a lot more in sex than a lot of whole people, to make up for their lack of limbs. They have a lot more to offer to the mental side of a relationship as well. They understand the meaning of pity and detest it. Sensitivity is one of the things they have a lot more of than most normal people. They need and can return love much more readily and are therefore often taken advantage of.

In a hospital in San Antonio, I saw many boys who were trying to pick up or start their lives without the limbs we take for granted. Many lost their wives or girls because they came back from Nam without an arm, a leg or both.

These men are men and nothing less for the loss of a limb. If anything ever happens to my husband, I would marry another disabled man. There are those of us who still look at a man for what he is. Open your eyes. These men and women need sex too; and to those who are proud enough to say, "I married or am going to bed with an amputee," congratulations and welcome to the race of true humans.

Thanks for letting me speak my mind. In your publication maybe some great guys and gals who have been dumped because of their disabilities will find out that there are those who care. — *Proud (name withheld), Midwest City, Okla.*

"Darling, why did you enrol me in the 'Deadly snake of the month' club?"

It was indeed an eye-opener to learn that a not unimpressive segment of the population are monopodomaniacs or apodomaniacs: I thought I was in a one-man minority. But we can all cheer in knowing we're not the first to be attracted by stumps, for Michel de Montaigne (1533–1592), in Chapter 11 of Book III of his *Essays*, entitled "On Cripples," has these good words to say:

"As a matter of fact or beside the point, it doesn't matter, it's said as a common proverb in Italy that the person who hasn't slept with a cripple doesn't know Venus in her perfect sweetness. Luck, or some particular accident, put this saying in the mouth of the people long ago; and it's said of males as well as of females. For the Queen of the Amazons replied to the Scythian who invited her for love: "the cripple does it best." In this female republic, in order to get away from male domination, they maimed ['amputated' or 'mangled'] during childhood, arms, legs, and other members which gave them an advantage over the women, and they used the men only for what we've used women in fact. I would have said that the swaying motion of the cripple might bring some new pleasure to the toil [of love] and some bit of sweetness to those who try it, but I've just learned that even ancient philosophy was decided in that; it says that since the legs and thighs of crippled women, because of their imperfection, don't get the nourishment that is due them, it follows that the genitals, which are right about them, are fuller, more nourished and more vigorous. Or that, this default prohibiting exercise, those who are tainted use less force and come more fully to the games of Venus."

Generation after generation

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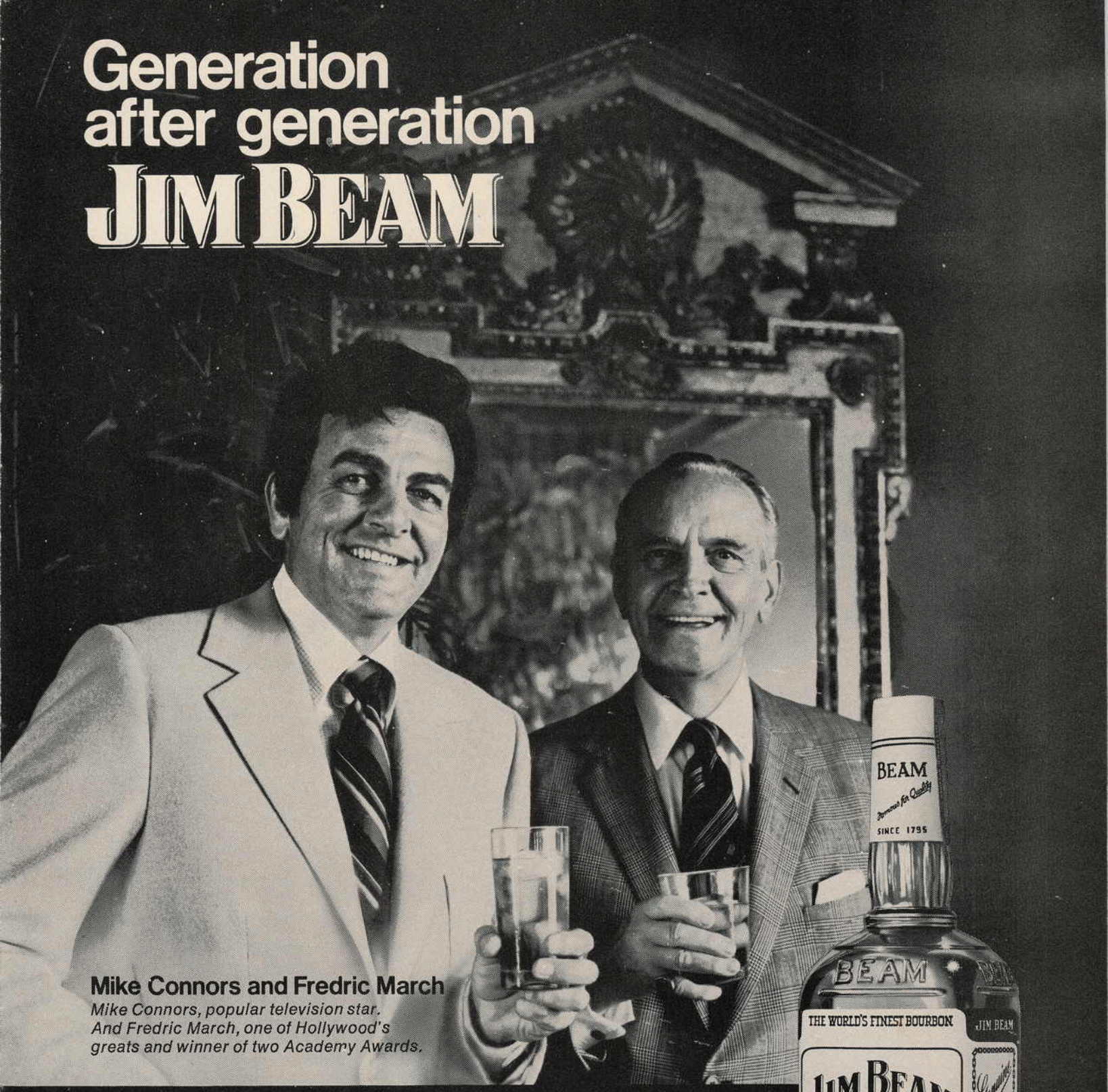

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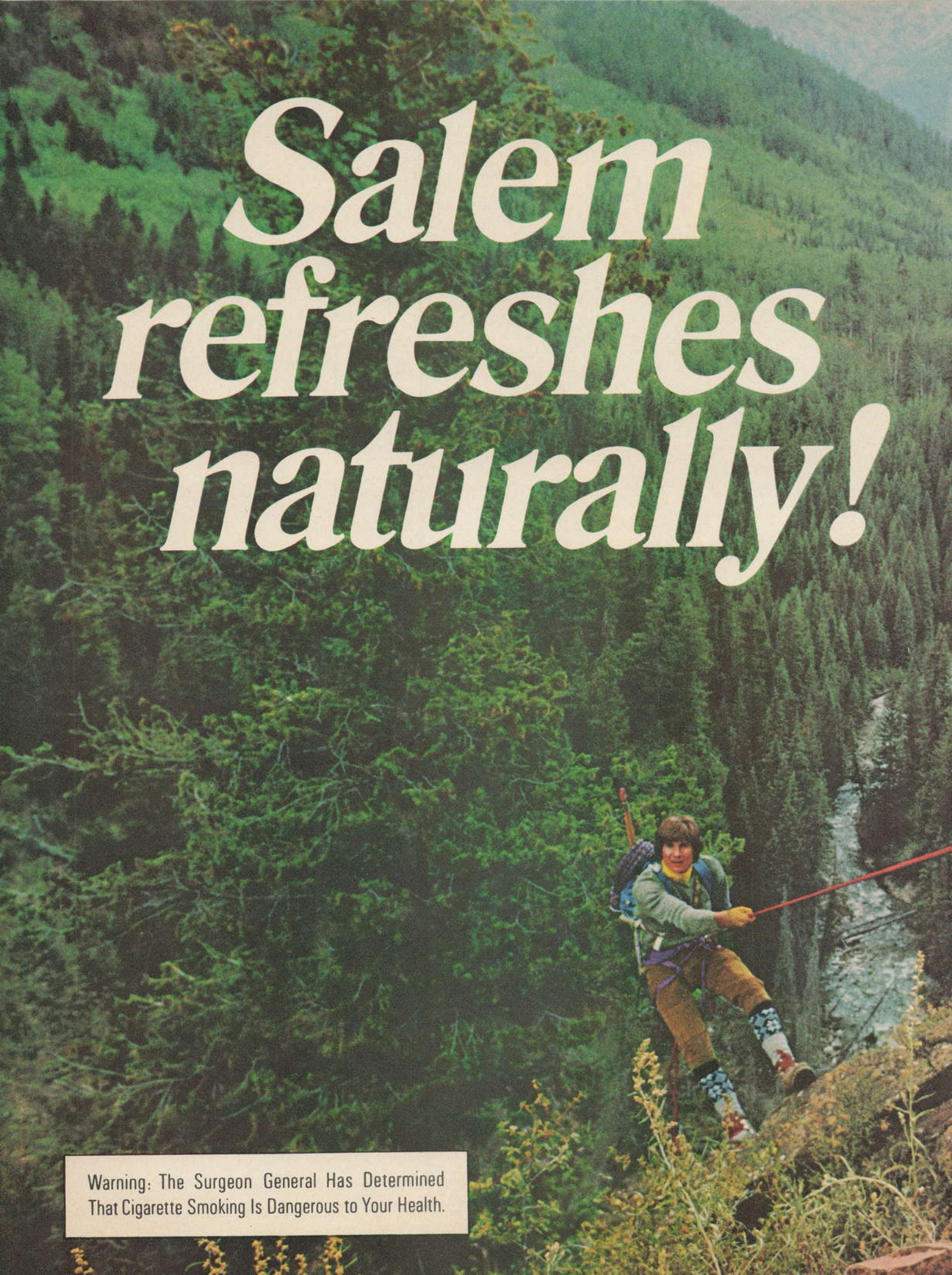
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The translation is my own, but Maurice Rat, who edited the edition I have of Montaigne's *Essays*, indicates that the passage from antiquity in question is Aristotle's *Problems*, X, 26.—*M.F. (address withheld).*

You can include me among your growing number of readers who are intrigued by the sexuality of women amputees. My interest goes back to my high-school days. I had a strong crush on my English teacher, Miss F., a tall, beautiful woman of about thirty who limped on an artificial left leg. At first I thought my feelings for her were motivated strictly by sympathy.

But one day Miss F. came to school without her artificial leg on, walking on one leg with a pair of crutches. She told us her wooden leg was being repaired for a few days. That first day, every time she went up to the blackboard on her crutches or limped around the classroom on them, I felt myself strangely aroused by seeing just the one leg below her knee-length skirt.

A few times when she stood at the blackboard addressing us, I could see the left side of her skirt bulge out momentarily as something moved around inside. I realized it must have been her stump, and the thought of Miss F. swinging her hidden stump around inside her skirt gave me an erection.

Later she gave us a quiz, during which she walked up and down the aisles on her crutches. When she stopped next to my desk to check my aisle-mate's answers, I relished the chance to steal close-up glances at her one leg and the legless left side of her skirt. Suddenly that side of her skirt bulged way out in front for a few seconds, and I watched her fingers reach down and rub the bulge through the cloth to relieve an itch on the end of her stump. Then the bulge disappeared as she lowered her stump inside her skirt; and she limped off down the aisle. How I wished for the gift of X-ray vision to probe the mystery inside one-legged Miss F.'s skirt.

That night I enjoyed a masturbatory orgy as I imagined how Miss F. would look as she undressed herself for bed. Then I fantasized my pretty one-legged teacher inviting me to help her into a bathtub and letting me see and feel her naked stump, breasts and other forbidden areas.

The following day in school I tried to avoid looking at Miss F. as she limped along on her one leg and crutches, for fear I would get an uncontrollable erection that I couldn't hide from my classmates. Our class was half girls, too. But somehow I managed to keep my self-control throughout our English class.

After school I had a temporary job taking inventory in our school's basement book-depository, where all books for our entire school district were stored. I was alone, crouching between the stacks checking some titles, when I heard someone coming. Peering through the open stacks, I could see it was Miss F., and she headed into the stack next to where I was crouching. I kept quiet and watched as she took a few books off the shelves and examined them, unaware that I was in the next stack. After a few moments I saw her slip her crutches out from under her arms so she could bend over and reach a lower shelf. When she straightened up again, she didn't replace her crutches but merely leaned back against the shelves and balanced herself on her one leg while she looked through a book.

After a moment she put the book aside and scratched her stump through her skirt as I had seen her do in the classroom. She noticed that the nylon on her one leg was baggy at the knee, and she suddenly pulled up the right side of her skirt so she could adjust her stocking. She was wearing a white panty-girdle, and I was starting to breathe faster as I watched her rearrange her stocking top in the back and front garters, and also pull her nylon tighter around her one visible thigh. But then I caught a glimpse of something next to her stockinged thigh as her upraised skirt flapped around. The something was white and moved around.

I was looking at the stump of Miss F.'s amputated left leg, just barely revealed as she fiddled with her right stocking and garters. I strained to keep silent and carefully changed my position on the floor so I could get a better look into the stump side of her skirt. Her stump was about two-thirds as long as her full, stockinged thigh and not covered by anything. I was congratulating myself on my good fortune, when Miss F. finished adjusting her nylon and dropped her skirt. Her stump was hidden again.

But then, as if in answer to my prayers, Miss F. switched her attention to the left side of her skirt and hiked it all the way up to her girdle. I could see every inch of her stump now, and I could scarcely contain myself when I saw the stump suddenly swing up by itself and point upward at about a forty-five-degree angle. Miss F. put both hands around her stump and began massaging it slowly, closing her eyes as she did to indicate how soothing it felt to her.

For what seemed ten minutes, Miss F. stood there on her one leg with her skirt up while she massaged and examined her stump of a thigh. She even wiggled it around and did a few high kicks with the stump to exercise it. I got so carried away watching this scene that I knocked over a book. Miss F. heard it, dropped her skirt and peeked under a bookshelf to see who was in the next stack. When she saw it was me, she

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said nothing, but straightened up and started to hop out of her stack and into mine. She didn't use her crutches and hopped along easily on her one leg by leaning on shelves as she went.

Before I knew it, she was in front of me, balanced on her single leg, demanding to know how long I had been watching her. When I confessed to seeing everything, she reacted in the strangest way. She pulled up her skirt again and swung her stump straight out in front of her. Then she took one hop and jabbed the end of her stump lightly into my stomach. She stood there silently, rubbing the end of her stump against my shirt front and belt buckle. A sad sort of a smile appeared on her face and she said, "If you enjoy looking at the stump of a woman's leg so much, how do you like the feel of a stump?"

I was too stunned to answer, but she seemed to detect my sexual arousal. "My God," she blurted, "you actually like my stump, don't you?" She eased back with her stump but held it upraised in front of me while she picked up one of my hands and placed it on the inner side of her stump. "Let's see if you're man enough to excite a poor one-legged woman." Miss F. then began stroking my hand up and down her stump thigh and rubbing my fingers into her girdle crotch. I was too dazed to do anything but let her push my hand wherever she wanted to. I was sweating profusely and seeing double through hazy eyes.

Miss F. was holding my hand between her leg and stump and vigorously rubbing it against her panty-girdle crotch, when suddenly she clutched me to her and embraced me tightly. I could feel a shudder going through her body and heard her gasp, "My God, My God!" several times. I didn't know it at the time, but she had orgasmed, through the action of my hand.

When it was over, she let her skirt down again and asked me to get her crutches from the next stack. Her sweetness disappeared, and she commented that if I wanted to graduate with honors, I would be wise to forget the incident.

I could scarcely forget it, but after that she was very cool to me and never permitted me to be alone with her. If I smiled at her amorously, I got only a blank stare in return. Once when I lingered after class, hoping to catch her alone and perhaps get another peek at her stump, she rebuffed me with a curt, "Go find a one-legged girl your own age."

Eventually I did find several girl amputees my own age, and I plan to marry one of them. But I will always be grateful to Miss F. for introducing me to this unique and most pleasurable aspect of sexual pleasure.—*S.W., Albany, N.Y.*

Moving forward

At last you have penetrated the pubic underbrush, and you have even begun to crack the clitoris barrier. No doubt you'll be nosing into the very dimples of cervixes before your camera dares alight on the shaft of a passing penis or on the exquisite ellipses of the scrotum.

You guys should be the last in the world to embrace the double standard.

Shame on you.—*Ms K.S., Monsey, N.Y.*

Culinary coitus

In your March'73 issue, in the letters directed to *Penthouse Forum*, the article *Erotic Eating* was so damned funny I am writing this at 3:10 A.M., completely weak and exhausted. He gained ten pounds; I lost ten from perspiration. He used a pizza stuffed in the box; I used Birdseye pick-up-stix. His ability to command an erection increased 500 percent. The ice pack prevented this ice man from coming. The sugar-honey dripped and oozed into my pubic hair like a bil-

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lion bees crashing on the desert sands. This penis lost two inches, thus leaving three inches, dwarfed by frozen hair. I looked like a surgeon waiting for his gloves to be removed following the operation. I pranced into the bathroom to squat in the tub. By the time I was cleaned off, my wife was asleep!—*B.B.S., Henrietta, N.Y.*

To skin or not to skin

Like a lot of girls in this country, I was brought up to believe there was something unpleasant about uncircumcised penises. All my boyfriends had been circumcised, and I had no reason to doubt this belief.

The boy I am now living with is not circumcised, and I have completely reversed my previous attitude for many reasons. Almost everything I heard as a girl has turned out to be nonsense. Although as far as intercourse is concerned his penis is no better than any other I have encountered, in oral and manual sex it is greatly superior. The foreskin itself is not only highly susceptible to stimuli but offers tremendous variety, especially for oral caresses. Because of the greater sensitivity of his glans and upper penile skin, he experiences pleasures that were quite lost to other men I have known. In short, he is capable of experiencing a greater variety of sexual pleasure than any other man I have made love with.

All this is great for me as a woman. What adds more for me is that he has a complete penis—not a modified version always showing the evidence of its "incompleteness."

This brings me to the real point of this letter. Why is it that we Americans, unlike many peoples around the world, still routinely circumcise our babies? In many countries, including England, infant circumcision is outlawed unless there is a sound medical reason. In fact, less than 10 percent of boys require circumcision or other attention to their foreskins.

All the old myths have been exploded. Psychologists since Freud have indicated the psychological dangers of circumcision, and some modern American psychologists blame circumcision for the alleged rise of homosexuality in this country. Modern pediatricians denounce the practice, and modern American sexologists are now arguing with European experts that at best circumcision contributes nothing to sex and is potentially disastrous.

Yet still it goes on. How can it be justified legally and morally? Doesn't a child have rights? Must he be mutilated at the whim of ignorant parents or hung-up doctors?

If any woman is still so stupid as to believe that circumcision is a good thing because it ensures penile cleanliness, she should also have her vulva relieved of all its folds and protuberances, for it is a far "dirtier" organ.—*(name withheld), Detroit, Mich.*

Hot stuff

I have read your publication avidly for about a year now. Allow me to say that I enjoy it immensely, particularly the *Forum*, where subjects are discussed that other magazines obviously find too volatile to print.

Recently, I have been interested in a few letters dealing with women setting aside their traditional submission to male superiority—wrestling and generally acting rowdy.

A sexual sport taught me by a Parisian dancer several years back has led to a great deal of heightened interest in a sometimes forced activity called arousement. She called it Eurasian Leg Wrestling, and it's as exciting as the devil when it's done with a female of the right build . . . leggy.

The man and woman both lie on their backs, with their heads at opposite ends of the bed (if that is the location of the encounter). Each grasps the other's shoulder with the arm closer to the center, both raise the leg closer to the center. You meet your partner's leg at the ankle or the knee and try to shove your opponent's leg over.

Being a guy, I am more than a match for most women who have gone against me. However, being rather slim-hipped, I more than once have been out-legged by a woman whose curves can do a lot more than sway.

Keeping in mind that most women I have met shy away from fanatically trying to physically conquer a man when given the opportunity, I'm surprised at the number of females who use everything they can summon when it looks like I might bend their legs over. I suppose that even a woman ready for intercourse doesn't fancy being bent over in *too* compromising a position, and will battle with all the leg she possesses to stay upright. — *Whit Bogeson, Monsey Heights, N.Y.*

Behind the beyond

Although many of your readers have written about their enjoyment of enemas, I am surprised that none have related the pleasures of another anal delight—anal intercourse. My husband and I first experienced the pleasures of anal intercourse several years ago, after reading about it in one of the sex manuals that became popular in paperback editions then.

As both of us are quite adventuresome sexually, we were eager to try a new form of sex, but I was somewhat apprehensive about the possibility of pain involved. Our experiment began after the usual amount of sexual foreplay, which was intensified by the anticipation of something different. My husband paused to apply a liberal amount of lubricant to his penis. I lay on my stomach and spread my legs far apart to make his entry into my anus easier. When his penis touched my opening, I found that I was too eager to wait for his efforts alone, and I began to push against him to speed things up. He entered me much more easily than I had ever believed possible, and the pleasurable sensations caused by the movement of our bodies produced orgasms for both of us in a very short period of time.

We enjoy anal lovemaking, but have not substituted it for the more conventional forms. We have found that it can be very enjoyable for couples like us, who desire more than one orgasm per lovemaking session. We enjoy anal sex as our second act of love, not only because it adds variety, but because the anus is tighter than the vagina just after intercourse.

We have also found that anal intercourse allows my husband to stimulate my clitoris with his hand—I lift my hips while he reaches underneath me. The first time that he did this, I couldn't believe the extreme excitement that I received from having both my anus and my clitoris the objects of simultaneous stimulation. If my husband prefers to apply his hands elsewhere, I am able to use my fingers on myself.—*Mrs. A.C., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Throat before marriage

You may be interested in something that has just popped up in our family as a case history in how times change but always stay the same. The subject is premarital fellatio.

I've been visiting my aged parents for the past several days. They live in the East, and my husband and I and our two teenage kids, a girl nineteen and a boy sixteen, live in a Los Angeles suburb. Just before I left home, I discovered that our daughter, her boyfriend, the boyfriend's sister and her boyfriend had all been to see the movie

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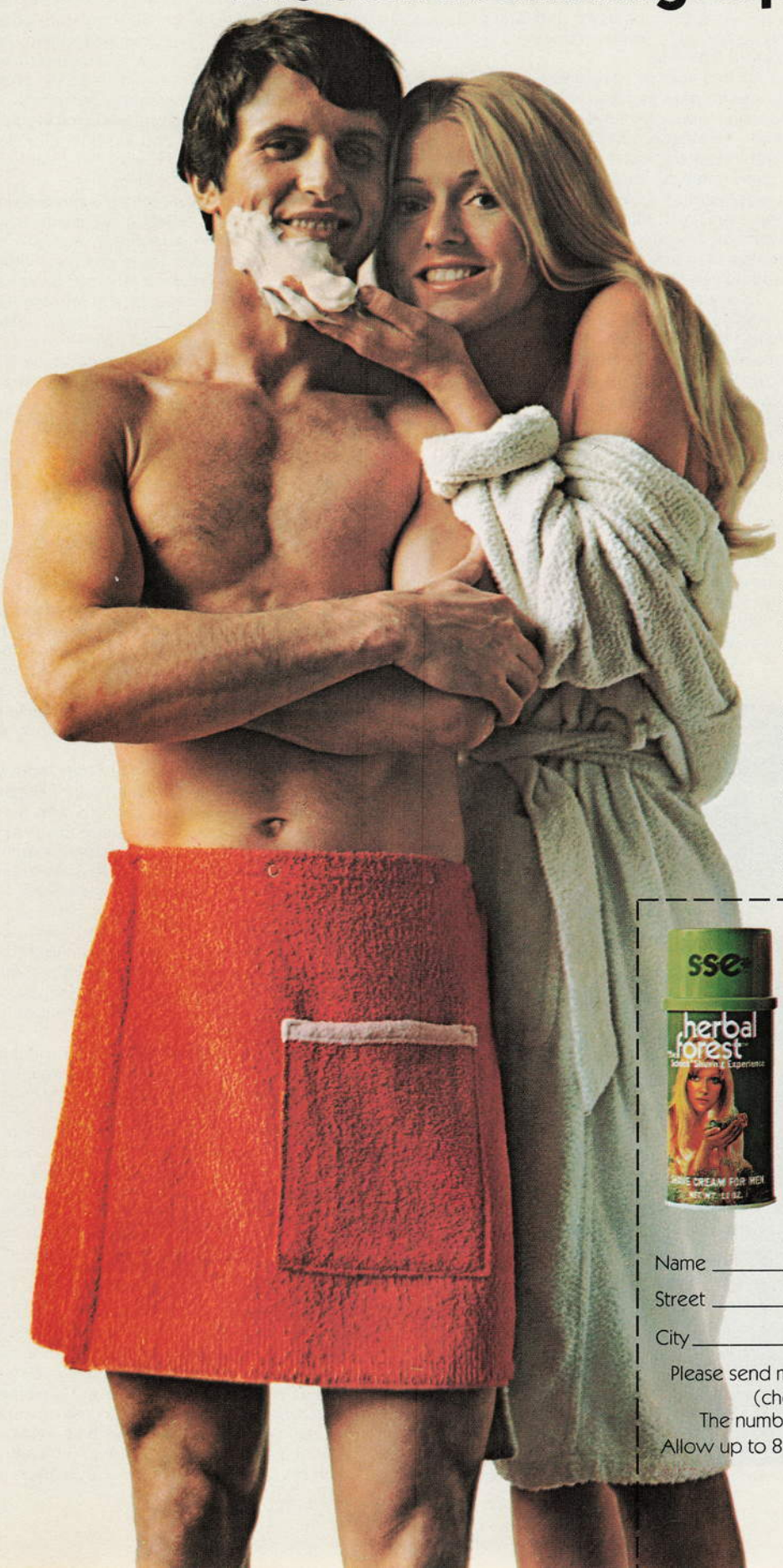

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Deep Throat, which is, as the ads say, explicit about many kinds of sex but is mostly a remarkable demonstration of "deep" fellatio by Linda Lovelace. My husband and I were surprised that the kids could get into an over-21, X-rated movie, since only one of the four, the other girl's boyfriend, is that old. It seems they were challenged at the box office, but he produced his draft card to establish his own age and claimed the two couples were really married. They looked and "acted" married, I'm sure, so they got in.

OK, I should mention two things. My husband and I and several friends had already seen *Deep Throat*, so we knew all about the movie. We also knew that our daughter is very much with it in the sex department, and we were aware she has been active in genital sex for at least two or three years; but we hadn't regarded her as an adult or realized that fellatio wasn't altogether unfamiliar to her and her friends. Sharon and I have been taking our contraceptive pills together with our morning orange juice since she was fifteen. So after our first surprise that she, her present boyfriend, and another couple felt it was a perfectly normal thing to go see all-out pornography together, we could hardly go into parental shock. We just adjusted our thinking another notch.

Actually, it turned out, Sharon had deliberately let us know about her *Deep Throat* experience as a means of sounding us out on fellatio. The kids had apparently had an argument after the movie about whether unmarried people in our generation had engaged in fellatio, too. Sharon said she bet her dad and I had, but the others, or some of them, anyway, thought fellatio was too "perverted" a kind of sex for those days. Anyway, Sharon really wanted to talk with me about it, and since I have always believed in being open with her, and am pleased to have her confidence, I couldn't say no.

I admitted that I had, indeed, fellated her father before we married, and let her draw her own conclusions about other fellows I had dated before that. She was already aware that we had had sex with each other, and with other partners, before we became engaged. So she won her bet (not a real bet, of course) and later told me that the other girl's mother admitted similar activity before marrying.

All this was on my mind when I came East to visit my parents, who are active, darling, simply wonderful people in their late sixties. My mother and I had been quite close when I was a girl, and in fact she knew I was having sex relations on my dates, although my father didn't until after I was married. I began to wonder about them, the way Sharon had about me. So one afternoon when my husband and dad were gone, I asked mother the same question, trying to sound casual and not too vulgar about it.

To my amazement, she wasn't shocked or embarrassed at all, just laughed happily and said, "Why of course." Then she added the real shocker (to me): "Your grandmother advised me to do it to keep from becoming pregnant!" I could hardly believe my ears. She went on to explain that her mother, my grandmother, *also* had indulged in fellatio—but only with grandfather, Mother thought, to avoid losing her virginity before marriage. Wow!

So, there you have a four-generation family history. My grandmother had practiced fellatio with at least one fellow, as a substitute for genital sex because she wanted to be virginal (or thought she *should* be) on her wedding night—which came at age sixteen, by the way.

My mother had practiced fellatio, presumably to avoid pregnancy, if for no other reason. I got the impression my dad wasn't the only one favored that way, and I also have a sneaking hunch the pregnancy fear wasn't all that controlling back in the Twenties. I know mother at least knew about condoms before marriage. Mother was married in 1927, at age eighteen.

I had practiced fellatio more or less regularly with fellows I liked a lot. But I did it to please them because I loved being sexy with them—and *also* to avoid staying home alone when I was menstruating. I was married in 1949, at age twenty-one, but I had been having genital sex since age seventeen and oral sex since eighteen. I had probably a dozen partners altogether, and fellated all but the first four or five, partly out of fear of losing their attentions.

And now Sharon, my daughter, is probably outdoing us all. She is fellating her partners routinely, if you can do it routinely, and she has two additional reasons the older generations didn't. The first is to revive a failing or exhausted limp penis for another round (she told me this). The second is that she obviously loves it herself, just as Linda Lovelace must have enjoyed her part in *Deep Throat*—what a performance! Sharon didn't have to tell me that in so many words, since it was obvious from her attitude.

So, we have had four generations of it in our family, all for different reasons. I suspect this means it is here to stay. I have to admit Sharon's reason is best of all, and I think it is fine, really, that kids can have sex fun because they *like* it, admitting it openly to their own generation and even to their parents.—*E.Y., Van Nuys, Calif.*

Pain and pleasure

I have been very much interested in your readers' discussions about pain and pleasure. I, too, had thought that any activities involving pain or punishment in conjunction with the sex act were abnormal or deviant. But since I have had the opportunity to read your magazine and follow some of the letters, I feel better about my own experiences.

I am a young woman, twenty-four, and was brought up in a very "proper" home. Because I happened to have been blessed with a very pretty face and better than average physical endowments, and because my parents expected so very much of me, I must have had a somewhat unusual childhood. Because I was always "one of the prettiest" girls, many boys did not ask me out for dates. At the same time, my parents were teaching me the virtues of virginity and the sins of sex, and I spent much time reading and thinking about sexual things. I was also a perfectionist, I guess because so much was demanded and expected of me as a child.

My father did not believe in sparing the rod. I was not punished often, but when I was, it was usually severe. My mother would slap me in anger over my behavior, but for those "horrible" infractions my father was told. He would punish me by spanking, usually with a hairbrush, and after twenty or thirty whacks he would send me to bed without supper. One time, when I was out on a picnic with some of my girlfriends, we exchanged clothes in the woods. Naturally, I came home with different clothes, and my mother asked me about it. When I told her what I had done, she thought it was horrible, especially when she found that I was wearing someone else's underwear. I guess the idea of being naked outdoors was what bugged her. When my father came home, she told him, and he took me to my room. He made me remove my shorts and underpants and ordered me to hold my blouse up above my waist. When he removed his belt, I was sick to my stomach. Holding it doubled up, with the belt in his hand, he struck my rear quarters sev-

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eral times very hard. I thought I was going to faint and let go of my blouse and must have tried to protect myself. He made me remove all of my clothes, including my bra, and laid me face down across my bed. Then, holding the buckle in his hand but with the belt fully extended, he leathered me thoroughly from my waist to my knee joints. He hit me sixteen or eighteen times.

I had welts for several weeks after that and thought about my behavior and shame and the punishment and never could understand the rationale for it all.

I went away to college several years after that, and met many people who had had similar experiences. But a couple of years ago I met a man whom I love very much, and even discussed the whole thing with him (I had only discussed it with girls before). I often slept at his apartment, and we grew very close. One day, while lounging around his apartment, he saw me lying on the bed stroking myself. He watched unnoticed, and I guess that my breathing quickened as I was arousing myself. He crept beside me and asked what I was thinking about, and it was then that I told him about the experience and that, after much thought, I agreed that corporal punishment was probably best in some circumstances. But it was the first time that I realized I was aroused by thoughts of being leathered by someone else.

Several months later we went to his family's summer cabin at a nearby lake. As we were walking along quietly outdoors, he kissed me. He began unbuttoning my blouse and held me close to him when it was undone (I don't wear any bra in the warmer months). He took it off and continued to kiss me there in the woods. When he tried to slide my shorts and panties off, I got very nervous, but he assured me that no one was around for miles. Very quickly I was completely naked, and he insisted that we keep walking. Leaving my clothes behind, we walked through the woods, he dressed and I completely nude. I had to admit that it was pretty arousing.

When we came to a tree that had some rope hanging from it, he reminded me of some of my fantasies about being beaten and asked if it was all right to tie me. I didn't know how to respond, and he took my hands and raised them high above my head, tying them together with the loose end of the rope. I was stretched, hands over head, completely naked. He kissed me several times, caressing me fondly, and I thought I was going to be delirious. He went to some shrubs nearby and broke off several thin branches and asked me which I liked best; I guess I had known all along what was going to happen, and I selected the one with small buds all along it. He stepped to the side and let it whistle onto my backside, and I screamed. He continued, mercilessly, with blow after blow, being careful to apply the lashes in different areas each time. He must have hit me fifty or sixty times, each time moving the lash a little so as not to repeat a spot. After a dozen or so, I was able to look over my shoulder and see the branch coming at me, and by straining I could see the damage being done to my buttocks and thighs. The whistle of the rod was what terrified me most, I think, but my backside was reduced to a quivering mass of red and purple welts despite my protests. He untied my hands and laid me on the ground, removed his clothes, and we made love right there in the woods, my flesh smarting from the whipping. It was pure ecstasy, at least for me.

Since then he has beaten me on several occasions, indoors and out, and always he undresses me and orders me into some position that exposes me completely. I always obey, and he beats me severely. One time, when his sister was visiting him for the weekend, he made me undress in front of her. She undressed as well and ordered me to bend over an ottoman. My boyfriend held my arms outstretched as I lay over the ottoman, and she whipped me with a cord from an iron. I was so humiliated that I cried from embarrassment, but when she was finished, I was ordered to whip her. I spared no mercy in applying the cord again and again to her unprotected flesh and evened the score as she begged for mercy. My boyfriend said I struck her seventy times. As she lay writhing and weeping, we made love on the floor next to her. That was the last time I ever saw her, though.

At any rate, I just thought your readers might be interested in some of my experiences and they should know, as I do, that whatever they do is fine if they are happy. My boyfriend and I couldn't care less what others think is normal.—*C.L. (address withheld).*

Though enemas have always been used in my house for the usual intestinal upsets, I can't remember ever getting one for disciplinary reasons. My daddy has a much better method. It's called spanking.

His rules are very simple. Everything I'm wearing, and I mean everything, comes off first. Though I'm a junior in college and almost twenty-one years of age, this procedure is followed to the letter. The last time it happened was only three weeks ago.

He has a small paddle he made himself some years ago just for this purpose. The business side is ridged like a butter paddle, and it has a double line of small holes down the center. When I am completely naked, he sends me to get it. When I hand it to him, which I usually manage to do with a few crocodile tears, he sits down in a chair, orders me across his lap, and without saying a word, whacks me till my bottom is red, hot and blistered. By this time I am really crying, and there's nothing phony about it. Generally, after he finishes, I don't sit comfortably for the rest of the day.

My daddy is a wonderful guy. I love him and I wouldn't change places with any other girl in the whole world. And a lot of my girl friends have told me they wished their daddys cared that much about them. But when mine spanks, he really spanks.—*P.B. (address withheld).*

After reading with great interest the letters in your *Special Preference* column, I thought I would relate my experiences and would like to know if anyone else has had a background similar to mine.

As a small boy of four to seven I can remember my mother often giving me enemas at various times. The type of equipment used was a red hot-water bottle inverted with a red hose and black plastic rectal tube. The position she had me in to receive this humiliating treatment was on my back, face up, while the tube was inserted between my legs underneath my genitals. I know this is not the proper position, as was explained in previous letters to this column. Nevertheless, this is the way I received them, and because of this, the way I preferred to give them later on. It was never explained to me why I had to have them; I don't recall ever being sick when I received them. I remember one summer day when I was out in the yard playing with my playmates and I was called into the house to find out that I was about to get one. I quickly ran upstairs and closed the bathroom window so the children outside wouldn't be able to hear any

commotion, as I use to raise a fuss each time I had one. My fear was that my playmates would be curious why I had to come into the house and ask the reason the next day. Luckily, no one ever asked.

The real damage this caused was to my emotions. Often I would go to bed at night and masturbate. The fantasy I had in my mind while masturbating was giving an enema to someone I either knew or had met. Mentally I would be giving them the same way I had received them. My imaginary patients could be either male or female, usually children of all ages and in some cases even adults. I knew nothing of sexual intercourse nor had any sex education at all at that young age. Not all children appealed to me. It depended on their build and personality. It was their legs that excited me. Boys in their shorts and girls in their short dresses. Often I would daydream and picture myself as some type of specialist whose job it was to go to the home of a certain child after having received a call from his parents and administer an enema. Later on, when I learned about sexual intercourse, the thought of that didn't seem as exciting as giving an enema. I never received any enemas after the age of seven. When I reached my early teens, my fancy turned to mostly younger boys and would have to be described as homosexual. However, I would like to emphasize at this point that it was not the receiving of enemas as a younger child nor the masturbating that caused this perversion. Neither had I ever been approached by a homosexual. My drive toward young boys was caused entirely by other circumstances, which are too lengthy to explain at this time. Remember that at one time girls as well as boys could excite me, at an earlier age.

The dream came true—during World War II there was a shortage of help in the hospitals, and at the age of fifteen I went to work as an orderly. I was surprised to find out that enema-giving was to be part of my job. Of course, working in the men's ward most of my patients were adults, which I didn't enjoy at all. But once in a while during those war years, with overcrowded conditions, a young boy would be admitted to the men's ward, and when I was lucky enough to get one on my list I would be in my seventh heaven.

I can remember just about every young boy I gave the treatment to. One time there was a twelve-year-old boy out of my own neighborhood who knew me and who became my patient. After he recovered from his appendectomy and went home, he told everybody he knew what I did to him. Something I never would have done had I been in his place. What surprised me most was that these young boys never seemed to resent me for giving them their enemas, even though for the most part they hated them. It was a rewarding experience, especially when I would later on meet one on the street and he would recognize me. I would always get a warm greeting from them. I worked in the hospital for two years. My hours were after school and weekends, and full time in the summertime. When I was seventeen, I left the hospital, but my desire to give enemas never ceased, and in later years I had to find other means of giving them. I still have this desire today. I never married, as my sexual desires deviated from the norm.

My advice to parents is to never give a full enema (one with complete apparatus) to a child younger than the age of eight at the least, and then only for a purpose which he understands. Never give them for punishment. That is not what they are for. Make it a rare treatment. I do believe every child should have at least one in his childhood; I found out in the hospital that the children who were most fearful of them were for the most part those who had never had one before. I don't go along with this idea the Canadian mother had who gave her three sons enemas on certain days of the season every year. I sometimes wonder if these mothers aren't a little perverted, too. Maybe some of you out there know.—*(name withheld), Detroit, Mich.*

Aah-choo!

I'll bet not many people can top this for weirdness—I have a sneezing fetish. For as long as I can remember, sneezing and watching other people sneeze has turned me on.

As a young adolescent and teenager I spent hours in my room (under the pretense of doing homework) tickling the inside of my nose to make myself sneeze, watching myself in the mirror, and then masturbating—reaching a climax maybe five times in a twenty-minute period.

I've been married for seven years now and have a very conventional and satisfying sex life. I've never told my husband (or anyone) about my fetish. Often while having sexual intercourse I fantasize about a man sneezing. It always brings me to a more intense climax when I'm in the mood for sex, or gets me in the mood when I'm not. Somewhere in my mind, I must have the violent discharge of a sneeze mixed up with the male ejaculation. My favorite fantasy is that of a man masturbating and having to sneeze just as he's ejaculating.

In conjunction with this fetish, things like handkerchiefs and the size of people's noses have a special erotic significance to me. Whenever my husband has a head cold, I'm in a state of sexual excitement until he gets well. He's probably mystified by my unexplained ardor.

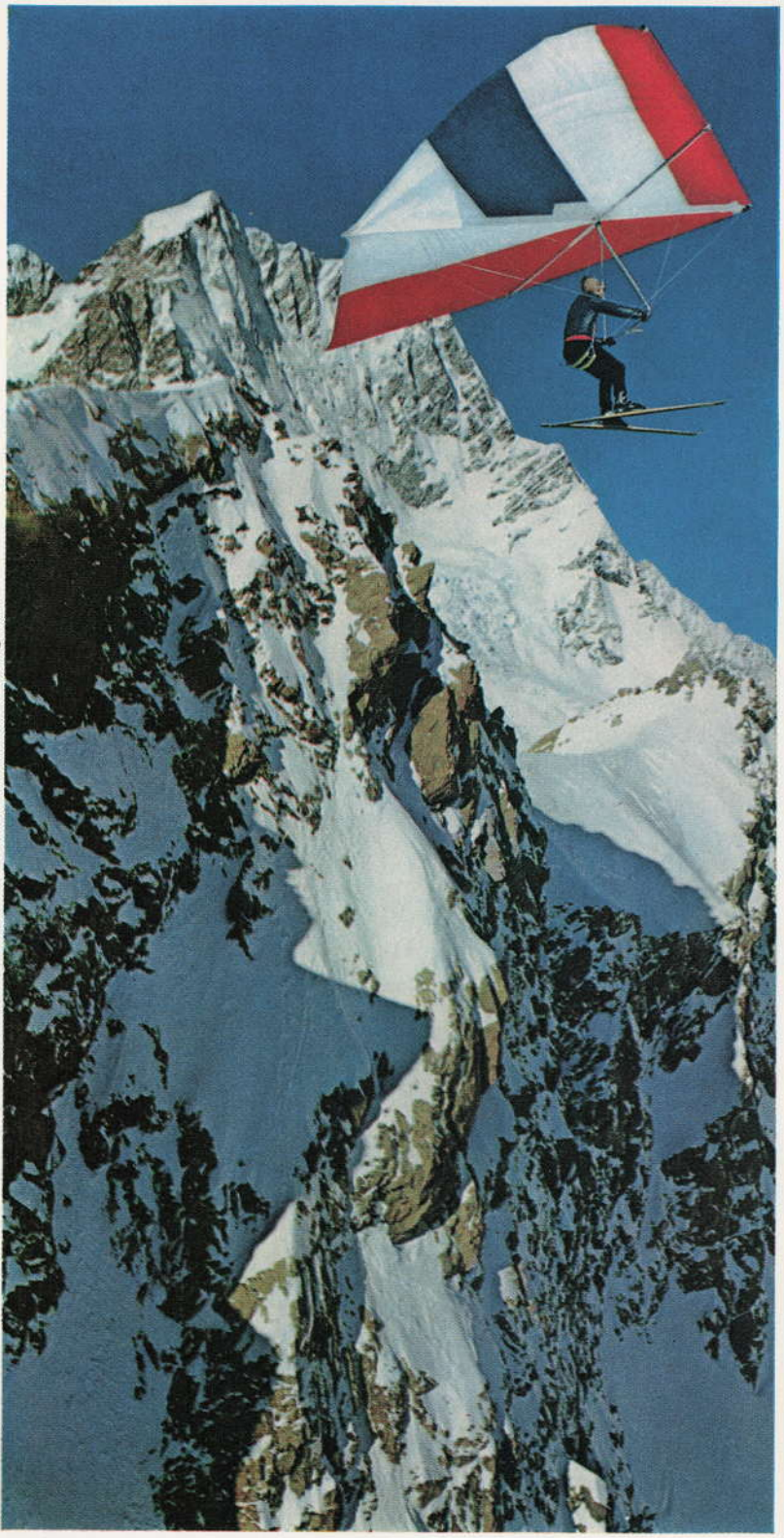
I would be curious to hear about anyone else who has a similiar fetish—am I really all alone in the world? Or maybe someone has a theory on how such a fetish might develop.—*S. B. (address withheld).*

Speaking of penis sizes, and everyone seems to nowadays, especially a handful of writers to Forum since at least last May, and speaking of multiple orgasms for *women only*, I experienced a very interesting and pleasurable phenomenon that I would like to relate to you. I am a male with a rather large penis that needs a lot of attention. Some time ago, I spent a weekend in a hotel with a woman who afforded the necessary attention to it. One afternoon as she was giving me fellation, I had three separate and distinct orgasms within an approximate 20-second interval (give or take five seconds—I was quite delirious at the time). I will admit that each series of spurts was weaker than the preceding one, but nevertheless, there were three! Neither of us could believe it—it became quite a conversational item. I told a few close friends who said "Wow!" but they never gave me the impression that they really believed it. I have never heard of a similar experience since then (nor have I duplicated it) and, in fact, I have never heard of a male who has had more than one consecutive orgasm, no matter what he was doing! I would really be interested in hearing whether other well-hung men, or for that matter, not so well-hung men, have experienced anything similar—*R. A.*

For the shoe and foot fetishist, my husband has an erotic fantasy which involves me. It's the sexiest foreplay I've ever known. He ties me up on the floor, stretching me out. I'm nude, except for red, three-inch, spike-heeled shoes. After teasing my clitoris with his tongue for a few minutes, he removes my shoes. Then, with his fingers or with some soft feathers, he tickles my feet (a little sadistically), especially on my soles and in-between my toes, for up to half an hour. My feet are highly ticklish, but this is a pleasurable punishment to endure. It drives me crazy, but nothing gets me hotter. I'm 33, so is my husband.—*B. W.*

More letters on sex and related themes can be found in Forum *magazine.*

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



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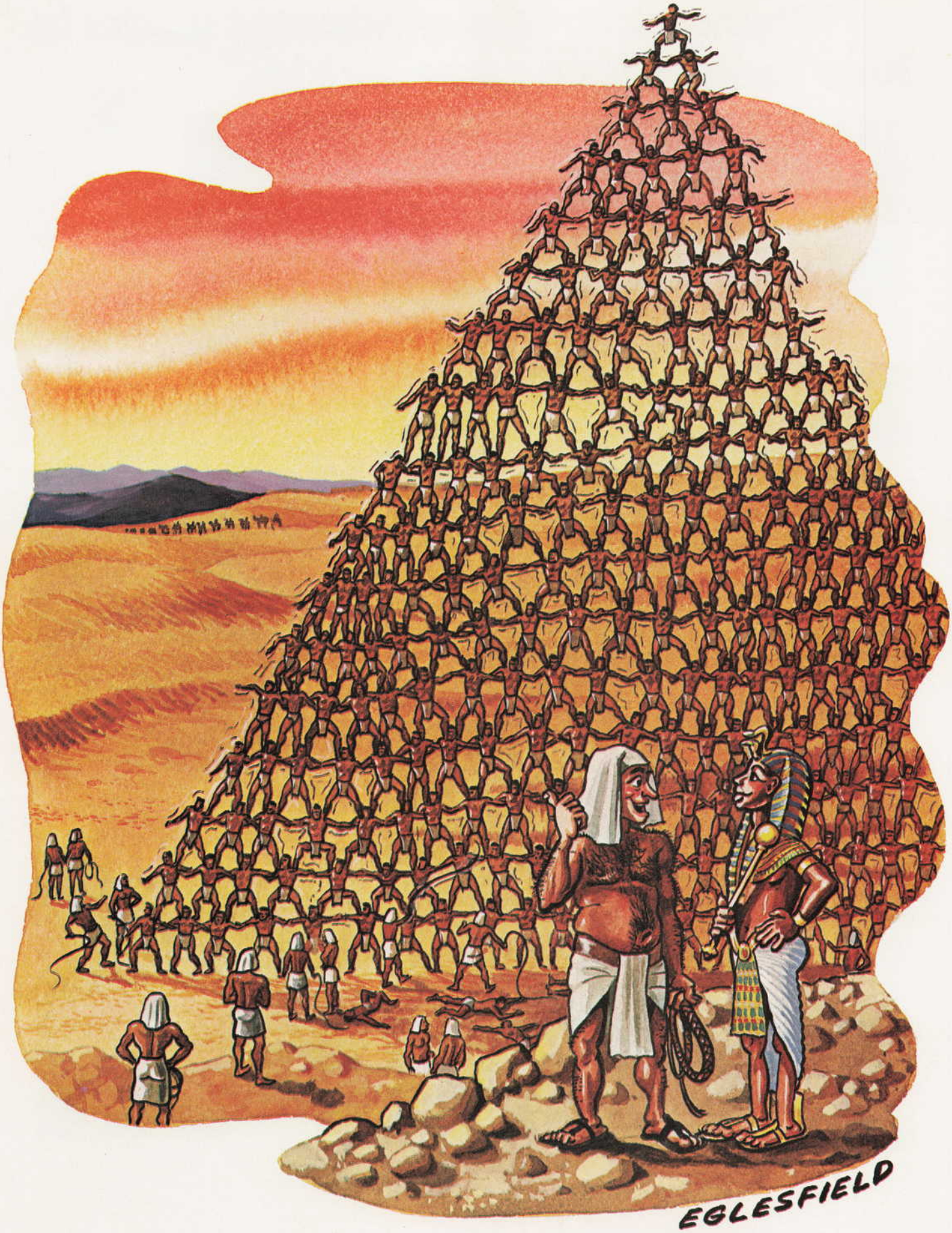
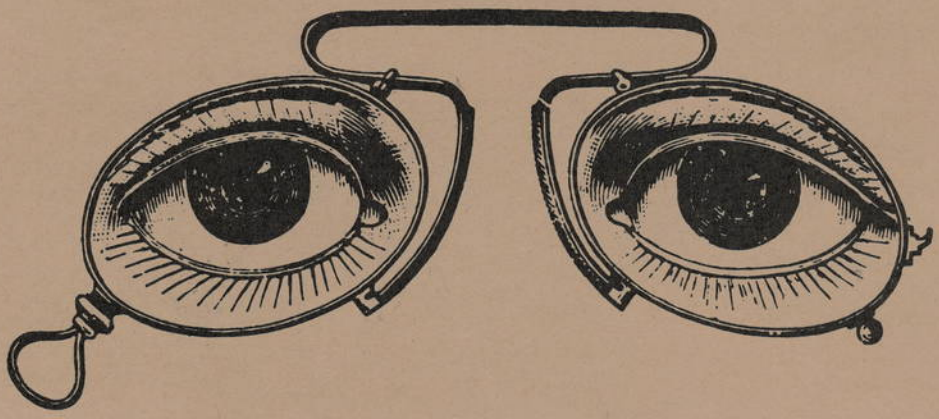


"Well that's roughly what it'll look like!"

VIEW FROM THE TOP



THE PACKAGED LIFE

Things had been closing in on me fast. From all sides. And I was only dimly aware what the trouble was until that letter arrived in the morning mail. That letter so full of hope and understanding from unknown friends.

These people seemed to sense at once that my problem was multifaceted and omnidirectional. What's more, they knew precisely how to solve it, though they knew me only by what they must have taken for my nom de plume:

Dear Occupant:

Are you fed up with your present way of living? Caught up in the rat race of day-to-day existence like an automaton? Tired of the endless routine . . . the bills . . . the mortgage . . . the kids? The boring prattle of dull associates? Of course you are!

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Sincerely,

New–U, Inc.,

Charles R. Greening, Dir.

Well, you can imagine how my heart raced as, clutching the letter in my sweaty palm, I bounded up the narrow, dusty stairs to the fourth-floor offices of the company. I had barely opened the door a crack when a hand reached out and pulled me in by my lapels.

"Hi there!" said the man. "I'm Greening. What can we do for you?"

"Well, it says here . . ." I began, pointing to the letter.

"We know what it says there," he interrupted. "What's your problem?"

"It's just as you expressed it so beautifully in your letter. I've had it with my present life style. I want a new one."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I write. Short, fascinating pieces, mostly, for national magazines."

"Sounds pretty interesting," he observed.

"Well, it is and it isn't," I said sadly. "Writing the pieces is fun, I suppose. But when I'm not doing that, I seem to be spending the rest of my time writing checks. You know, the bills . . . the mortgage . . . car payments. Did you know the average credit card account number has thirteen digits? And you have to write each one on both the check *and* the envelope?"

"What do you do to relax?"

"Watch television, of course. Old movies for the most part. And the Carson show. Boy, that Doc Severinsen! Those crazy clothes of his are a caution!"

"You got a problem, all right," said Greening. "But I think we can handle it." He began thumbing through some rotary card files atop his desk. "Hmm. Maybe you could use our Rubin–Hoffman package. We're running a special on that one this month. Not so much call for it any more, but it might suit you fine."

"What does it consist of?" I asked.

"Well, our real estate department dumps that house of yours and sets you up in a cold-water flat in the East Village. But you won't mind that, 'cause you'll spend a lot of time traveling. Or in jail. See, this is one of our—what we call—'militant-peripatetic' life styles. Comes with an army-surplus wardrobe, a year's supply of grass and a copy of *Steal This Book,* which tells you how to get everything else you need without paying."

"Sounds pretty keen," I said. "But I don't know if my wife would like that. She's not too choosy, but she does like her hot water."

"You were figurin' on hangin' on to her, huh?"

I nodded sheepishly.

"Well, there's our Orson Bean special. Suitable for the whole family. Comes with a guitar, a used VW bus and a set of guide books showing all the state and national parks and campsites. Sort of 'peripatetic-*non*-militant.'"

"I don't know. . . ."

"Hey! How about something in a commune style? You know, all for one, one for all. Eat together, sleep together. Share the work. I could make you a good price on that one."

"Well, you see, I was in the army once and. . . ."

"Gotcha!"

"Don't you have something a little more—

uh—comfortable?"

"Why, sure," he said. "I knew you were quality the minute you walked in here. Here's just the thing. It's our Beautiful People De Luxe package. It's anti-work-ethic but still pro-establishment. You get a complete set of travel credit cards along with Diner's Club, American Express and Carte Blanche, plus a villa in Ibiza or Majorca."

"Isn't that a little expensive?"

"True. But with all those cards, you can use a different one each month to pay the others, and it takes a long time before they catch up with you. Besides, with the cheaper packages we know your credit won't be any good, so you have to pay us for the whole thing in advance."

"Well, I still don't know . . ."

"Look. Let me mark up a profile on you and run it through our computer, okay?"

He proceeded to make a series of check marks in soft lead pencil, glancing up occasionally at me as he ran down the list of characteristics and fired the questions.

"Let's see," he said. "I'd say you were middle class, right? Right. Age: middle. Law abiding? Yes. Activities: mostly sedentary. Intelligence: so-so. Sexual proclivities: monogamous. Yecchh!"

A few more such questions and he fed the sheet into the computer. In seconds up popped the readout containing the ideal life style for me. I read:

"You belong in a quiet suburban house with a mortgage and a wife who likes hot water. Your most suitable occupation would be writing short, fascinating pieces for national magazines. For excitement, try watching late-night TV."

"There," said Greening. "That'll be $75."

"Thanks," I said. "Just put it on my Master Charge."

—Fred Darwin

HAPPENINGS

In March the world's first X-rated museum opened in downtown San Francisco. The International Museum of Erotic Art is housed in an unimposing, four-story, former office building on busy Powell Street, where tourist-filled cable cars clank by every few minutes. Conceived by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, well-known psychologists, authors and long-time advocates of sexual freedom, the museum is a showcase for their extensive collection of erotica.

After three successful exhibitions in Sweden and Denmark in 1968 and 1969, the Kronhausens decided to display their art in this country. The couple spent two years and $60,000 in legal battles with the U.S. government over importing the art before it was allowed to enter the country.

Over 200 museums were approached to arrange a show; all declined, fearing the controversy such an exhibition might provoke. Finally the Kronhausens contacted the National Sex Forum, an educational branch of the Genesis Church and Ecumenical Center—a non-profit San Francisco organization dedicated to furthering "human potential and dignity." The National Sex Forum agreed to back a permanent collection, and the museum is run as a nonprofit organization.

Admission is $2.50 (half price for students), and art books and quality reproductions are sold in the museum's first-floor shop. Any profits will go toward art acquisition and supporting sex-education programs. Eberhard Kronhausen believes that "if handled properly, the museum can support itself."

And the couple believes it is extremely important that the museum succeed. "There are museums for puppets, museums for carriages," Eberhard Kronhausen exclaims. "My God! There are even museums for buttons! I can't believe it's taken humanity this long to create a museum devoted to something as beautiful and natural as erotic art."

An impressive display of erotic art has definitely been assembled here. Over 2,000 pieces of painting and sculpture from around the world celebrating all aspects of sexuality are included in the museum's permanent exhibits. Nearly all the art is owned by the Kronhausens, who acquired it over many years during their extensive travels. They are an international couple — Eberhard, fifty-seven, is of German background, and Phyllis, forty-three, is Scandinavian; both are now American citizens and reside in Paris.

Their museum is not small, but it can barely accommodate the collection. Two spacious, high-ceilinged exhibition halls and a number of smaller rooms display the wide variety of erotica. Separate rooms house exotic Chinese and Indian paintings, and the striking work of Japanese erotic artists fills most of one larger hall.

According to Eberhard Kronhausen, Japanese artists—particularly those of the Edo period (1600–1868)—have created the best and most highly developed erotica. He is quite proud of his magnificent collection of Japanese *shunga* (erotic art—literally, "reclining pictures"). Painted scrolls, colorful woodblock prints, painted albums and simple drawings and prints line the museum's walls.

"The Japanese masters devoted 20 to 40 percent of their work to erotica, something unheard of in Western art," explains Dr. Kronhausen, "and they developed it beautifully."

Much of the *shunga* details sexual scenes. Kimono-clad or naked couples are seen enjoying intercourse and other sexual activities in every possible (and impossible) position. On occassion three or more people engage in a touch of fantasy or a variety of acrobatic sex. Another print shows an aging courtesan carefully guiding her master into a promising relationship with a youthful partner.

Humor is also an important element in Japanese *shunga*. A recurrent theme throughout their erotic art is the "phallic contest," in which the male's universal and age-old preoccupation with penis size is viewed satirically. One drawing shows a slight, older man walking slowly to the contest with his huge organ drawn on a cart before him.

Many works by Western artists are also in the collection, including bacchanalian celebrations of eroticism by Pablo Picasso, the nonrational, bizarre visions of Salvador Dali, and some disturbing watercolors by George Grosz. Explicit erotic pop art, including work by Warhol, is another fine exhibition.

Erotica by women artists is displayed separately in a third-floor room. Although erotic art by women is not widespread, Eberhard Kronhausen stresses his concern with collecting and exhibiting women artists. "I believe women do employ different approaches and add new emphases," he says.

Several pieces by feminist artist Betty Dodson show straining, gripping intercourse. "Dodson's work is quite strong," says Kronhausen. "It emphasizes such a tactile aspect. You can almost feel the muscle tension and skin contact. It's not just a sexual reaction one gets, but a physical experience as well."

Although the Kronhausens insist the work exhibited be of high quality, able to stand on its artistic merit, they do not pretend that the museum is merely a receptacle of fine art. "We're making an ideological statement," says Eberhard Kronhausen. "There must be economic and political freedom before sexual freedom can exist, and that is what we're working toward. This is a strong anti-censorship move on our part, and we think it will have impact."

And what effect does the erotic art have on the museumgoer? "Pleasure. Esthetic enjoyment," says Dr. Kronhausen. "That's what all art does. Erotic art also serves educational and theraputic purposes. And if it produces erotic stimulation, that's far from being a detriment; it's a healthy, happy thing."

He anticipates public support of the museum. "As Freud once said," he smiles, "sexuality is of abiding interest to humanity!" Aware of the current backlash against 'permissiveness,' the Kronhausens prohibit entrance to people under eighteen, in order to avoid legal problems. But the couple believe children ought to be exposed to and educated about their own sexuality.

A visit to the museum is both an erotically and intellectually stimulating experience.

Sir Alec Guinness as Pope Innocent III in Paramount Pictures' *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*

Viewing the fantasy-provoking art clearly crystallizes the vast difference between erotica and pornography.

Dr. Kronhausen concludes, "We just want people to come in and enjoy it. It's a happy experience." —Peter Hauck

SHOWS

Sisters reminds you of *Rear Window* and *Psycho*. It looks and plays a lot like Hitchcock, but it's Hitchcock gone wild. Young Brian De Palma, as director and co-holder of the screenwriting credit with Louisa Rose, deserves the blame—and the praise.

Hitchcock, you'll remember, has a gimmick marking every one of his films: he makes an appearance on screen himself. He boards buses just before our hero or stands in line behind the heroine, and moviegoers have learned this is part of seeing a Hitchcock movie: who can pick Alfred out of the crowd? By now it's an obligatory appearance.

De Palma has his "signature," too. It's an obligatory Peeping Tom scene, and in each De Palma picture (he did *Greetings* and *Hi, Mom*) the scene gets progressively funnier. One guess is that De Palma is a latent Peeper trying to work it out on film rather than in real life. If that is true, his hang-up is our gain. One wonders, however, where it will end. In *Sisters*, De Palma juxtaposes his funny Peeping Tom scene with a brutal murder, and suddenly it isn't so funny.

But that's the kind of movie this is: a comedy-thriller about the mysterious relationship between two sisters. You don't see much of one sister. You'll like the performance of the other, Margot Kidder. You may like Jennifer Salt, who plays an amateur snoop. And you will love Charles Durning, a private eye—graduate, no less, of the Brooklyn Institute of Private Investigation.

Brian—here's watching you.

In *A Warm December*, Sidney Poitier plays the typical, ordinary black you've grown to love in Sidney Poitier movies. Here he plays another version of his character in *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner*—Matt Younger, a physician who normally sets up ghetto clinics for poor blacks in Washington, D.C., now on vacation with his ten-year-old daughter in London.

Like your typical black on vacation in London, Matt Younger races motorcycles by day and attends the ballet by night, in black tie. Matt falls in love with Catharine (Esther Anderson), the niece of an African ambassador, who is being followed by sinister looking men. That gives this low-phosphate soap opera an element of intrigue, until you learn the mysterious men have been hired to look out for the girl's physical well-being. She has, you see, sickle-cell anemia. What a letdown. We're expecting maybe a black *Charade*, and instead we end up with a black *Love Story*.

You may end up crying a little. It's hard to watch a young person almost die before your eyes, especially when she's such a smashing beauty, with such lovely eyes, such a lilting voice.

For ninety-seven years, Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* has charmed boys and girls, men and women of all nations and conditions of servitude. It even survived three successive translations on film. Now, with a musical version in colorful Panavision, producer Arthur P. Jacobs may have ruined it for generations to come. This is an altogether simple-minded affair, with something less than the bite one remembers of the book and far less intelligence than you can see on any segment of *Sesame Street*. It is nothing more than a vehicle for some saccharine-sweet, sappy songs by the Shermans (Robert B. and Richard M.), who won two Academy Awards for their work in *Mary Poppins*. According to the production notes, the Shermans blackmailed the people who put this deal together. They'd write the music if they could also do the screenplay. That, in retrospect, wasn't much of a deal. Sample Sherman lyric: "A man's gotta be what he's born to be / Only one golden time in his life is he freeee."

For divorced daddies who want to take their four-year-olds (but not their sophisticated fives) to the movies, this is a good bet. No dirt here. Huck Finn (Jeff East) is absolutely Eagle-Scout-scrubbed. No violence. Not even any conflict. The famous white-washing-of-the-fence scene builds no suspense and is over in a flash. One minute Tom (Johnny Whitaker) is grumbling about having to do the fence (his half brother Sid isn't even around to gloat or make you feel Tom's been done an injustice), and the next minute all his friends are working away. The subtle psychology of getting others to do your work for you—and pay you to boot—is not a concept unknown to Producer Jacobs. It's clear, however, that he doesn't think the potential audience for this flick will be able to understand it. Finally, Jacobs has taken almost all the terror out of Injun Joe (Kunu Hank). I'm surprised he didn't make him a misguided graduate of Choate and Yale, but even as an Injun he couldn't scare my four-year-old. In the cave, he pursues Tom and Becky (Jodie Foster), but when Muff Potter (Warren Oates, again and awful) tosses a little torch at him, he goes down like cotton candy.

In *Brother Sun, Sister Moon* Director Franco Zeffirelli tells a story about a daring historical pair, Francesco and Clara, both saints from Assisi. Like Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, it is a triumph of a movie. It has the look and the feel of *Romeo and Juliet*, the sound and the violence, the daring cinematography, the richness of detail. To find his stars, Zeffirelli went again to two young British newcomers, Graham Faulkner and Judi Bowker. They are a perfect Francis and Clare.

Faulkner, good looks and mad passion, is believable as a brother to the sun, the birds, the flowers and the snow. Miss Bowker has the transparent fairness of an edelweiss, wide-apart blue eyes that you can believe no man will ever dive into or dull, and a half-smile which is one part shyness and two parts fear. Fear of what? Fear, I fear, of the world, a fear which can only pass when one plunges in and finds not pain but pleasure.

But this story is a celebration of the pleasure that comes from holding back. Zeffirelli paints the picture well. Francis is something of a madman, as all saints are supposed to be, hardest on those who love him most. He does not even talk much to the dazzling

Clare; he tosses bolts of his father's precious cloth out of the castle window; he patronizes the mill hands; he has a look of joy on his face when he receives his father's blows. But he's tender with the birds, the deer and the yellow flowers.

Nonetheless, he gathers followers. They don't understand what they're doing. "What have I done?" cries Giocondo, who has just renounced the world and is dancing in the snow. "I have done it!" What he has done, what all have done, is rejoice in an all-too-human aberration. They have learned how to be happy by suffering, by going against nature.

Clare comes to join Francis. Before a pool and a roaring waterfall, she removes her purple cloak. Francis takes her hand and chops off her cornsilk hair with a dirty shears.

"Have we sinned through presumption?" Francis asks Pope Innocent III (Alec Guinness). "Tell us of our errors."

Innocent speaks wisdom: "In our obsession with original sin, we often forget original innocence." And then nonsense: Francis in his poverty, says the Pope, is right. He, encrusted with riches and power, is wrong.

I think they are both wrong. There's a lot of blasphemy involved in both the renunciation of the world and in becoming "encrusted" with it. One is the sin of wallowing in riches which ought to be shared. The other is a sin of turning aside God's gifts. He offers. What an insult to say no.

—Robert Kaiser

WORDS

The police officer is coming back as a hero. This time he calls himself a cop—a word newsmen weren't allowed to use not long ago. And this time the bad guys are as likely to be other cops as robbers. But cops and robbers is still the name of the game, as two new books signed for movies confirm.

Ever wondered why any man should want to be a cop? The hours are hell, the scene is sordid (cop cars have cockroaches), the pay is poor, promotion is slow, and a disproportionate number of people want to see you dead. On the other hand, there's the security, the pension, the possible pleasure of pushing somebody around—and the graft.

None of these things, pro or con, really matters to most kids who apply to the police academy. That's our conclusion, supported by the new books, but primarily based on talking with cops, most recently with James Ahern, the articulate author of *Police in Trouble* (Hawthorn, 1972). The real motive is the excitement of fighting criminals, the boyhood game of cops and robbers grown up.

If graft is not the motive for being a cop, why are there so many crooked cops? There are so many that the question whether they are a majority is academic. Graft is learned; corruption is the curriculum of on-the-job training. The pressure to corruption is enormous; and, tragically, the most energetic, fearless and ambitious recruits face the greatest pressure. It's possible to spend your life walking a beat without more temptation than a free meal, but if cops and robbers is really in your blood, you buck for plainclothes duty, where the detective's gold shield shines at the top of the dirty stairway.

Frank Serpico was one of those who started up the stairway at a run. But Serpico was different. Not only was he incorruptible—a lot of cops must be—but he didn't give a shit about the code of a cop. He blew the whistle on his fraternity members and launched the biggest police bust in New York's history. Peter Maas, who tells the cop's story in *Serpico* (Viking, $8.95) claims his boy is unique. Maas is a hot investigative reporter and author of *The Valachi Papers*. In his new volume he recites cases of police corruption from coast to coast, and concludes: "But large or small, they have one thing in common. The ordinary police officer, however honest, looked the other way, or got out, or once in a great while anonymously reported a specific payoff. In none of them was there a cop willing to blow the whistle on his own, and then step forward, as would be expected in any other criminal proceeding, and testify openly in court. In none of them was there a Frank Serpico."

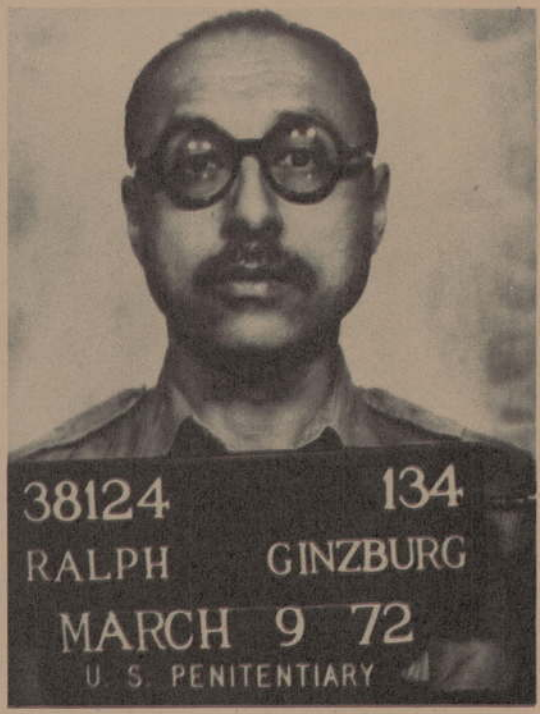
Serpico was different, all right. There was no sign of pig about him, but every sign of anti-pig. He wore a beard, love beads and sandals, not as a cover but because it suited him. He lived a hippie life in Greenwich Village; he loved ballet and opera; he read *Les Fleurs du Mal* in the original. What was this character doing as a cop? He, too, was hooked early on cops and robbers. All his life he wanted to be a detective: he made himself a crack shot, a karate expert, a supersleuth. He was playing for keeps. When he ran into corruption, he didn't quit in disgust or merely report his fellow plainclothesmen. He struggled for four years to persuade somebody above the "take" to launch an investigation that would trap the big cops and not just the small fry. Having exhausted all the possibilities in the city government, he went to *The New York Times*. The result of their exposé was the Knapp Commission investigation, which provided the most detailed public presentation of police corruption ever, and sent heads rolling.

For a long time, even before the bust, Serpico was hated more deeply by more cops than any criminal. The commissioner called him a psycho. He was attacked in a station house by a cop with a switchblade. But he kept on chasing the detective's gold shield until he got his face shot open. Was it a set-up by police? Maas only casts suspicion. There's no evidence it was planned, but it's easy to believe that his partners were not keen to protect his life.

Frank Serpico got his gold shield at thirty-six, along with a disability pension and a gun permit. He still carries the gun.

DYNAMIC DUO

Pow! Crash! Zowie! If you think cops and robbers ain't fun, join Batman and Robin, two New York cops who have the most virulent case of the syndrome outside comic books.



Ralph Ginzburg: *jailed for publishing pornography,*

Their story, also headed for a big movie, is written like a scenario by L. H. Whittemore in *The Super Cops: The True Story of the Cops called Batman and Robin* (Stein & Day, $7.95). Dave Greenberg and Bob Hantz discovered in the police academy that their shared passion for the game of cops and robbers would make the *Adam 12* team look like dilettantes. As rookie cops they began, even before assignment, to horrify their superiors and fellows by hauling in arrests faster than they could be booked. And to prove they weren't just making noise, they made an incredible 90 percent of the arrests stick as convictions. Their classic contribution to police science may have been the adoption of the police uniform as a disguise to watch drug operations. The Batman-and-Robin tag was not

dreamed up by Whittemore but by kids in the tough Bedford–Stuyvesant section where the pair was said to zoom down from the sky, because of their innovative rooftop surveillance techniques.

All their techniques were innovative. In view of their fifty-one appearances before the Civilian Complaint Review Board, maybe they were innovating law, too. When Dave, in a moment of frustration thinks, "Fuck the law," maybe he's expressing the basic rule of the cops-and-robbers game.

WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS

One cop who has never said, "Fuck the law" is Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia. Rizzo has always figured he *is* the law, first as a cop,

his new book recounts prison experiences

then as commissioner, and now as mayor. But Rizzo never minded fucking the law of the courts. If they wouldn't convict a man, he'd tell them he would go on arresting the guy till he gave up and left town. He also gained a reputation for enforcing his law with a fist in the belly. If Serpico, at one end of the blue spectrum, is the unlikeliest cop, Rizzo, at the other end, is the perfect picture of a pig—a portrait he has painted himself. Fred Hamilton, a Philadelphia newsman, has tried in his biography *Rizzo* (Viking, $8.95) to make the picture fully dimensional, because he sees Rizzo becoming a national figure. But all he can do to present Rizzo the man, Rizzo the pig undoes whenever he opens his mouth. Scared people are listening to Rizzo, though, and we may yet see cops and robbers played on the White House lawn.

LIKE IT IS

If after all these flamboyant stories of flamboyant cops, you'd like a cool, careful, anthropological description of the way police work, another new book does a thorough job of it. *City Police,* by Jonathan Rubinstein (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10), also focuses on Philadelphia, but not on Rizzo's level. At the level of the squad car, all big-city police forces are the same. Rubinstein is not a cop, and he makes no judgments about law enforcement as a social institution. His special ability is to clarify the notions such as "inside" and "outside" that set cops apart.

RECOMMENDED READING

Breakfast of Champions, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Delacorte, $7.95). Vonnegut is fed up with pollution. In this book he has "resolved to shun storytelling" for doomsaying, but as usual he makes a hell of a story out of it. His fans won't be disappointed, and they won't be surprised to learn that the Breakfast of Champions is a martini.

American Mischief, by Alan Lelchuk (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95). This surely will be one of the big novels of the year. Lelchuk sets out to do nothing less than define the disorders of our day. That he has chosen a college campus as the scene doesn't limit the breadth of the struggle, but permits the ideas free play.

Castrated: My Eight Months in Prison, by Ralph Ginzburg (Avant-Garde Books, $2.95). One of the few men to go to jail for pornography in our time—and poor porn it was—laments the way prison robs a man's selfhood.

Social Sciences as Sorcery, by Andreski Stanislav (St. Martin's, $7.95). This may sound special if you've never lost a shoe in the muck "the behavioral sciences" have been spreading around. But as it gets harder to avoid the muck, you may be grateful for Dr. Stanislav's terrible swift broom.

The Sensuous Person: Critique and Corrections, by Dr. Albert Ellis (Lyle Stuart, $6). Dr. Ellis, as readers of *Penthouse* know, doesn't fool around about fucking. Here he undoes all the nonsense of the "Sensuous" book fad.

—Norman Hoss

SOUNDS

Ten years ago, the generation of rock-and-roll bands that had sprung up in small clubs and rec rooms from Hamburg to Hawthorne, California, began to make themselves known on a wider scale. These bands reached their creative and commercial peaks in the late Sixties; then a variety of pressures, not the least of which were self-consciousness, boredom and a sense of suffocation, caused the dissolution of all but the sturdiest of these groups. When band members broke away from their groups, many pursued careers as solo performers. Others, who felt they had something particular and personal to say, were spurred on to do the same. As more people joined the singer-songwriter movement, the music became more polished technically, and at the same time less energetic and daring; eventually, refinement became equatable with sterility. At the same time, volume-oriented groups with a sense of the melodramatic won over another large sector of the rock audience; this thunderous stuff, with its disregard of both dynamics and humor, bore as little relation to Sixties rock and roll as the mild solo performers did. Today the "progressive" FM stations, which concentrate almost exclusively on the soft stuff, bear a remarkable resemblance to their AM easy-listening cousins, and the concert halls have their plaster shaken loose regularly by stacks of Marshall amps. People who grew up on rock and roll wonder where it went.

It's not gone completely—it's just moved back into the clubs and rec rooms, the frat parties and high-school dances. Rock and roll has gotten its new foothold because of the preoccupations of a new generation of musicians; these musicians have formed bands modeled closely on those of a decade ago. The new bands fall broadly into the primarily Beatles-influenced and Stones-infatuated camps, but there are also the neo-Kinks and neo-Who bands, and disciples of electric Dylan, with a smattering of Byrds-Buffalo-Grape West-Coast-style groups. For these musicians, it's still 1966, although many of the musicians who play mid-Sixties rock and roll were in their pre-teens when their chosen music was at its height. A few of these young bands are already on record—the most prominent are Grin, Mott the Hoople, Big Star, Stealer's Wheel and Raspberries. But most are still working whenever and wherever they can, waiting for the break.

You can see them all over the country, and you can find them in England (it's not at all surprising to find that young English bands look as fanatically to American models as their American counterparts look to English ones), but mostly you can find them in New York City, where the already famous New York Dolls have blazed a path for hundreds of aspiring groups. New York has always been tough on young bands, but the Dolls are tough themselves, and so are their peers. Consequently, New York has its healthiest rock scene ever.

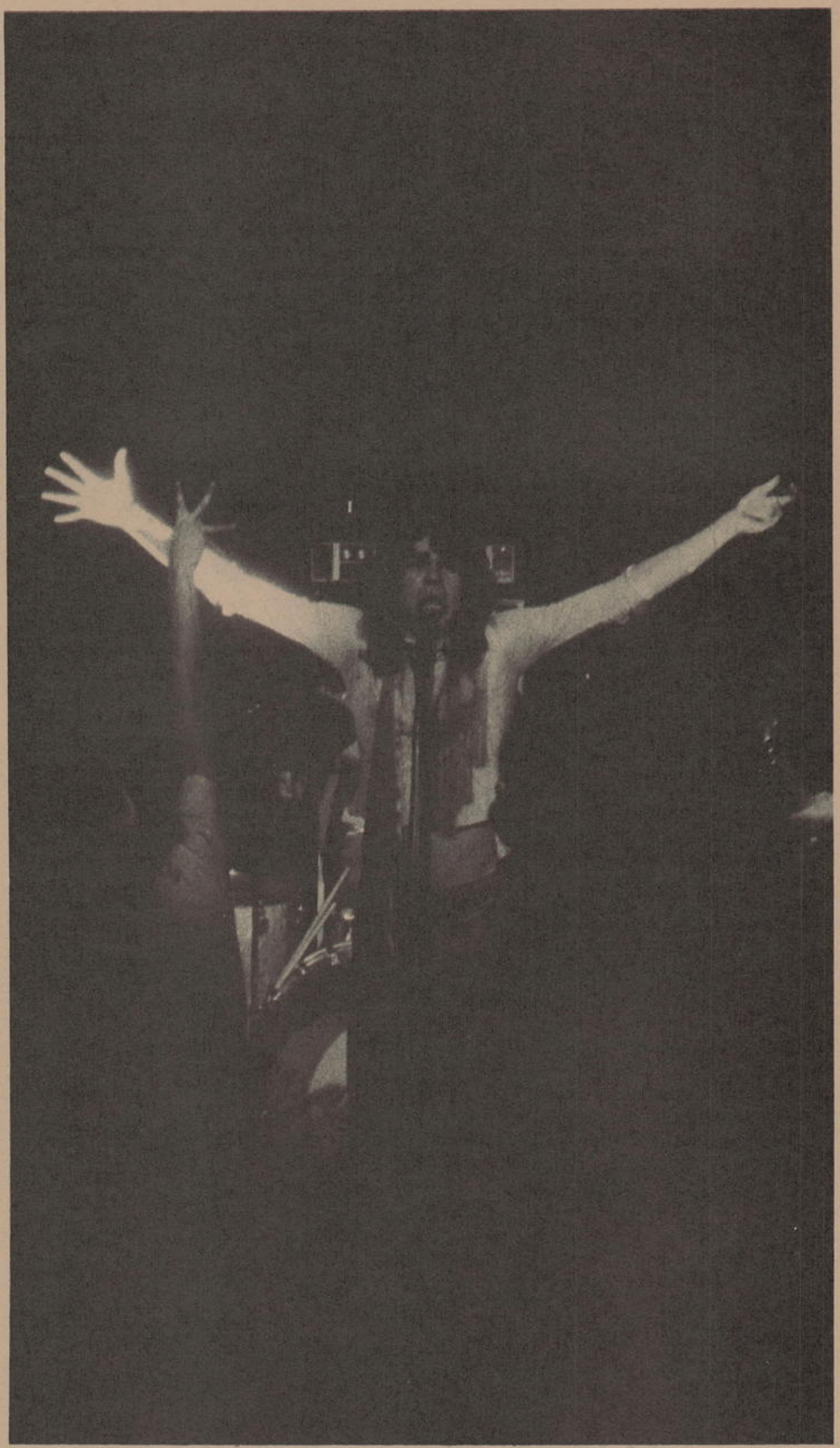
Much has already been written about the way the Dolls look, but nobody would have noticed that if it weren't for the way the band sounds. The Dolls are a vicious kick in the face at all that's careful, passive and polished about today's popular music. The record companies, most of which have a great investment in exactly the kind of music the Dolls are rallying against, have naturally been turned off until now. With their casual, cocky, androgynousness and their determinedly primitive musical approach, the Dolls have

much the same relationship to the world around them as the Stones of 1963 had to their world. They're punky, weird-looking, irreverent to the extreme, offensive in some way to practically everybody (at least at the first exposure), anti-art, undisciplined, and they play rock and roll as nobody has in years. The early Stones played that way because they didn't know any better. The New York Dolls know exactly what they're doing. But how could it be otherwise?

If they didn't write great primitive songs to go with their great primitive playing, they might be merely an immensely entertaining replica of something that was once a lot of fun. But they're more: they have a great dynamic sense, they're mythic and hilarious at the same time, they're musically inventive, immensely powerful, and full of ambition. They're everything a rock-and-roll band needs to be great, and they practically manufacture the sense that Something Significant is going on here, so don't pass it by.

The Dolls got moving during their frequent appearances at the privately owned Mercer Arts Center, on the eastern border of Greenwich Village. The Mercer itself is now looked on as a magic place by some. Some of the most contrived and inept groups ever put together have played there in recent months. But so have a number of really promising young bands. The most impressive of these was a quintet from Garden City, Long Island, known as Elliott Murphy's Aquashow (so named because Murphy's father ran a concession he called the Aquashow at the '64 World's Fair). On the night I saw them, Murphy, flaxen-haired and exuding confidence, stood in a baggy white suit holding a Fender Stratocaster and wearing a harmonica on a metal holder around his neck. The band was all in black, and when they all opened up, you couldn't help but think of Dylan in his most muscular moments on *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde*. Murphy had neither the looks nor the vocal sound of Dylan, but his songs scattered images in machine-gun fashion, and he exuded an unshakeable self-assurance on stage that must have been styled on Dylan the rocker. The band, together about six months, sounded as tight and strong as almost any group on record, and Murphy demonstrated with raised arms, hand wiggles and body tilts that he was in complete control of them. He had a song about *The Great Gatsby*, another called *Graveyard Scrapbook*, and a third about *The Last of the Rock Stars*. Murphy was clearly preoccupied by myths, and he used his preoccupation consciously and often brilliantly.

There's a line in *Edwin Mullhouse*, a novel by Steven Millhouser published a few months ago, that deals with childhood and the artist: "... genius ... is the retention of the [childhood] capacity to be obsessed." Johansen and Johnny Thunder of the Dolls have it, so does Murphy. They wear their obsessions on their sleeves, and they put those obsessions to work for them.



The New York Dolls: *punky, irreverent, offensive—everything they need to be great*

It's not happening at the top of the charts. It's hardly on records at all—yet. But it's coming. The New York Dolls (still up for grabs) and Elliott Murphy's Aquashow (who have just been signed by Polydor) are just the front of the wave. There'll be more: maybe the Planets from New York City, or Quacky Duck from New Jersey, or the Modern Lovers and Reddy Teddy from the Boston suburbs. Maybe all of them. Things are bound to pick up soon. —Bud Scoppa

You just can't live in Texas
If you don't have lotta soul.
—Doug Sahm

If anyone this side of Blackness is entitled to the much-abused word *soul*, it has to be a distinctive breed of Texans, that includes country-rocker Doug Sahm. At the crossroads (to borrow the title of the Sahm song quoted above) of the South, the West, and Mexico, imbued with identity and pride, and a little wild for good measure, they know the meaning of film director John Ford's line that "a Texan is a man born out on a limb."

Doug Sahm, one of rock's few true originals and foremost eclectics, comes out of the Lone Star tradition that has produced so many stellar performers. Buddy Holly, Janis Joplin, Steve Miller and the brothers Winter, Edgar and Johnny had little choice once their musical roots took hold in the same soil that had nurtured ace bluesmen Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lightnin' Hopkins and T-Bone Walker as well as C&W immortals Jimmie Rodgers and Bob Wills. Sahm has recently emerged from one of his periodic self-imposed exiles from recording and performing to pay homage to his constellation of stylistic influences—especially Walker's funky blues and Wills' Texas swing.

At a time when rock has taken on a classical esthetic, and musicianship has become more important than innovation, Sahm and his new band have been slaying audiences in clubs here and, during a brief European tour, abroad. The group's musical range covers as wide a spectrum as its members. While chicano tenor man Rocky Morales, black baritone sax player Willie Bridges, and trumpeter Charley McBurney trade shiny licks, a white-haired, fifty-seven-year-old fiddle player named J. R. Chatwell steals the show with the slightest gesture. Their dedication to their music is attested to by the time two members were locked after hours in a Philadelphia club and continued to jam through the night until the manager came to open up in the morning.

The highlight of their live act is the sight of Doug Sahm's expressively mobile face as he sings in his throaty, drawling style. Sahm's flexible guitar work and Augie Myers' driving piano are the only elements left of the now legendary Sir Douglas Quintet. Though more adventurous and certainly tighter musically, the new group still retains the roadhouse-band spontaneity of the old Quintet.

Together through most of the Sixties, the Sir Douglas Quintet never enjoyed the popularity they deserved. Their splendid sloppiness, infectious simplicity and unique assimilation of Tex-Mex and Mexican *conjunto* rhythms were never marketable commodities on the Rock Exchange. Stuck with a name out of the Anglophile aftermath of the Beatles and branded as "bubblegum" for their bouncy hits *She's About a Mover* and *Mendocino*, the group had two strikes against it among the rock tastemakers of the day. Few ever did understand Sir Doug during the lifetime of the Quintet. There's even a story that during Sahm's first visit to New York, his rapid-fire, Texas-accented delivery in interviews was mistaken for some strange British dialect.

Today the Sir Douglas Quintet albums are collector's items. Discontinued from the catalogue by their old record label for lack of sales, *Honkey Blues, Mendocino, Together After Five, 1+1+1=4* and *The Return of Doug Saldaña* occasionally make an appearance in discount record bins. At two dollars apiece, these are truly priceless collections of the blues-and-country-tinged rock that went unappreciated a few years ago.

A loyal fan almost from the beginning, Bob Dylan helped focus attention on the recent album *Doug Sahm and Band*, the first by Sahm in over two years. Dylan's unusual presence as sideman on a third of the record's cuts added little musically, but it did help expose the former Sir Doug's talents to those who have never enjoyed them before. At live appearances, Sahm is deluged by requests for his good-timey interpretations of country tunes from the album. *San Antone*, originally sung by Charley Pride, and Willie Nelson's troubadour's odyssey titled *Me and Paul* are among the favorites. The band never seems to tire of playing the blues tunes on the record, including *Papa Ain't Salty* and *Dealer's Blues*. The latter is one of the few Sahm originals in the set. The relative shortage of material from Sahm's pen may be relieved by an album now in the works.

Sahm began his musical career in his old hometown, San Antonio, at the age of six, when he sang C&W over a local radio station. By the age of nine, he was ready to audition for the Grand Ole Opry, but his parents wanted him to stay in school. In his teens he learned blues guitar from watching the R&B masters in town, in clubs where his was the only white face. He also absorbed large doses of Chicano music in San Antone's West Side. During the Sir Douglas Quintet's heyday, he gravitated toward the San Francisco area. But the self-admitted country boy found it hard to stay away from home. When he's not touring and recording, you can find him in the Austin, Texas, burgeoning music center—more often than not, picking on his guitar on his back porch.

One of Sahm's finest moments came not on a stage but before a movie camera. Cast in a cameo role in the vastly underrated dealing epic *Cisco Pike*, he almost leaped off the screen with his speedy talking and amusing broad gestures. It turns out that he wasn't acting, just being himself. Producers take note. If he ever sets down his guitar long enough, Sahm would be a *natural* to win over movie audiences as well with the gift of Texas soul. —Steve Ditlea

THE SOUND AND THE JURY

A Wizard, A True Star/Todd Rundgren (Bearsville BR 2133) Side one is a conceptual sound collage called *International Feel*, side two, titled *A True Star*, freaked-out schlock and R&B. Rundgren at least shows he is the ultimate *enfant terrible* of the studio. If this album were half as hysterical, it might qualify as a work of genius.

Grand Hotel/Procul Harum (Chrysalis 1037) Their music grows progressively emptier as the symphonic shenanigans become more bombastic. A far cry from their masterpiece, *A Salty Dog*.

Split Ends/The Move (United Artists UAS-5666) Great rock 'n' roll, some of it culled from their out-of-print Capitol disc, *Message from the Country*. Too bad the group went splitsville, because they exemplified the highest level of post-Beatle progressivism. Best cut: *Do Ya*, an all-time monster ass-shaker.

Stealers Wheel/(A&M SP 4377) SW is a five-man British group that sounds very Beatle-like. Their songs, especially *Stuck in the Middle With You*, *Johnny's Song* and *Inside of Me*, feature bracing harmonies and spare instrumentation. Veteran producers Lieber and Stoller prove once again that they know better than anyone what to do with raw talent.

Be What You Want To/Link Wray (Polydor PD 5047) Nice country-rock by the old pro. The best cuts, *Lawdy Miss Clawdy* and Wray's own *Walk Easy, Walk Slow* and *You Really Got a Hold on Me*, have a rousing revivalist fervor. The slower stuff, of which there's too much, has far less character.

Images 1966–1967/David Bowie (London BP 628/9) The genius in his formative years. Though the musical settings are pretty weak, the songs are something else. Even seven years ago, Bowie's vision was disturbingly futuristic.

Closing Time/Tom Waits (Asylum SD 5061) Waits sounds like a boozy Randy Newman with overtones of Dylan. He specializes in deadpan parodies of Fifties lounge music that amuse and hurt at the same time. The best song, *I Hope That I Don't Fall in Love with You*, is a definitive tale about missed oppor-

Bill Quateman: *his album is a slick marketing concept of folk-rock à la Stephen Stills*

tunities for making a romantic connection.

Bill Quateman/(Columbia KC 31761) This Chicago boy does driving acoustic folk-rock à la Stephen Stills. Though the streamlined polish of his musicianship is prodigious, he lacks a strong musical or lyric personality. Quateman personifies the marketing concept of an artist as glossy product.

Garland Jeffries/(Atlantic SD 7253) Jeffries writes, sings and strums everything from Dylanesque autobiography to reggae. His lyrics are personal and compelling, and his voice reminiscent of both Dylan and Johnny Nash. Best cuts: *Ballad of Me* and *She Didn't Lie*. Very impressive.

The Best of Bread/(Elektra 75056) Side one has six of their most famous ballads, the best wimp since the halcyon days of Johnny Mathis; side two, light to moderate R&R.

Dixie Chicken/Little Feat (Warner Brothers BS 2686) LF is a post-Band band with an enviable critical reputation and little commercial success. Guiding spirit is producer, lead singer and chief writer Lowell George, who is also an ex-Mother (of Invention). What he and the five other "Feat" offer is witty, gritty, dada funk (more funk than dada), in a wide variety of styles. Very tasty.

Tyranny and Mutation/Blue Oyster Cult (Columbia KC 32017) This critics' band represents the ultimate intellectualization of the Black Sabbath idea, and as such they are stone great, spitting back all manner of recent rock 'n roll lore. Best cut: *OD'd on Life Itself*. These dudes are super-knowing.

Slayed?/Slade (Polydor PD 5524) Inside the S&M punk album cover of the year is just what you've been looking for: the already classic *Mama Weer All Crazee Now* plus nine other slices of the best elemental hard rock being made anywhere, a message to the body and not the mind. May these boys remain so supremely together.

Heaven Help the Child/Mickey Newbury (Elektra 75055) Another case of a talented singer/songwriter being drowned in echo and violins. Newbury's songs are heavy enough by themselves so as not to warrant the Oh-Holy-Night-in-a-cathedral treatment.

Second Album/Roy Buchanan (Polydor PD-5046) The legendary guitarist fares better with studio musicians than with his erstwhile roadhouse band, the Snake Stretchers. Yes, Buchanan is excellent on all fronts—dazzling but not too exhibitionistic. But we could do without the vocal tracks.

We the People/Ellen McIlwaine (Polydor PD-5044) McIlwaine's virtuosity on slide guitar is second to none, and her countrified Grace Slick vocals truly distinctive. This is a great improvement over her hastily released first album and contains her best song to date, *I Don't Want to Play*.

Heart Food/Judee Sill (Asylum SD 5063) The mystical/spiritual intensity of Sill's remarkable debut album is even more intense on her second . . . so much that some will have difficulty relating to her trip. Be that as it may, she uses potent symbolism and blazing images in a lush, post-folk idiom to express her faith. Moving, mysterious, highly recommended. Best cut: *The Kiss*.

Around the World with Three Dog Night/Three Dog Night (Dunhill DSY 50138) A live, two-record, greatest-hits set is what this is, and the level of performance high. 3DN is probably the most popular touring band around, and here is the reason. Included: *Joy to the World, Never Been to Spain, Black and White, Mama Told Me Not to Come*, etc., etc.

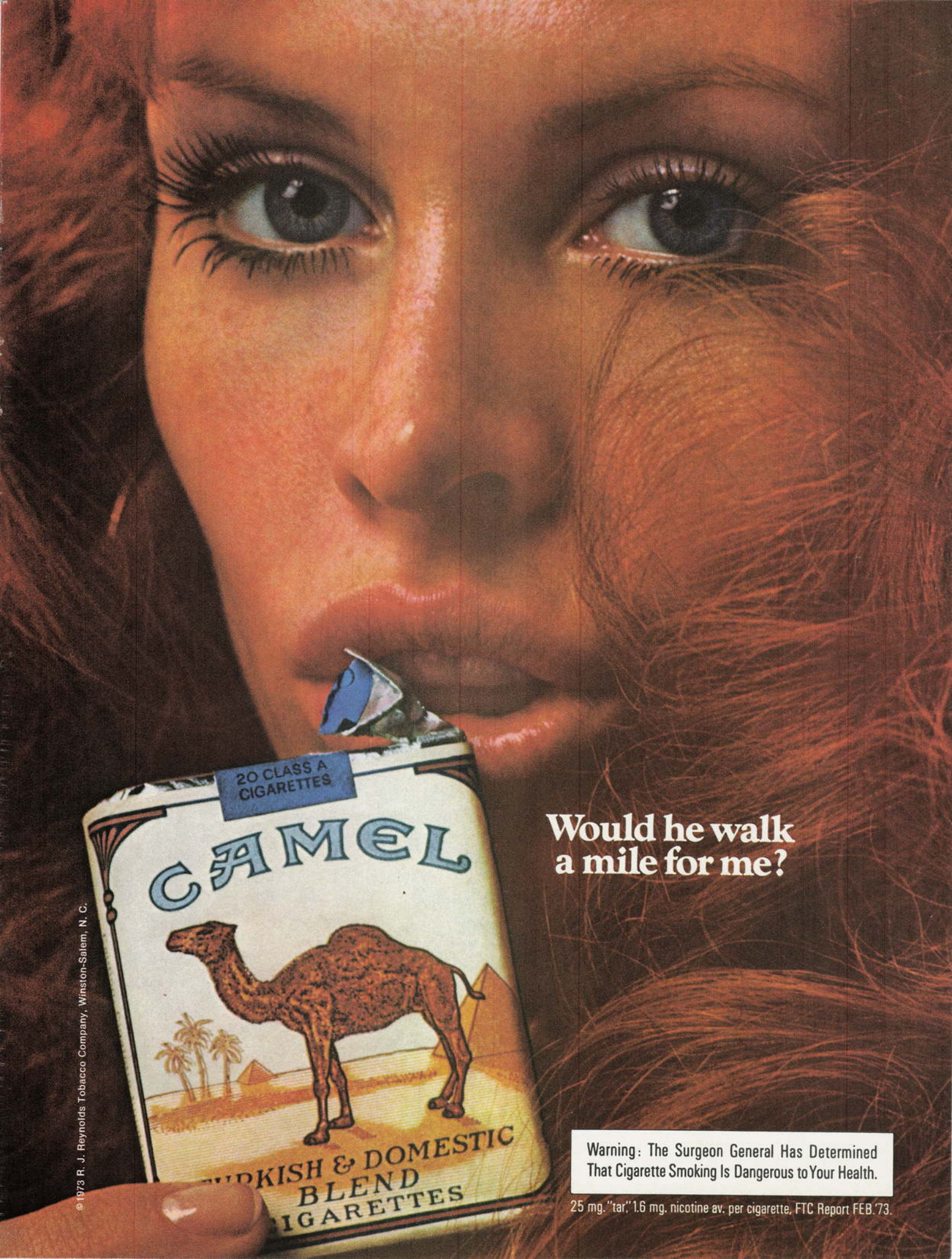
Billion Dollar Babies/Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers BS 2685) Strip away the repulsive theatrics and you still have a good, savage rock band—not as good, however, as they used to be.

Paris 1919/John Cale (Reprise MS 2131) Cale's fourth is brilliant, witty, intense rock with a strong classical flavor. The songs are imaginative riffs off of literary themes —"Child's Christmas In Wales," "Macbeth," "Graham Greene." Beautiful orchestration. Altogether fascinating on many levels.

Kentucky Gambler/Robey Falk & Bod (Epic KE 31796) Pleasant listening, this is a chip off the CSN&Y-America block, less interesting than the former, more than the latter. Rich three-part harmonies.

Cannons in the Rain/John Stewart (RCA LSP-4827) Strong, solid folk and pop by a man who senses and is able to communicate the American tragedy. This is his fifth and best solo album. Highlights: the title cut and *Armstrong*. Fine production.

Taro Meyer/(RCA LSP-4832) She looks like Ali McGraw, sounds like cooled-out Streisand, and writes her own material—songs for the liberated woman such as *Stripped Down to My Senses, Earth Mother* and *The Penetration Limited*. The lyrics are nice, the music a Broadway-folk hybrid.

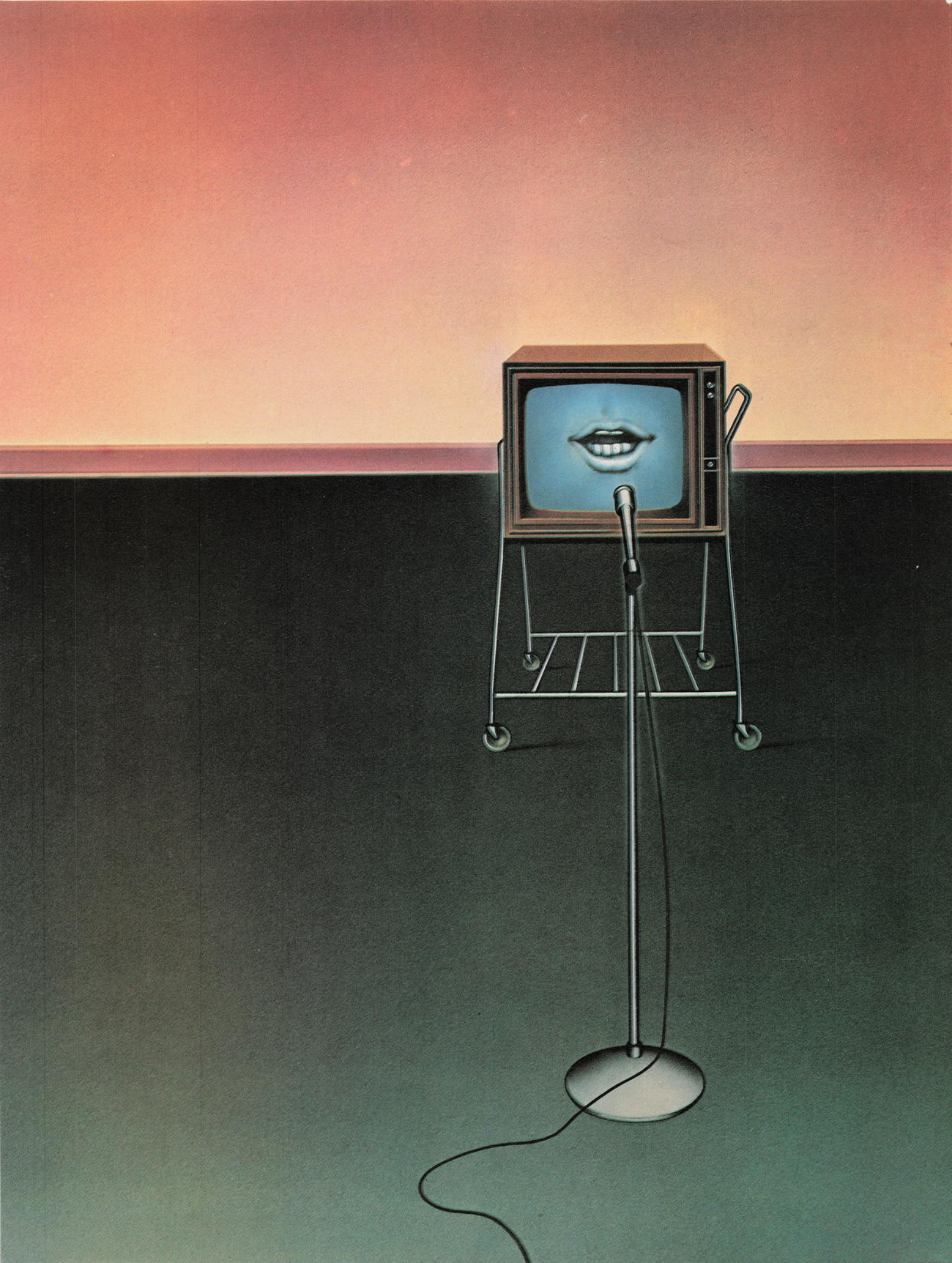


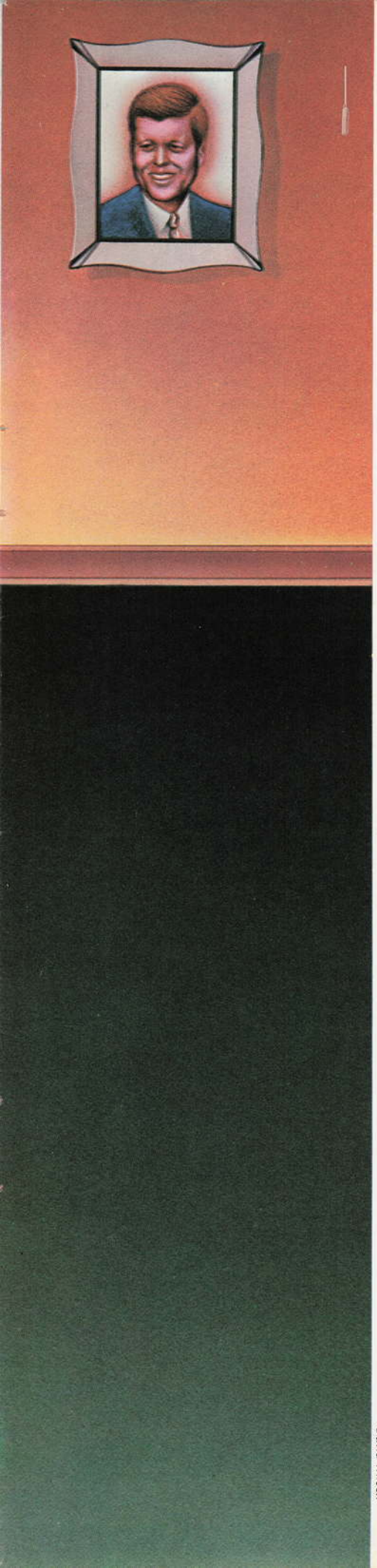
Would he walk a mile for me?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.





David Wilcox

It's the first lie detector that can be used on a dead man. It works on tapes and other voice recordings

by George O'Toole

Assassination Tapes

The rulers of the state are the only ones who should have the privilege of lying, either at home or abroad; they may be allowed to lie for the good of the state.
—Plato: *The Republic,* Book Three

It's a little frightening. The machine can listen to what you're saying and tell, with a high degree of reliability, whether or not you are lying. It's called the Psychological Stress Evaluator, and it is, in effect, a lie detector. Unlike the polygraph, it needs no physical connection to the subject; therefore it can be used without his knowledge. It works from recordings of his voice, so anything on tape, sound track or phonograph record is fair game for the machine. It is the first lie detector that can be used on a dead man.

Early this year, one of these instruments came into my hands. I resolved to use it to probe one of the darkest mysteries of recent history, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. I set about collecting every recording I could lay my hands on of anyone who had any direct knowledge of the affair. Soon I had compiled the tape-recorded testimony of twenty-two persons—eyewitnesses, Dallas policemen, the pathologist who conducted the autopsy, members and staff of the Warren Commission, Jim Garrison, Clay Shaw, and even Earl Warren.

I ran the tapes through the PSE systematically, taking each controversial point in turn. Did the rifle which belonged to Lee Harvey Oswald kill President Kennedy? Was Oswald the killer? Were others involved? What of those mysterious autopsy photographs which the Warren Commission never saw—do they support the Commission's lone-gunman, single-bullet theory? And what about the Warren Commission itself? Did its members conspire to cover up the truth?

Slowly a picture emerged. It is blurred, and it is not the picture I expected. Not all the details are there, but I guarantee this: you may believe the lone-gunman theory of the Warren Report, or you may believe the government-conspiracy theory of Mark Lane, Jim Garrison and others, but either way you are wrong.

The PSE is not a crystal ball. It was invented as an interrogation aid, a function it performs well. To my knowledge, this was the first instance of its use as a tool for historical research. To understand what I did with the PSE, one should know something about the device itself.

I first heard of the Psychological Stress Evaluator last year, when I met two of its inventors, Allan D. Bell, Jr., and Charles R. McQuiston. Bell and McQuiston, both former lieutenant colonels, retired from Army Intelligence several years ago to form a company called Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc. It was a logical second career for the two men. Both are experts in the technology of espionage. Either one could pick the lock on your front door in less time than it takes you to find your key. Colonel Bell wears a Black Belt in karate, is an accomplished swordsman and small-arms expert, and has a dozen inventions to his credit, from anti-bugging devices to a miniaturized microdot camera. Colonel McQuiston is one of the foremost polygraph experts in the U.S., a specialist in radio and audio surveillance, and a qualified locksmith.

The PSE grew from an effort to improve the polygraph. Standard polygraphs measure four variables: pulse, blood pressure, respiration and perspiration. Some also measure additional physiological variables. The more variables measured, the more reliable the polygraph.

Bell and McQuiston discovered that the frequencies composing the human voice are not fixed; they shift very slightly from eight to fourteen times every second. But when the speaker is under stress, this normal frequency modulation disappears. What remains are the pure component frequencies of the voice. And a strong indication that the speaker is lying.

The two men developed a device to detect this phenomenon and planned to use it as an additional "channel" on the polygraph. Then they discovered that the new variable was so reliable and accurate a measure of psychological stress there was really no need to measure the other polygraph variables.

Freed from the necessity of strapping the subject into a chair, stretching a pneumographic tube across his chest, gluing electrodes to his palms, and clamping his arm with a blood-pressure cuff, the PSE proved to be much more versatile than the polygraph. Because it can work from a telephone or tape recorder, the PSE can be used without the knowledge or even the physical presence of the subject.

I asked Colonel Bell to tell me about some of the things the PSE was being used for, especially cases in which a conventional polygraph couldn't be used. He mentioned that the police in Howard County, Maryland, have been using the PSE for two years; they have had great success in establishing the innocence of suspects who were afraid to submit to a polygraph examination because of that machine's forbidding aspect.

Bell went on to describe some of his invention's other uses, actual or potential. Dektor and the Federal government are exploring its use as a defense against skyjacking and telephoned bomb threats, and as a means of speeding up customs inspections. Some doctors and psychiatrists are using PSEs to study patients' physical and mental stress. The National Committee to Investigate Aerial Phenomena, a private group that investigates UFO reports, is now using the PSE to interview witnesses in UFO sightings.

I asked Bell if he would lend me a PSE to experiment with, in order to write a piece about the device. He agreed, with two conditions. First, I must take Dektor's three-day course in operating the instrument; second, after using the PSE, I must review my interpretation of its output with his staff, in the interest of accuracy. This seemed reasonable, so I agreed.

The course was held in the meeting room of a Holiday Inn in Falls Church, Virginia. The eight other students were employees of customers who had purchased the device. These included a private detective agency in Pennsylvania, a New York chain store, and the security service of an East African country. The instructor was Mike Kradz, a criminologist and retired police officer. Kradz projects the tough-cop image, but he is a living rebuttal to the Polish joke. There is nothing about forensic science, from fingerprints to polygraphy, on which the man is not an expert.

The first morning of the course was devoted to the physical operation of the PSE. The device is used in conjunction with a Uher tape recorder, which has four speeds and can be manually wound back to locate a particular point on the tape. The testimony to be evaluated is recorded at a tape speed of 7½ inches per second, then played back and stopped at the beginning of the utterance in question. The recorder is slowed to 15/16 inches per second and played. The sound, no longer recognizable as a human voice, is a long, low rumble.

The PSE itself is built into an attaché case. The case opens to reveal a chart drive, similar to an electrocardiograph, and a number of buttons and knobs. A single cable connects the PSE to the tape recorder.

As the tape recorder reels slowly turn, and a rumble issues from its speaker, the PSE stylus dances back and forth across the moving chart paper, leaving behind a ragged trail. Then the recorder is stopped, the chart paper is stopped, and that's all there is to it. The result is a strip of paper with a squiggly line. The rest is up to the human eye and brain.

On the afternoon of the first day, Kradz showed us what to look for. The unstressed voice looks like an untrimmed hedge, with stalks of different heights sticking up (and down) at irregular intervals. But add some stress, and that hedge begins to look trimmed. The greater the stress, the smoother the shape. If the subject was experiencing the hard stress which accompanies deception, the over-all outline of the figure tends to take on a rectangular shape, a concertina as seen by the player. Kradz showed slide after slide of charts made during actual police interrogations. He told us the background of each case and pointed out the tell-tale signs of deception, whenever they were present.

> The more I read, the more I doubted the official account of what happened that day in Dallas

That night each student took a PSE back to his room to practice operating it. Some coordination must be learned to become facile in handling the recorder and the PSE, but clearly the difficult part of the course would be learning how to read and interpret the charts.

The next day we learned the theory of polygraph interrogation, which applies to the PSE. There is, first of all, the matter of the "outside issue."

Most people, Kradz pointed out, have some sort of deep secret they don't want known. When faced with a polygraph examination, a person may be more concerned that this outside issue may come to light than he is about the actual substance of the interrogation. This can produce irrelevant stress in some of his answers, and mislead the examiner. Therefore it is is necessary for the examiner to interview the subject before the examination, go over all of the questions he intends to ask, and assure the subject he will ask only these questions.

I had reason to remember this later, when I ran my first real interrogation tape.

The interrogation always includes the question, "Are you afraid that I will ask you about something we have not discussed?" A negative answer with no sign of stress eliminates the outside-issue problem. Also, the examiner always asks some innocuous questions, such as, "Do you like the color blue?" in order to observe the subject's general state of tension. And there is always one "red-herring" question.

The red herring is used to identify the "guilt complex responder." Such a person shows stress when he responds to any accusatory question. The examiner may ask, "Did you steal the watch?" when it is money, not a watch, that is missing. A stressed denial will alert the examiner, who carefully compares this response to the stress produced by questions about the missing money.

That night the class was given tapes of real police interrogations. In most cases, Kradz was the examiner; and in every case, he knew the background and resolution of the matter. One case I was assigned concerned a young man accused of stealing money from his father's store. Kradz started by asking the "outside-issue" question. No, the young man replied, he was not afraid Kradz would ask him a question they hadn't discussed. Then the following exchange took place:

"Do you live in Howard County?"

"Yes."

"Do you suspect someone of having taken the money?"

"No."

"Are you wearing a white shirt?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who took the money?"

"No."

"Are you wearing a ring?"

"Yes."

"Did you take the money?"

"No."

There were a few red-herring questions to check for the guilt complex response. The questions about wearing a white shirt and a ring and living in Howard County had been included to measure the background stress elicited by irrelevant issues.

I ran the tape and charted it on the PSE. All but two of his responses were unstressed. The question about suspecting

who took the money produced enough stress to indicate deception. The other question which produced stress was, "Are you wearing a ring?" In fact, his yes to that was accompanied by such stress as I had seen only once or twice in the class slides.

The next morning Kradz called on me. Did the suspect take the money, he asked. I said I didn't think so. Kradz nodded. Did he suspect who took the money? Yes, I thought he did. Very good, said Kradz. Did I notice anything else about the interrogation? Well, yes, there was this business about the ring. Perhaps the suspect had stolen it. Kradz smiled. No, the kid hadn't taken the ring, but he was gay. He had exchanged rings with another guy. Nobody knew about it. The kid didn't really expect to be asked about it, because Kradz had gone over all the questions with him. Still, when the ring was mentioned, he panicked.

By the third day of the course, I had begun to give some thought to what I might do with the PSE. I was particularly interested in the fact that the device works from a tape recording. Sound-recording technology is almost a century old (Edison invented the phonograph in 1877), and an enormous amount of history is stored on phonograph records, sound tracks, and tape and wire recordings. I thought how many press conferences, interviews and public pronouncements are stored away in the film and tape archives of the world, and how many questions could be settled if we knew for certain that the speaker had told the truth. However, since interrogation with a PSE seemed to require such an elaborate and structured situation, I wondered if it could be used the way I had hoped, as a tool for historical research.

During the lunch break I took Kradz aside and asked him. Could the PSE be used outside interrogations, where the speaker was telling what may or may not have happened? Yes, he said, the PSE could be used for that. Where there was no stress, I could be confident that the speaker was telling the truth. However, when I did find stress, I had to be very careful about reaching conclusions about its cause; it could result from something other than deception. But if I found a stress pattern in the testimony of several witnesses to the same event, I would very probably have uncovered deception.

Encouraged, I reviewed the list of recent mysteries. Watergate was, of course, the first to come to mind. The ITT affair was also of recent interest. The Kent State incident had never been fully cleared up. But one subject seemed to loom above all the rest—the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Like many others, I have found it difficult to believe the Warren Report. When Mark Lane's book came out, I read it carefully. I read much of the other criticism of the Warren Commission's findings. The more I read, the more I doubted the official account of what happened that day in Dallas. I waited for the real story to emerge. It didn't. I hoped that Jim Garrison would prove that he had solved the mystery. He didn't. Time passed, public interest waned, and the details of the controversy dimmed in my mind, leaving only a dull residue of doubt. I had despaired of ever learning the truth. Now I knew what to do with the PSE.

It was all there: the statements made before television cameras by eyewitnesses, policemen, medical examiners, members of the Warren Commission. Somewhere in a network-television vault were the sound tracks, with the tiny, inaudible variations in voice frequency that could settle once and for all the question, "Did Oswald, acting alone, shoot and kill John F. Kennedy?"

My immediate problem was getting access to the recordings. I was certain the television networks would have them, but I wasn't sure exactly what to ask for. There must be thousands of hours of sound recordings relating to the assassination. Where, among all this talk, was the critical testimony?

I started digging and soon discovered the existence of a group called the National Committee to Investigate Assassinations, located in Washington, D.C. I called the number listed in the telephone directory and was soon speaking to Bob Smith, the Committee's Research Director. I told Smith that I was a writer and wanted to do a piece on the John F. Kennedy assassination. I asked him for an interview, and he agreed.

We met in the offices of Bernard Fenster-

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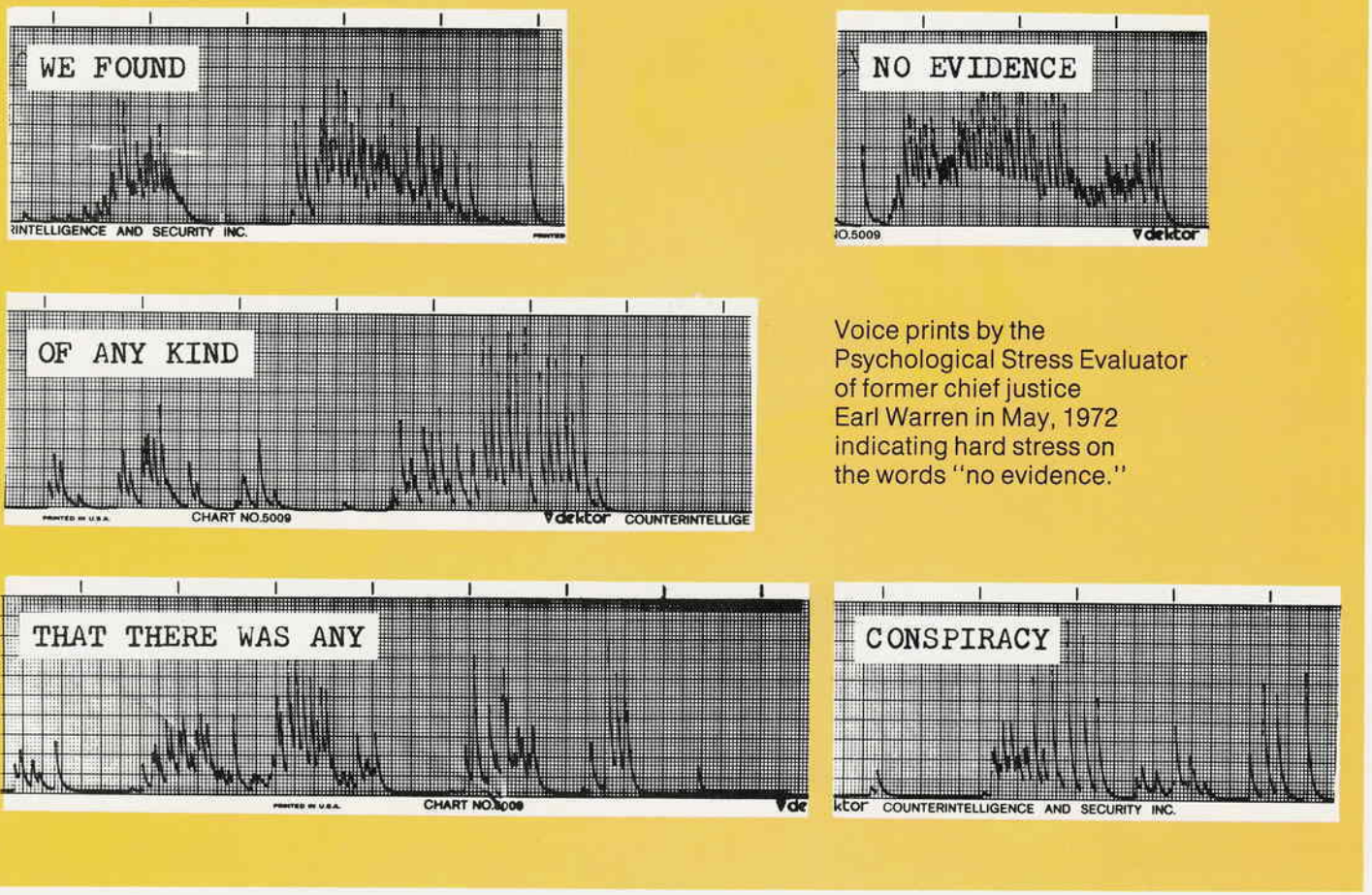
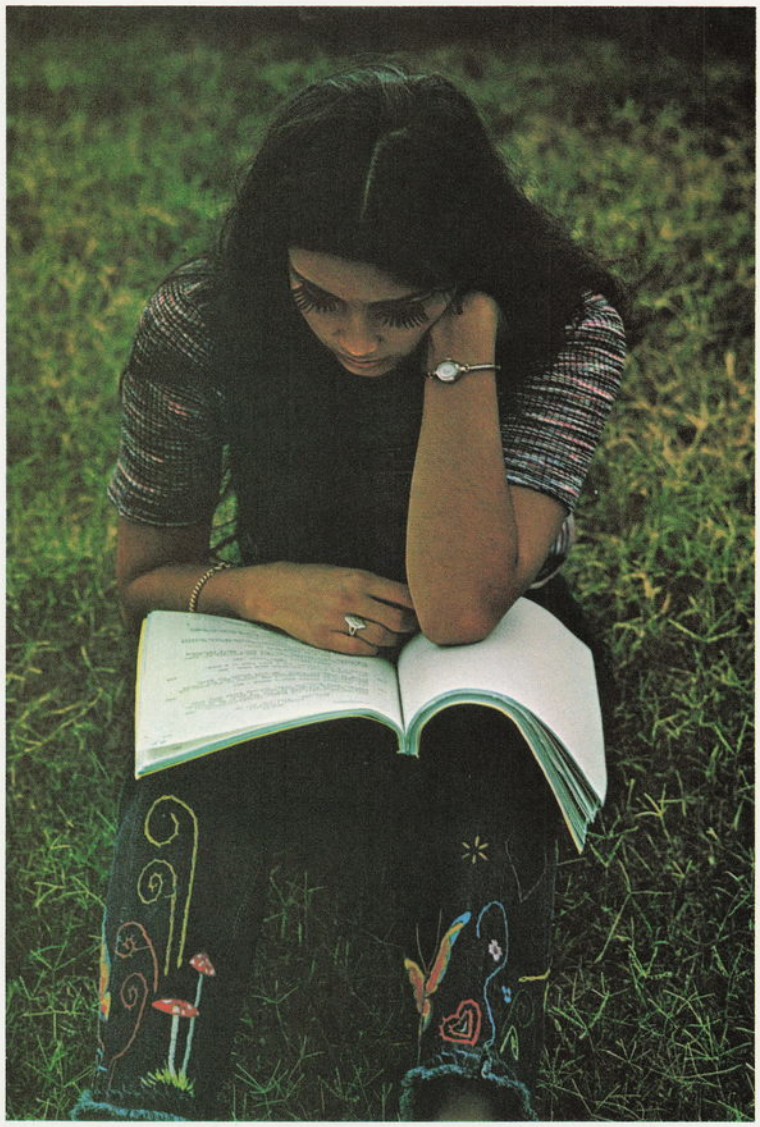


Voice prints by the Psychological Stress Evaluator of former chief justice Earl Warren in May, 1972 indicating hard stress on the words "no evidence."

Mikki Makes A Movie

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH NELSON

Mikki Dessa is a twenty-one-year-old smoke-dark mystery of a girl. She was born in Indonesia and reared in New Guinea. She believes in magic... black and white. She believes in people... mostly men. But first of all, Mikki believes in Mikki. She digs her own body. Black heat and warm, muscled curves that you can knead with your fingers. You can administer pain, too, providing you do it slowly and lovingly, and then watch the ache glow... back, beyond the eyes, beyond the limen of her dark sexuality. To Mikki, sex is turning on every pore in the body. A million, gasping, heat-seeking mouths. And *you* can do it, baby, because you're Mikki's man. You and nobody else.

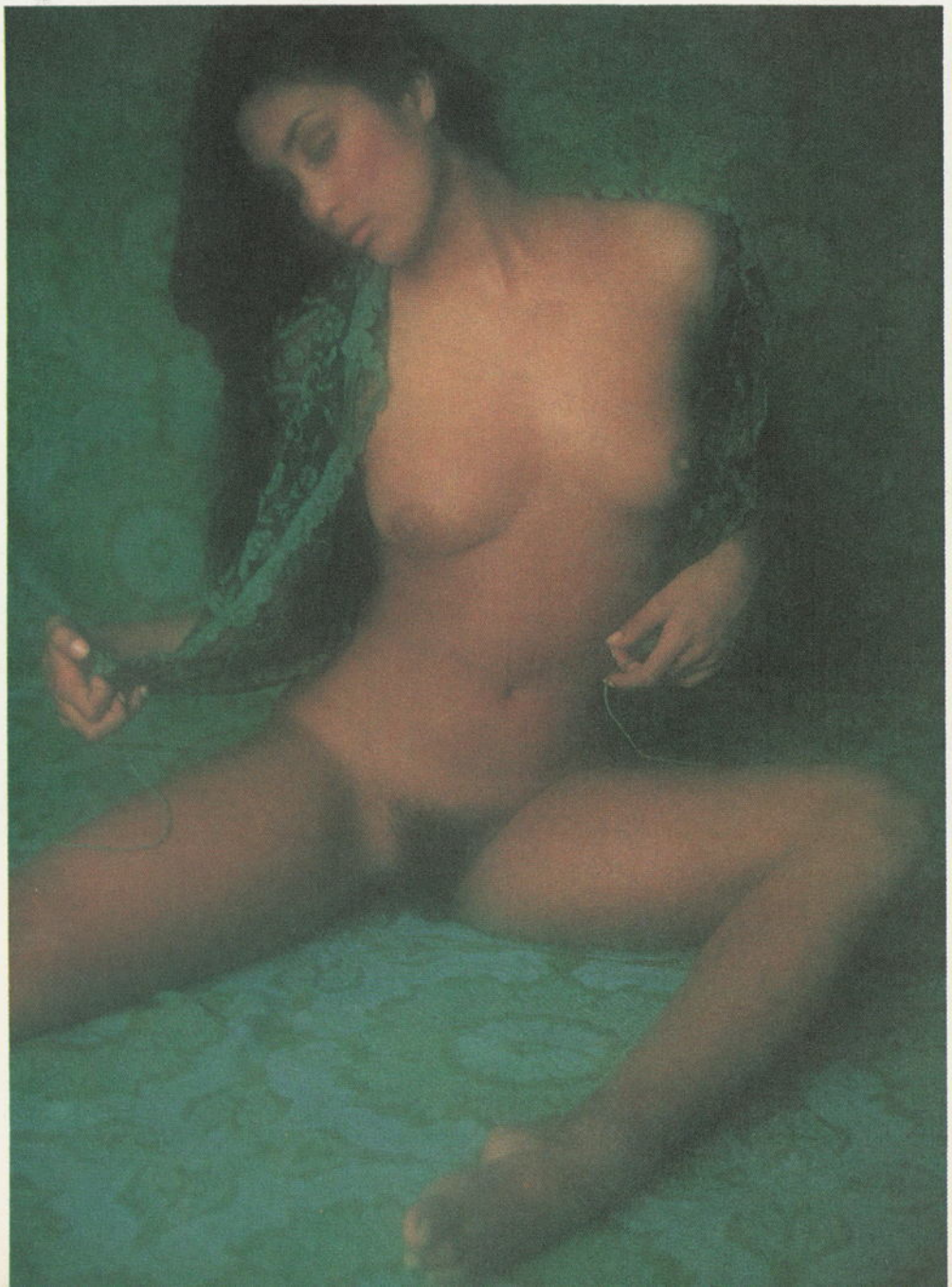


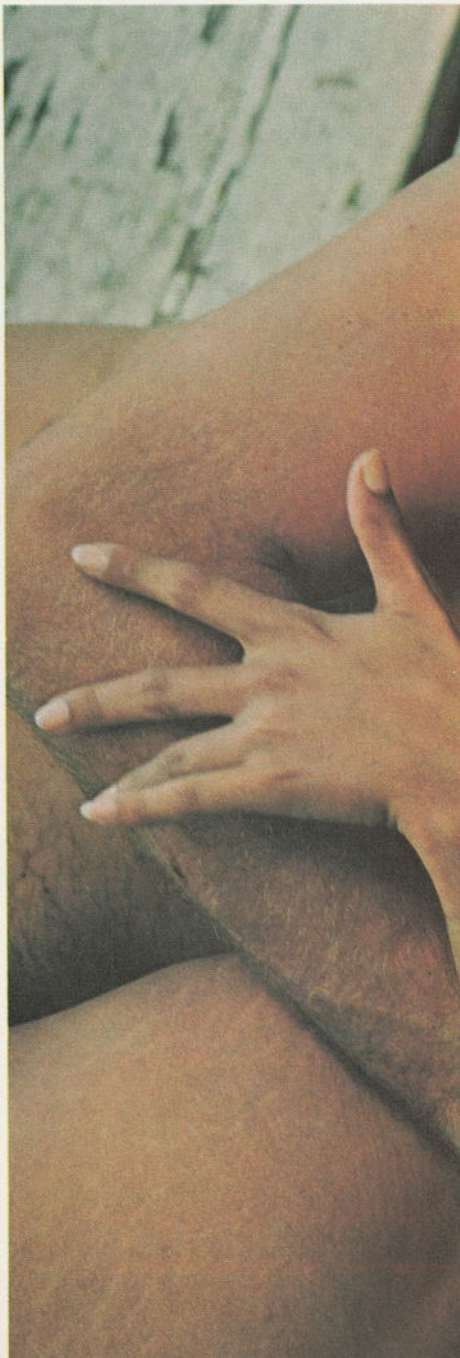
"I know what I like," Mikki says, "but there's no special type, no way of knowing until it clicks. But once it clicks...whammo! He's my man. Swinging is fun but you've got to measure it carefully. Some things are good and some things are bad. Another girl is good. Just for fun. Guys and guys together are good, but don't get carried away, baby! Swinging can become a bad problem if you get carried away. I know a lot of mixed-up chicks because they didn't know where to draw the line."

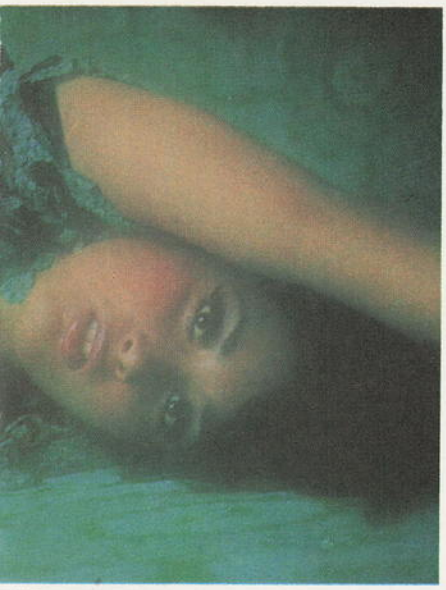
Mikki believes that you can control the direction and flow of all human energy. "When I was a little girl I saw people turn themselves into ponies. It was a kind of tribal ritual. They do a dance called the Pony Dance. They go into a trance and convince themselves that they're actually ponies and

they act and respond just like wild animals. It's dangerous to be near them when they do the dance, because they could stomp you to death."

Mikki's pony is acting and she rides it with unfaltering tribal conviction. Now, finally, her first trance-induced, mind-stomping stab at ritual cinema. United Artists invites her to play a small part in *White Lightening*, and for a few screen moments she turns an erotic vignette opposite co-star Bo Hopkins into a







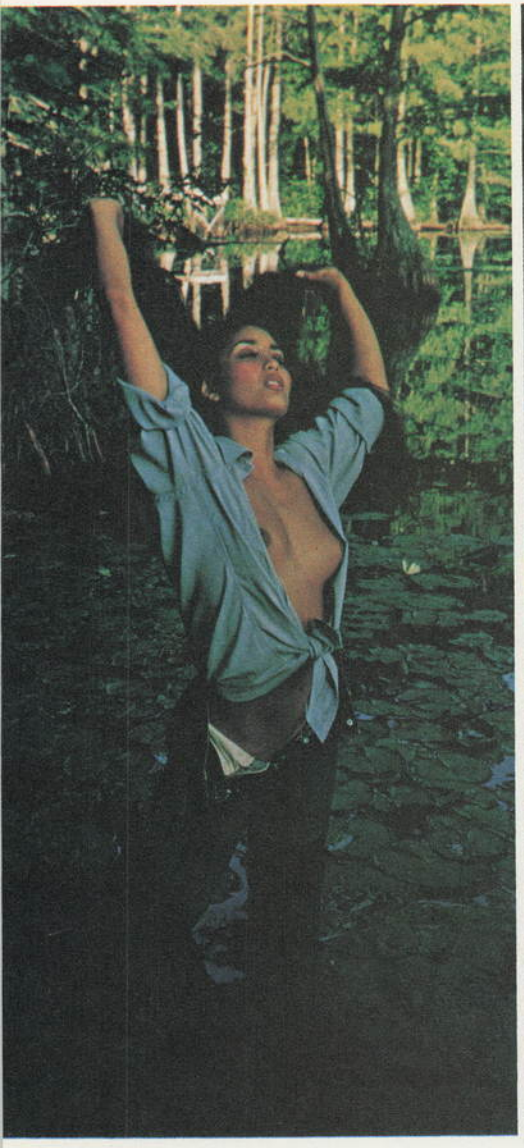
memorable piece of honest film making. The action was hot and heavy.

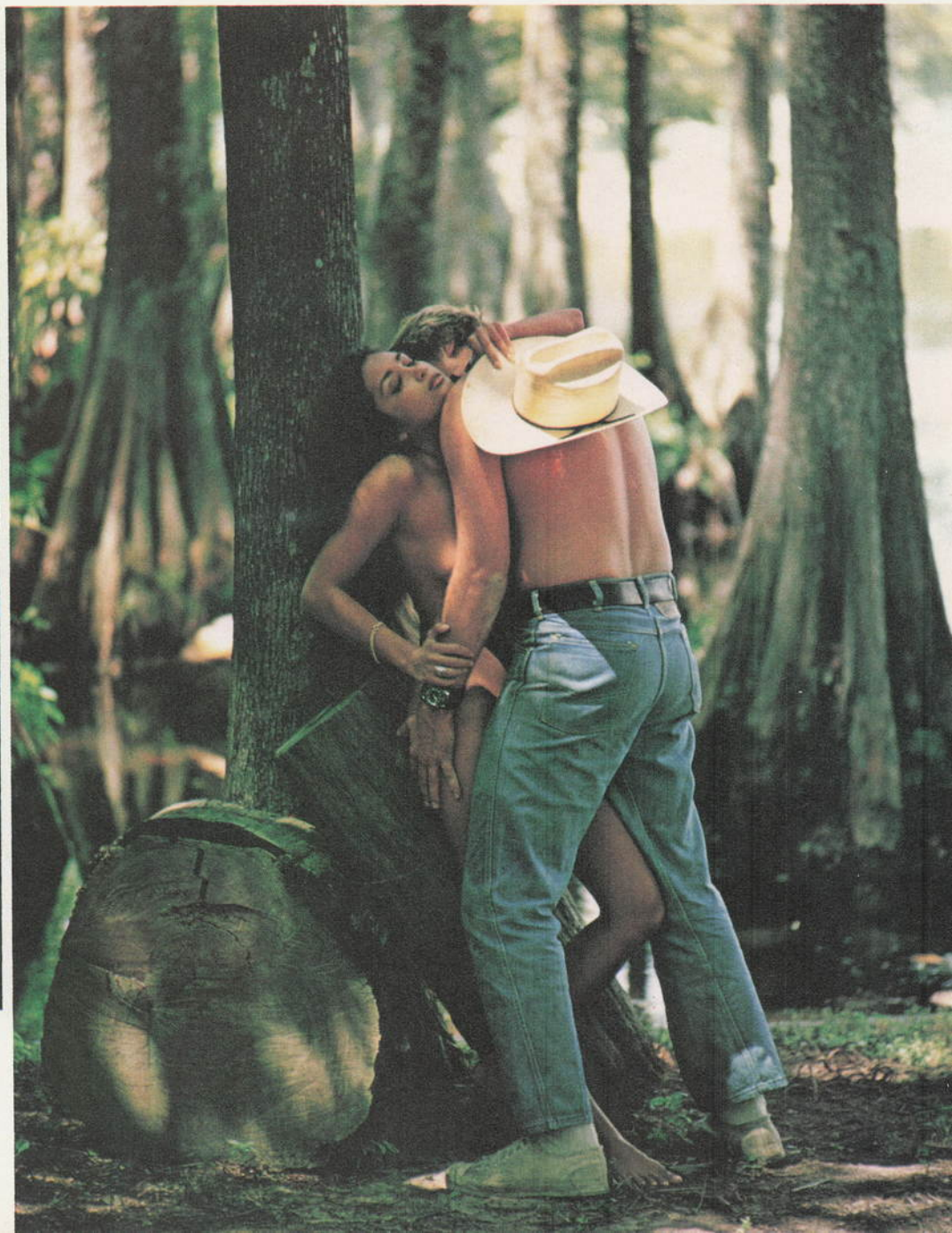
White Lightening stars the indomitable Burt Reynolds, main macho of the early Seventies, in an action-comedy that's set in the humid, violence-based atmosphere of the deep South. Reynolds plays Gator McKlusky, a rawboned whiskey-runner doing time for the most unforgivable crime of all—getting caught with a car full of bootleg booze. When his brother is murdered, McKlusky engineers a risky deal with the U.S. Treasury. Spring him and he'll help trap the bad guys. The Government accepts and Reynolds-McKlusky goes into battle for flag, country and the sweet taste of personal revenge.

It's the story of a gutsy man hunting for his younger brother's killers. For openers, the undercover Reynolds double-crosses his pal played by the blond Bo (an up-and-coming young actor who caught the public's eye in *The Wild Bunch* and *The Culpepper Cattle Company),* by stealing his woman (Jennifer Billingsley). Then Reynolds joins the gang of moonshiners, running their illegal whiskey while reporting back to the "revenooers."

Mikki loved every moment of it, but she kept to herself a lot, preferring long lonely walks in the romantic countryside, mulling over her life and career.

She wonders about marriage. At 5'3", 110 pounds, with her comely figure (35-23-35), she'd make quite a catch for the right guy. But there's an anxious sadness in her voice when she speaks about the subject. "Lots of girls I know who've lived with men for long periods of time find they just can't depend on a man forever. Oh, I think marriage is great if you really find the one you want to spend the rest of your life with, but that's not the kind of decision I want to make just now. I like my life too much to give away more than a few

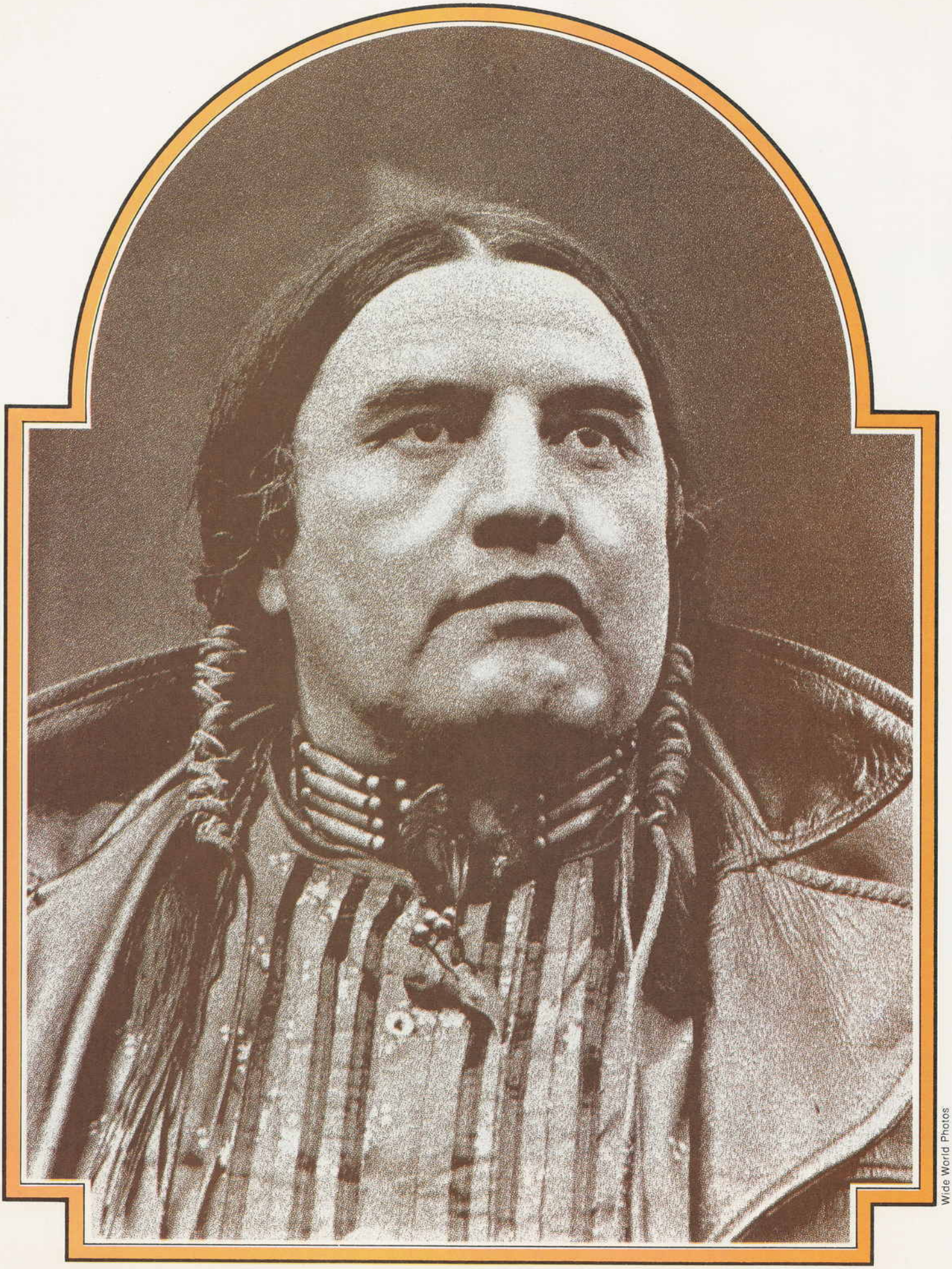




little pieces of it at this point."

There are no buts about the way this lady considers her career, however. Coolly appraising her own and not inconsiderable talents, she looks straight at you, those big soulful eyes turning narrow with some kind of volcanic ambition. "I want to be a great actress. A really great actress. And I intend to give it everything I've got."

And that, as they say south of the Mason-Dixon line, ain't just smoke from an old tobacco barn. It's white lightening, the real thing.



Wide World Photos

Vernon Bellecourt is the symbol of the American Indian Movement, the most militant Indian group since Geronimo's Apaches gave up. As National Director, he is empowered to speak for his brothers, who, when this interview was conducted, were in the fourth day of their armed occupation of the historic hamlet of Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

Bellecourt is an Ojibwa (misnamed Chippewa by White men). He is forty-one years old—born October 17, 1931, on the White Horse Reservation, in Minnesota. He was one of twelve children. He dropped out of junior high school, drifted to the Minneapolis ghetto, went to jail for a time and finally dropped out of Indian society for fifteen years to become a successful businessman in White suburbia.

In 1969 he gave it all up and joined the American Indian Movement. He helped organize the Trail of Broken Treaties, the Indian march on Washington in November, 1972, which resulted in the occupation and partial destruction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The Indians got little from their confrontation with the Great White Father except $66,000 for carfare home. But they did have the satisfaction of forcing him to recognize their existence.

The A.I.M. had come to Washington with twenty demands, most hinging on the principle that the Indian peoples had never relinquished their sovereignty and must be dealt with as free nations.

They pointed out that by 1871 the U.S. government had made 371 treaties with the Indians and broken every single one. That year, the government decided it had so beaten the Indians to a pulp that it need no longer recognize them as independent peoples, to be dealt with by treaties.

Subsequently, the White man ripped off 90,000,000 acres of their reservation land. This was made easy by an act of 1887 limiting the average Indian holding to 135 acres—naturally, the worst acres—and declaring that the rest could be sold at bargain rates to poor deserving Whites. These, of course, included politicians and owners of mineral companies and railroads.

From 1871 until 1924, when we magnanimously granted citizenship to any Indian born in the U.S., the Indian was an alien in his own land. He was the "ward" of Washington, dependent on the Great White Father whose policies had made him an orphan.

Of course, those are the large matters of policy. They tell us nothing of the Indians' incredible personal misery and suffering. Their average life expectancy is forty-two years. Thousands have been reduced to poverty and even starvation by a government that has connived in the theft of their property, permitted alcoholism and suicide rates to rocket and attempted to eradicate their culture and spiritual core.

For these reasons the Indians went to Washington and to Wounded Knee. And for these reasons they promise to continue their agitation until someone in authority does something to right these incredible wrongs.

And it is for these reasons that they may be forgiven some small sins when they recount their own history. For example, the fiction that Indians did not engage in bloody wars before the coming of the White man, only "skirmishes." And that the position of the Indian woman was not considerably lower than that of the warrior.

By design, Vernon Bellecourt was virtually the only A.I.M. national leader who did not participate in the action at Wounded Knee. He remained on the outside to be the movement's spokesman and to rally support for his people. When the occupation began, on February 27, he was at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, on a fund-raising tour.

Bellecourt is six feet one, weighs about 200 pounds and has the black hair, dark eyes and high cheekbones one might reasonably expect to find in an Indian.

He was dressed in worn blue jeans and a red shirt with a yellow flower pattern. His hair was done in two braids tied with thongs of buckskin. Around his throat he wore a choker of deer bones, and from his neck hung a pendant of a single, large bear claw. On his fingers were two huge turquoise rings in heavy silver mountings.

He talked rapidly and with power. He has two sets of manners, which he uses according to his company. He smiles readily and talks easily to White men individually. But when he is on public display, his manner becomes more solemn, more dignified.

Bellecourt had come to New York to redouble his fund-raising efforts in anticipation of the need for a legal defense fund to take care of his people in Wounded Knee. In his hotel room he talked for three hours with *Penthouse* Interview Editor **Richard Ballad.**

Vernon Bellecourt

He Is the Symbol of the Most Militant Indian Group Since Geronimo

Penthouse: Tell us something about your personal background?

Bellecourt: Oh, I have a very interesting background. When I was about twenty years old, I was an armed robber; sort of a Robin Hood type. It was my way of getting back at the system for ripping us off. This was in Minnesota. I ended up in prison doing a forty-year sentence. They have what they call a youth program; if you don't commit any more crimes after they release you, they wipe your record clean. But I was bitter. When they let me out, I did it again, and I got caught. Then I had forty years to do plus another five. I did three and a half years, finally won a discharge on the forty-year sentence and got paroled on the five. Then I knew I could never do that again—not especially because I thought it was wrong, but because I didn't want to go to jail any more. In prison they taught me how to be a barber, and after I came out, I ended up owning a beauty salon. From that I went into the import business, gift items and such. Then I was in the real estate business. And that was a contradiction, because nobody can sell the ground people live on. So I immediately got out of that.

Penthouse: When did you get into the American Indian Movement?

Bellecourt: About four years ago. My brother is one of the founders, so I got involved. I watched what they were doing, and I could see the pride in these young men and women. A new dignity, a new awareness, a new power, a new strength. Then I looked at myself. I was making money and living in White suburbia. I was assimilated into the mainstream of White America. And I was disenchanted. There was always an emptiness inside me. I wasn't really complete. I didn't really have the right direction.

So I went up to Minnesota, and for about a week I visited with my brother and other people in the movement—Russell Means, Dennis Banks and some of the founders. Finally I got so involved I started letting my hair grow long, and I stopped wearing a tie and started to sort of de-program myself, to become just a simple person, a simple man. More humble. I saw in that something I could identify with.

You'd never recognize me now if you'd seen me five years ago. I was wearing alligator shoes, $150 suits, tailor-made shirts and the whole bit. I used to go skiing in Aspen. I made a lot of money, but I spent it.

Penthouse: Do you ever doubt whether your militant attitudes are the best thing for the Indian people?

Bellecourt: Almost every day or two I stop and say to myself, "What am I doing? Is it really good for my people?" I see too many people get involved, start ego-tripping and run off on a tangent.

Penthouse: Do you have a wife? Children?

Bellecourt: When I was living in the White world, I married a White woman. When I got re-identifying with being Indian, it was difficult for me to be White, and it was also difficult for her to be an Indian. So we agreed that she would keep the children for a short period of time—we've only been separated for about a year—until I am able to get some nice old Indian foster mother, or get my mother convinced she should take care of them and teach them to be Indians. She knows that that's important, that identity. The two kids have indicated they want to live with both me and her. So I'll keep them six, seven months maybe, and she can see them maybe three months of the year, or something. Also, I can take them with me when I travel in the summer.

Penthouse: What was life like when you were a child?

Bellecourt: I had seven sisters and four brothers. First I went to a public school, and it became a parochial school open to all the kids in the community. I went there until the eighth grade, to junior high school for one year and quit. Couldn't handle the racist attitudes, the abuse I got. I was sick of that education anyway, so I dropped out in ninth grade.

I just could never understand why an Indian needed to know algebra. Why did I need to know what the White kids knew or wanted to know? My life was poverty. I went to school with kids who were living a better life, and we had nothing in common. That's what's causing a lot of the dropouts among our young people. If you didn't have the right clothes, the kids would tease you and abuse you.

Penthouse: They were turning you into a 19th-century gentleman.

Bellecourt: Yeah, and I didn't want that. We had a 60 to 90 percent dropout rate. We called it "push-out"—pushed out by an educational system that's not relevant to our needs.

So I don't have a formal education. But I've lived. I learned the hard way. I never could read too much. Even in prison, I couldn't concentrate on reading. A lot of people accuse me of being well-read, and I did read a few classics. I read *Faust* when I was in prison. I kinda got interested in that for a while, but later on I dropped it.

Penthouse: Was your experience typical?

Bellecourt: Yes. My brother Clyde went through similar experiences, he never stopped being an Indian. He always lived with the Indian people on the reservation or in the ghetto of Minneapolis. He, too, went through the whole prison system. He was declared a juvenile delinquent at seven because he wouldn't let the nuns in the mission school tug on his ears any more.

So he was taken away from our parents at seven and ended up in a training school, a juvenile delinquent. He eventually came in contact with car thieves. He got involved with burglaries and became a very good burglar.

Penthouse: When did you leave the White Horse reservation?

Bellecourt: I lived on the reservation until I was fifteen. I recognized despair was setting in, because I was caught up in poverty in a large family with never quite enough food on the table. Leaving the reservation and going into the city was the start of becoming Anglo oriented. The confusion and turmoil finally got me in prison.

Living in the White world for fifteen to twenty years was like walking through a dream. I ended up in prison, and they made a hairdresser out of me. I was Mr. Vernon of Minneapolis! I was one of the well-known hair stylists in Minnesota. I'm an Indian, and I'm fixing hair! Just shows you what can happen when the system grabs hold of you and starts trying to remake you. I look back and laugh, but there's a lot of tragedy also.

Penthouse: How did the American Indian Movement begin?

Bellecourt: My brother Clyde was doing a tremendous amount of time in Stillwater State Prison in Minnesota, and he just gave up in despair and wouldn't eat. He went on a hunger strike and was going to stay on it until he died. He met a young Ojibwa brother who was from a medicine family, a family of spiritual leaders, and this young man also was a spiritual leader.

This young medicine man, Eddie Benton, was sort of a trusty, and he'd come by my brother's cell and try to talk to him and ask him to eat. But Clyde wouldn't eat. Finally Eddie started throwing candy bars in there, but they just piled up, and my brother wouldn't touch them. Then one day he started quoting literature, telling about the Ojibwas and our proud heritage. And finally one day, I guess just out of boredom, my brother picked up a piece of this literature and started reading about us. And he finally recognized he wasn't the dirty Indian he'd been told he was by White students at school, where we went through all that racism and hatred.

> "They got evidence of beatings and of ripping people around with handcuffs too tight, ripping their wrists. It was very vicious. This sometimes becomes a way of life for the police"

Penthouse: From the teachers too?

Bellecourt: Oh, the teachers always looked down on us as subhuman, dumb, stoic. This was at public and parochial schools on the White Horse Reservation. And of course there was a lot of competition by the churches for our souls. As my brother stated, if you live on one side, you're a Protestant; if you live on the other side, you become a Catholic.

Penthouse: Did they ask you about it?

Bellecourt: Hell, no. My brother kids about it. He says he's been confirmed into five different faiths. And then they tell us we're pagans. These people worship all kinds of gods.

So anyway, Clyde started reading this literature, and it brought him back to life and gave him renewed strength and dignity. He started eating and started to get involved. He and Eddie Benton started an Indian awareness program in the prison and were instrumental in keeping our young Indian men out of jail once they got out. I understand the penologists got quite excited about the success ratio they were having all of a sudden. They thought *they* were causing it, but it was our own people recognizing that we had to stand proud again.

When Clyde got out of prison early in 1968, he went to work for a power company. He had one of the first organizational meetings, in mid-1968, with a group of people in Minneapolis, in the Indian ghetto community. Everything was deteriorating rather than getting better. There were police harassment and brutality, because of a complete breakdown of police-community relations.

At the first meeting Clyde attended, they voted him the national director. There were twenty-seven or twenty-eight other Indian organizations in the Minneapolis community. Most of them were related to various churches—missionary work in disguise. For the most part, the boards of these organizations were White dominated. White do-gooders as consultants and advisers controlled them.

So the first A.I.M. chapter was formed in Minneapolis, as a nonprofit corporation with an all-Indian board and staff. They were going to call the organization The Concerned Indian Americans, CIA. They couldn't use that! So a couple of older, respected women said, "Well, you keep saying that you *aim* to do this, you *aim* to do that. Why don't you call it AIM, the American Indian Movement?" That's how we got our name.

Penthouse: So A.I.M. had no connection with the reservations at first?

Bellecourt: Not at first. A.I.M. started as an urban organization, to deal with the problems of urban Indians. At that time the policy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the government in general was "relocation." They took families and individuals out of the reservation, put them in cities, and sent them through training programs. And they would assist them economically until they had jobs and were established. This is what created the urban Indian problem. The government's official position was to split

us. After you left the reservation, you were generally no longer recognized by the tribe as a member.

Penthouse: What happens to Indians in the urban areas?

Bellecourt: Our people aren't all dumb or unable to function in the city, but a lot of them there have very serious problems making the transition. Federal assistance from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, such as health services, is no longer provided. People don't know where to go for medical or dental work. It becomes very serious.

When A.I.M. was forming, one of the first things they zeroed in on was police-community relations. Young men and women in the community formed the A.I.M. Patrol. They had red jackets with thunderbird emblems on the backs.

Sometimes they appointed somebody to the Patrol who had a bad drinking problem; one of the qualifications, of course, was being sober. So it was really an alcoholic rehabilitation program at the same time.

Penthouse: What else are you doing about alcoholism?

Bellecourt: We see that although we can keep treating the *symptoms* of the disease, it won't work unless you go deep into a man's emotional makeup and recognize what causes him to drink. Unless we attack it from both ends, there is total failure.

On one hand, our approach is identity, pride and dignity. On the other hand, we either have alcoholism programs in our chapters or have been instrumental in reaching ex-alcoholics in the community, people with experience who need the support of a strong organization to get them funded.

We've helped put together community programs and then stepped back and let the people do it. Give the power to the people. We see this working time and time again.

Penthouse: What about drugs? Has that become a problem with urban Indians?

Bellecourt: A.I.M. has been accused often of having lots of drunks and drug addicts. It's true. Some of our people, through despair, through frustration and anxiety over poverty, not seeing any change or hope for tomorrow, have escaped into drugs.

Now, I've seen men experiment with drugs and marijuana and then finally come back to reality. When they could see things clearer, they finally stopped doing drugs. They are strong people today, and they are leaders in this organization.

A lot of our young people, like young people everywhere, are into the drug culture. But I think they're getting away from the chemicals.

Penthouse: Chemicals? You mean things other than marijuana?

Bellecourt: Yeah. Why shouldn't we have a lot of young people who are dope addicts? That's what we're here for. Once we get them involved, we start getting to those frustrations and anxieties. It isn't that we're so concerned about the soul: we're salvaging human beings.

Penthouse: Let's get back to the A.I.M. patrols.

Bellecourt: They got a small grant from the Urban League of Minneapolis to put two-way radios in their cars and to get tape recorders and cameras. They would listen to the police calls, and when they heard there was going to be an arrest or that police were being dispatched to a certain community or bar, they'd show up with cameras and take pictures of the police using more than normal restraint on the people.

They got evidence of beatings and of ripping people around with handcuffs too tight, ripping their wrists. It was very vicious. This sometimes becomes a way of life for the police. They just fall into it. They think that's the way Indians have to be treated. So A.I.M. would show up and have attorneys ready. Often they would beat the police back to the station. They would have a bondsman there, and they'd start filing law suits against the police department.

Finally the police realized that A.I.M. was performing a very meaningful function in the community, and they started being more cooperative. However, the brutality still continues. We have to keep on our toes.

Penthouse: How much has the American Indian Movement grown?

Bellecourt: We have about sixty-five chapters or affiliates throughout the country.

Penthouse: What about the spiritual aspects of the movement?

Bellecourt: Members recognized there was something missing from the movement. They heard about a medicine man in South Dakota, a holy man, a spiritual leader. Now, the spirituality of Indian people has always been strong and has remained intact in some areas of South Dakota. They heard about Leonard Crowdog, a medicine man who was maybe twenty-five. They were curious, and they went to visit him and his dad. His dad is Henry Crowdog, the grandson of another Crowdog who shot Spotted Tail. That was a feud up in Rosebud Reservation years ago. But you don't care about that. . . .

Penthouse: Yes I do. The names, alone, are worth it.

Bellecourt: Well, they went there for advice, and one of the first questions they asked was, "What is an Indian?" They wanted to redefine what they were. And they were told that to be an Indian is to be spiritual.

We Indians live life within the sacred hoop, the sacred cycle of life, in unity with all living things. A chief many years ago said that his home is where the bodies of his ancestors are. That's where the spirits of our people are. In the Indian religion there's no heaven or hell. When the physical remains go back to the sacred mother earth, that completes the sacred cycle of life. When the Indian killed his four-legged brother—the deer, the buffalo—to live on, that animal provided itself, that was its role. We were like cannibals. We ate our brothers. We ate our sisters. But when *we* died, *we* went back to the earth, so that the ground could be fertilized and the grass and the flowers could grow to pollinate other things and make more living things grow. And then the deer would come by and eat that grass. He ate us. That was our way, the cycle of life, the physical remains went back, the spirit stayed there.

Penthouse: No one feels useless. Everyone has a reason for living, and dying.

Bellecourt: That's right. We always say we're going to be free some day because if we all perish, the spirits are going to be here. The White man has already programmed himself for the fires of hell or the kingdom of heaven. That's totally contrary to our way of thinking.

The American Indian Movement has been described as a religious rebirth. The rebirth of Indian dignity and Indian pride.

We have the spirituality, yet we are warriors. We'll stand up and fight for our people. We haven't had that for many years. The warrior class of this century is bound by the bond of the drum. At every one of our functions we're back to that drum. Our young people are learning the sacred songs and learning the dances.

Penthouse: What about the role of women in

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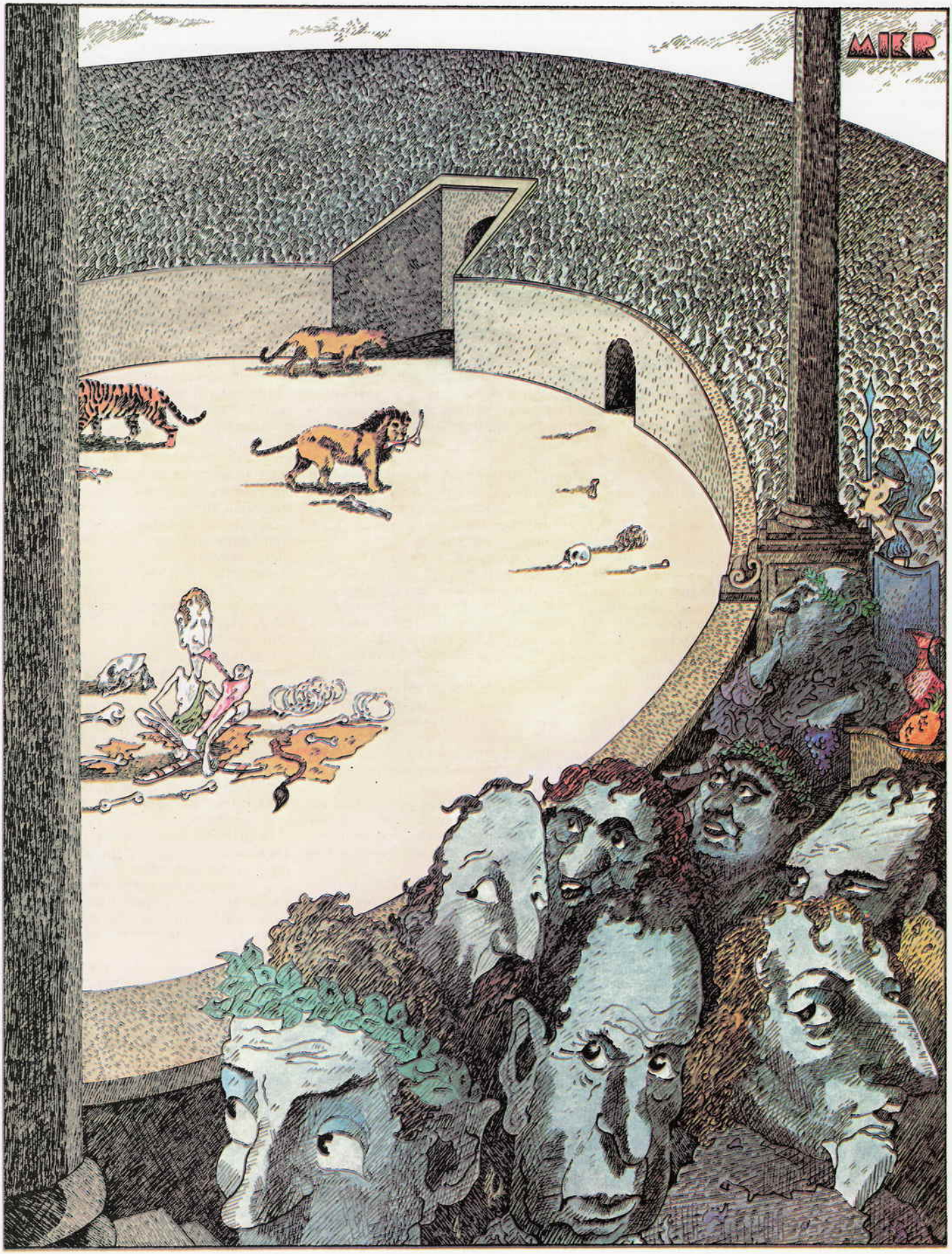
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the new Indian society? Does she stand lower than the man?

Bellecourt: I don't think she ever occupied a lower place. She was always liberated. There's a different role, but she never had to holler for liberation. She was forced into it.

When our way of life was intact, before the coming of "civilization," we were hunters or, like the Ojibwa, fishermen. The men went out and brought in the game, the fish. The woman's role was at the center of the family. From her came all knowledge. She educated her children, fed them and took care of them. She was not pushed into a subservient state. She had a very high place in the community, perhaps higher than that of the housewife today.

When that way of life was destroyed, the Indian man's role as a warrior faded, and he deteriorated into alcoholism, unemployment, squalor, despair. If he was any kind of man, he just left, and that caused a broken family. The woman had to be the warrior as well as the mother.

We're thankful to our women for holding on this long. For many years now the women have been leading our people. To give you an example, in Rapid City they called a meeting and asked us to come. Several of the men from their community were good, sober, powerful people. One elderly woman, well-respected in the community, said, "Well, I'll tell you the truth. All we want to do is give our men their balls back."

That's exactly what she said. We laughed, but she meant it.

Penthouse: What about the woman who wants a career? Is there a place for her?

Bellecourt: When our women can see that the men are ready to become men again, and warriors, they just step back. But they don't *have* to. We don't force them into it. Sometimes we're a little irritated at some who are a little too overbearing, a little too demanding. We get irritated, as men will, you know. But no, there's a place for them.

In Washington, D.C., last November we had 650 people walk out in front of the Bureau of Indian Affairs ready to fight and die for our rights. About 40 percent were women, standing side by side with warriors. We didn't say, "Hey, get back." We said, "Take the children out, and the elderly people, but those who want to stay can stay." We realized that they had earned that right.

Penthouse: Why haven't any of the older Indian organizations brought unity?

Bellecourt: They would start with eight or ten people in a motel room and say, "We're going to start this organization and represent all the Indian people." They'd invariably appoint one another to various jobs. Then they'd go to the people and try to get involvement.

The American Indian Movement started by getting people together in membership. Once we had a membership, we had an election. We started from the bottom up, not the top down. That circle around that drum brings us together. We can have two- or three hundred people around that drum, all from different tribes, all singing the same song. We put out a bumper sticker, "AIM for Sovereignty." Most of our people didn't even know what the word meant. Now they know.

Penthouse: Let's talk about Wounded Knee.

Bellecourt: Nobody's ever forgotten Wounded Knee. It was the ultimate crushing of the Indian nations. It took all the fight out of our people, and we can never forget it. The slaughter. The mass grave. Our old people still remember Wounded Knee because a lot of them lost relatives there. We have been there many times on spiritual missions, prayed and had pipe ceremonies. And when we're there, we can feel the spirits of our ancestors are there with us. They're talking to us.

Penthouse: You speak of the new warrior attitude. How does it show besides the Trail of Broken Treaties and at Wounded Knee?

Bellecourt: In Custer, South Dakota, they had an Indian named Wesley Bad Heart Bull. He got in a fight with three young White ranchers in Buffalo Gap. Now, he was able to handle himself pretty good, and he beat up the people who jumped him. One guy said a lot of epithets. He closed by saying "I'll get you." The next day he ran into Wesley Bad Heart Bull on the street, and Wesley Bad Heart Bull was stabbed to death. There's cause, premeditation, all the makings for a first-degree-murder charge. Yet the county attorney took it upon himself to decide it was second-degree manslaughter rather than letting a jury decide.

At the same time, another man, a twenty-year-old Sioux, allegedly killed a White woman from Rapid City. He was supposed to have told this to a person who was drunk. On the strength of this he was arrested. He was charged with first-degree murder, without bond.

The White guy, on the other hand, was released on a $5,000 bond. When we saw this, our national field director, Dennis Banks, and my brother immediately put out a call to all concerned Indian people to converge on Custer, South Dakota. Well, Indian people have never forgotten Custer either.

Penthouse: That was last February 6?

Bellecourt: Right. So the call went out. I think there were one hundred or less people there, and forty-seven or forty-eight were arrested. They weren't all A.I.M. people. There were other concerned Indians. The thing was planned as an all-out attack, to show the country we were no longer going to tolerate this. We saw that courthouse as a temple of deceit and injustice. An effort was made to burn it down. Gas was put in there and ignited. But the fire department came in, with marshals all around them with guns, and they put out the fire. So we turned around and burned down the chamber of commerce building.

I'm quite sure that if they hadn't had the police there, we would have burned down the whole town. We didn't want to hurt anybody, just property. We knew that's what really makes this society respond.

A couple of police cars were destroyed. There were forty-eight arrests, I believe. A few heads busted open on both sides, but no real serious injuries. People were arrested automatically because they were Indians, and charged with rioting and arson. Most were just bystanders or had come to town to shop. In surrounding communities they indiscriminately arrested people. Illegal search and seizures.

Penthouse: You had another battle in Rapid City, South Dakota. How did that start?

Bellecourt: In Rapid City the police had been brutalizing people for years, and four bars had been getting Indian people drunk and robbing and abusing them. Several of our people were in one of those bars one night when a rancher, a White man, hit an Indian over the head with a bottle. When the police came, they arrested the Indian. Typical. Well, that kicked off a fight that spread to the four bars, and those bars were pretty much destroyed.

We were having a dance at the time, down at this place called the Mother Butler Center, a church facility they let us use. We heard our people were getting arrested, so forty or fifty of us jumped in cars and went down there. We double-parked, got out and started walking down the street.

About fifty to one hundred patrolmen and state troopers swooped down on us. There was a lot of overreaction after Custer. There were really armed camps, vigilante groups all over. So they swooped down on us and arrested about forty right off the streets. They're going to have to drop most of the charges.

Some of our people were beaten. One woman's leg was broken by a club. Now, they don't have to use that kind of restraint on a woman. But that's the kind of thing we've been involved with—its a way of life with those people. They're born into racism. Their parents encouraged them to play cowboys and Indians, with the cowboys always winning. The cowboy-and-Indian image promotes racism against the Indian people in the movies, TV. And hate, which is mostly prompted by fear.

For example, last fall when we launched the Trail of Broken Treaties, when we all went to Washington, we were going across Indiana and other places where the Ku Klux Klan and such organizations are strong. We had two-way radios in some of our patrol cars to keep track of our people. I could hear the reports of vigilante groups on the radio: "The Indians are coming." They were really panicked. They thought all these savages were coming out of the West to scalp them. They said, "Here come those goddamn savages. Let's go out there and blow them off the road."

Penthouse: Who are the Indians' major enemies today?

Bellecourt: There are three major enemies of the Indian people: Christianity, as practiced; education, the wrong kind; and the bureaucracy, which is paternalistic. Let's consider Christianity first.

I can describe it like this. All these years we have not lived with closed eyes. We've always been up on that bluff watching those hordes of missionaries in their white robes of purity coming across our land and practicing ritualistic orgies upon our people—one by which they submerged our people beneath water just to indicate the fleeing of the evil spirits. They almost choke you to death. But provided you lived within the confines of their pageantry, you were saved.

Long before they built their temples on every corner of America and the world, we had a religion that was intact. We saw them coming with their gold chalices and flowing robes, their wealth and their carpeted churches. But God didn't want it that way. Christ even said that, wherever two people are assembled in his name, that's a church.

The Indian way was the whole world. The whole universe was our church. We walked out upon a bluff or a mountain for a vision quest. That was our church. That's enough. We could sit on the ground, get our feet in the dirt, against the sacred mother, and smoke the pipe. That, to us, makes more sense. Wherever we see Christianity, we also see high alcoholism and a high suicide rate.

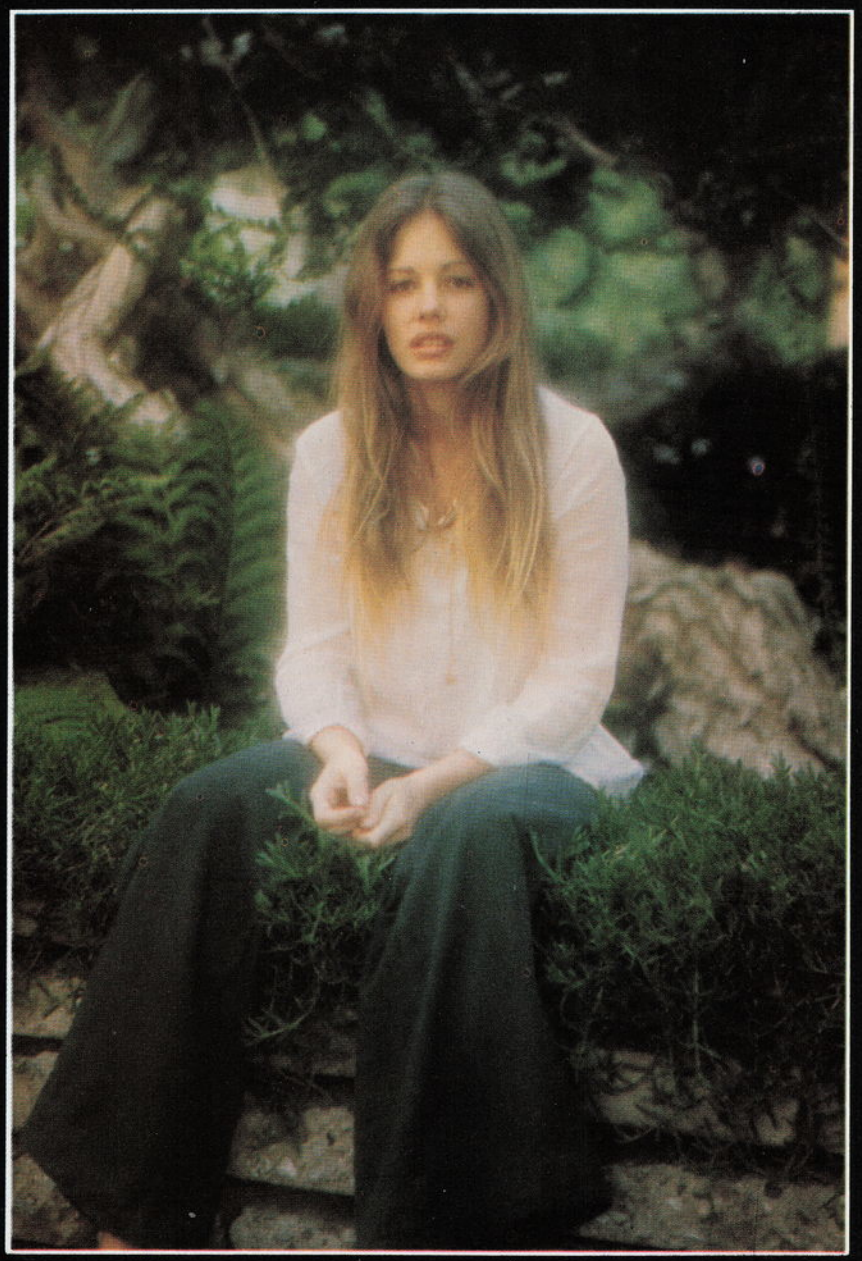
Penthouse: Do you make a distinction between Christ and Christianity?

Bellecourt: We have nothing against the man Christ—he said some good things, you know. Love and unity and take care of your brother. That's good. We always say that if Christ had come over here alone, we could have gotten along pretty good. But he brought a lot of Christians with him. Missionaries came and immediately tried to destroy our religion. And you have to understand that the churches were used by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

"When you come from the Ozark mountains, waiting on tables can be a real turn-on"

cindy



pet's progress

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

Can a young girl from a small mining town in
the East find love and happiness in the big city?
Cindy McDee narrows her heavily lidded brown eyes until they become
little more than soft slits. "I don't take any shit from men," she says.
Tough, tiny, bright and irascibly determined, this twenty-one-year-old
minister's daughter came a long way from the beautiful
but hardscrabble Ozark mountains, where she was raised with seventeen
other brothers and sisters. "My father used to pitch fire and
brimstone the way other men pitch baseballs.
He was tough and righteous, but always fair. He said sex was a
way of seeing just how hard the Devil worked.

Judging by the size of my family, I became concerned about my father's source of inspiration."

Cindy's hometown is another world, "a few hundred souls bound together by a clapped-out mine. I went barefoot until I was sixteen. I'm a country girl at heart. When things got rough, Daddy sent me to an aunt in California. Everything was so cold and unfriendly, and yet you lived right on top of other people. There was no privacy and at the same time no intimacy. And now I love it! Hollywood is so glamorous and exciting. I study art and acting at night and work as a waitress during the day. It may sound a little humdrum to some people, but when you come from the Ozark mountains, waiting on tables can be a real turn-on."

Cindy has a habit of toying with an occasional strand of loose blonde hair when she talks. Her smile is pleasant, but it has a cautious edge.

"When I was first approached to pose in the nude for *Penthouse*, it really blew my mind. I can still hear Daddy's voice booming in the background, damning all kinds of people to hell."

"But the more I thought about it, the more it appealed to me. Why not? Posing in the nude. Think of all the famous actresses who have done it. Starting with Marilyn Monroe and Sophia Loren and Brigitte Bardot. It didn't hurt them and it's a sure way of being noticed."

When a girl is under the hard-knock tutelage of a million faceless mentors, the city becomes an asphalt campus. Education is swift and sure, and the moral and intellectual emancipation of Cindy McDee was quickly concluded.

"My views on sex, for example, have become very liberal. I don't believe in marriage at all. Perhaps it's because I don't like the idea of the government or the courts or some legal-type guy being able to tell me whether or not I'm living in sin.

"I love men, especially California men. They're very bronzed and masculine looking. And I love intelligent men. Rich guys bore me, because they're usually very snobbish about their money and think they can buy you off. I like my men to be on the slender side—you know, with small hips and little asses."

Despite a seemingly tough

and cynical exterior, the malleable Miss McDee is baby-soft inside that delicate, 5'3", 35-22-35, 103-pound frame. She flings her hair back over smooth, round shoulders. She closes her eyes. She's a little girl now, lost momentarily in a daydream. Then, mysteriously, she opens them wide, and says with the look of an almost ageless (if not enchanted) *woman*, "I'd like to be a veterinarian someday, but right now I can't afford to go to school full time. I adore animals and have five cats, two hamsters and a Dalmatian puppy. I suppose you could say that pets are my first love." Funny you should say that.

MISS CINDY McDEE / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Jeffries, Mrs. Mary (fl. 1845–85): Beautiful Victorian widow (and ex-prostitute) who owned a string of high-class brothels—four in Chelsea, others in Windmill Street, Queen Street and Gray's Inn Road, and one called Rose Cottage in Hampstead. She enjoyed an international reputation, and the Prince of Wales was believed to be one of her clients. Her "regulars" were mainly officers from fashionable regiments: "Business is very bad," she once said, "I have been very slack since the Guards went to Egypt." Prosecuted in 1885 and fined two hundred pounds, she paid the fine in cash before leaving the court, while a titled Guards officer stood surety for her. "Nothing can be done with me," she boasted, "as my clients and patrons are of the highest social order." Her Hampstead house specialized in flagellation *of* clients, while the Gray's Inn Road branch provided victims for flagellation *by* clients. W. T. Stead described this brothel as being equipped with every species of birch and whip, as well as ladders and whipping blocks, to which the victims were fastened. The Goncourt brothers in Paris heard that men could hire an entire "class" of teenage girls for marathon flogging bouts. Apparently the girls in Mrs. Jeffries' establishments were virtual prisoners, and she was also involved in the shipping of white slaves to brothels abroad.

Jorgensen, George/Christine: American G.I. who in 1952 successfully underwent a sex-change operation (*q.v.*) in Denmark, where it was legal. He phoned his parents with the news, "I am now your daughter." This was the first sex-change operation to receive worldwide publicity and, for the majority of the public, the first intimation that such an operation was possible. Dr. Christian Hamburger, the surgeon who performed it, was so inundated with requests that the Danish law had to be changed to exclude non-Danish patients.

Joyce, James (1882–1941): Irish writer. Born in Dublin of a middle-class family, he was educated by Jesuits and later at the National University. He spent most of his adult life abroad, in Trieste (as a Berlitz language teacher), in Zurich, and from 1920–40 in Paris. From the age of thirty he never revisited Ireland, Though not officially married till 1931, he lived from 1904 with Nora Barnacle, an uneducated Galway baker's daughter, and they had two children. Joyce paid tribute to this lifelong relationship by choosing to set *Ulysses* on the day—June 16, 1904—when he first met Nora. Joyce's main works are *Dubliners* (1914), a collection of short stories, and three novels: *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1917), *Ulysses* (1922) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939). *Ulysses*, the best known, recounts a day in the life of some Dublin residents. It was banned in Britain and the U.S. for many years because of its explicit and exceptionally frank treatment of sex. Colin Wilson has called the book a "compendium of sexual perversion," and certainly the main character, Leopold Bloom—a seedy Jewish advertising representative—has some odd sexual habits. Though he likes to kiss his wife's buttocks and the "smellow yellow furrow" between them, he has not actually made love to her for ten years. He prefers to spend his time composing obscene letters to respectable ladies (and asking one of them to "soil the letter in an unspeakable way") and furtively masturbating while looking up girls' skirts on the beach. A self-admitted underwear fetishist, he washes and irons his wife's knickers and carries a pair of women's panties in his pocket (as Joyce himself did, according to his friend Frank Budgen). Leopold's wife Molly is a much simpler sensualist, and in her famous soliloquy, which ends the book, she recalls the high points of her sexual life: "I feel all fire inside me or if I could dream it when he made me spend the 2nd time tickling me behind with his finger I was coming for about 5 minutes with my legs around him I had to hug him after O Lord I wanted to shout out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all." The admittance of *Ulysses* to the U.S. marked a new stage in the breakdown of traditional taboos. The American judge who finally passed the book for publication in 1933 remarked: "I have not found anything that I consider to be dirt for dirt's sake. . . . In respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the minds of his [Joyce's] characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season Spring."

Julia (39 B.C.–A.D. 14): Roman princess, notorious for her debauchery. The only child of the Emperor Augustus, she was brought up extremely strictly and married at fourteen to her cousin Marcellus. He died a year later, and she was immediately forced into another diplomatic marriage—this time to Augustus' chief minister, Agrippa, who was more than twice her age. She bore him five children, and when someone commented with surprise that they did all seem to be Agrippa's—Julia was known to have many lovers—she replied that she was careful "never to take a passenger except when the vessel was full." Agrippa presumably knew of her adulteries but dared not complain to the Emperor; the marriage lasted ten years, until Agrippa's death in 12 B.C. The next diplomatic match was to Augustus' stepson and heir presumptive, Tiberius (later emperor). Tiberius was already happily married, but he was forced to divorce his wife and marry Julia. Disgusted by the whole business, he soon refused to sleep with her. From then on, her sexual excesses became increasingly blatant. Seneca records: "She counted her lovers in scores. At night, she reveled through the city streets; she chose for the scene of her embraces the very Forum and the platform from which her father had promulgated his law against adultery. She made daily rendezvous at the statue of Marsyas [a prostitute's pick-up point], for she had now turned from adulteress to whore, and permitted herself any license with unknown lovers." Eventually Augustus was forced to recognize the situation; he banished his daughter, then thirty-seven, to the tiny rocky island Pandateria, off the Campanian coast. Her exile lasted sixteen years, until she died, and during that time she was forbidden to see any men, even slaves.

Jung, Carl Gustav (1875–1961): Swiss psychiatrist. He studied medicine at Basel, then practiced psychiatry in Zurich. From 1907–13 he was a close friend and disciple of Freud (*q.v.*), but he gradually developed his own theory of "analytical psychology" and psychotherapy, and he rejected what he considered Freud's undue emphasis on sex. (Jung is reputed to have once said: "After all, the penis is only a phallic symbol.") The break with someone who was self-admittedly a "father figure" almost threw Jung into a schizophrenic breakdown, but from 1914–18 he successfully conducted his own self-analysis and cure, which became the foundation for all his later work. He divided the rest of his life between private practice and prolific writing, with some lecture tours abroad. Though married, with five children, he hardly mentioned his wife in his autobiography, and personal relationships seem to have interested him little. Nevertheless, his early work on schizophrenia is recognized as a breakthrough, and it was Jung who created the concepts of introversion and extraversion. His later work was an exploration of myth and symbol: he postulated a "collective unconscious" compounded of "race memories" and peopled by "archetypes," from which developed myths and such universal symbols as the mandala and the cross. Despite some absurdities—discussions of flying saucers, alchemy, poltergeists, meaningful coincidences, and endless references to Rider Haggard's *She*, whom Jung admired as the archetypal woman—Jung's work, with its prodigious breadth of learning, still has appeal for artists, anthropologists, students of comparative literature and religion, and a fringe of cultic followers.

Justine: Heroine and title of a novel written by the Marquis de Sade (*q.v.*) in 1791. A contemporary critic said of it: "All that the most disordered imagination could invent that was indecent, sophistical, even disgusting, has been dragged into this strange novel." The book, subtitled *The Misfortunes of Virtue*, records the progress of the orphaned and impecunious Justine as her naivete and sensitivity are ruthlessly exploited. Among the perverts and lechers Justine encounters are the schoolmaster Rodin, who specializes in flagellating and raping pupils of both sexes, and four debauched monks, who subject her to vaginal and anal rape and force her to perform fellatio. However, *Justine* is not strictly pornographic: the many sexual incidents are subordinated to de Sade's larger theme of the triumph of vice and cruelty over virtue.

Juvenal (*circa* A.D. 55–140): Roman satirist. His sixteen verse satires are a merciless indictment of the decadent Roman society of his day, especially the aristocracy. He was from the lower-middle class but depended on wealthy patrons and presumably frequented their houses as a hanger-on. His particular targets are parvenus, sexual perverts and women. The last are bela-

bored in the blistering *Sixth Satire*. Juvenal begins by telling a friend, Postumus, that he is mad to think of getting married, because there is no chance of finding a chaste wife anywhere these days; if he must indulge in debauchery, he would be better off with a catamite. He goes on to divide all women into types and to castigate each type in turn. Religious women, for instance, are depicted as sex-crazed harpies: "The rites of the Good Goddess! Shreiking flutes excite the women's loins, wine and the trumpet madden them, whirling and shrieking, rapt by Priapus. Then, then, their hearts are blazing with lust, their voices stammer with it, their wine gushes in torrents down their soaking thighs. . . . This is no mimicry, the thing is done in earnest . . . Their itching cannot bear delay: this is sheer Woman, shrieking and crying everywhere in the hall, "It is time, let in the men!" Juvenal was a provincial moralist and a Stoic. He was also an opponent of the Empire. Thus his vision of Roman debauchery was in all probability somewhat exaggerated.

Kama Sutra: Indian treatise on life and love, written by Mallanaga of the Vatsyayana family some time between 100 and 400 A.D. *Kama* means love, and *sutra* aphorisms. The volume has remained *the* Hindu erotic handbook up to the present day, and is specially recommended for newlyweds. It was first translated into English by Sir Richard Burton (*q.v.*) in the 1880s, and many Victorians condemned it as pornographic. But the book deals with far more than sex: it describes the proper way for a citizen to conduct his social life and discusses Dharma (religious striving) and Artha (moneymaking) as well as Kama. No distinction is made between love and sex; sexual intercourse is considered the highest of pleasures. There is guidance on bathing, dressing, eating, anointing oneself, and an elaborate code of etiquette based on the caste system. Young girls are advised in all the arts of giving and getting pleasure, whether by learning music, magic, astrology or carpentry (*sic*), or by adorning themselves. Recommended delights include pelting one another with the flowers of the Kadamba tree and walking on moonlit nights. Various forms of loveplay are described, from embracing, kissing, scratching and biting to "shampooing" and lovers' quarrels. Coital positions include "the yawning position," "the mare's position" and "the crab's position" (the woman's legs contracted and placed on her stomach). Many require a high degree of physical fitness and agility. The author details the different sizes of the male and female sexual organs—a large penis is a "bull" and a small one a "hare" —and recommends ways of overcoming discrepancies. The life-styles of eunuchs, concubines, courtesans and adulterers are also covered, both descriptively and prescriptively. The *Kama Sutra* explores every avenue of individual and mutual pleasure, portraying a colorful, perfumed, worldly paradise based on the premise that: "An ingenious person should multiply the kinds of congress after the fashion of the different kinds of beasts and of birds. For these different kinds of congress, performed according to the usage of each country, and the liking of each individual, generate love, friendship and respect in the hearts of women."

Christine, call-girl extraordinaire

Dr. Kinsey, sex-research pioneer

Keeler, Christine (1942–): British call girl at the center of the "Profumo Affair" scandal of 1963. Christine left home at sixteen to become a show girl in a London club, where she met Stephen Ward, a society osteopath, and went to live with him. Ward introduced her to various rich acquaintances, with whom she had sex. The activities of the Ward circle, as Christine later revealed, included nude parties, group sex, flagellation and voyeurism. At some parties dinner was served by a man who wore only a small lace apron and a black mask—the latter to conceal his identity, Christine explained, because he was a well-known public figure. At Cliveden, Christine first met John Profumo, then Secretary of State for War, and Eugene Ivanov, a naval attaché and spy at the Russian embassy. Profumo, evidently impressed by a glimpse of Christine swimming nude in the Astors' pool, subsequently made assignations with her through Ward, but after a security warning their relationship gradually came to an end. Christine left Ward to live with some West Indian drug-users. One of her lovers, John Edgecombe, triggered the Ward-Keeler-Profumo exposé by trying to break into Ward's London flat when Christine was visiting her friend Mandy Rice-Davies there. Edgecombe was arrested, and in her statement Christine mentioned her involvement with John Profumo. Shortly before Edgecombe's trial, in which she was to be a key witness, Christine disappeared to Spain; rumors began to circulate that Profumo was responsible. On March 22, 1963, Profumo made his celebrated statement to the House of Commons, denying that he had ever had sexual relations with Christine. But a London newspaper already possessed a copy of a compromising letter he had sent her, and within a fortnight Profumo confessed his deception and resigned. After CID investigations, Ward was arrested for living on immoral earnings, but he committed suicide before the trial was over. Christine sold her story for twenty-three thousand pounds to the *News of the World*, and a film of her life and loves has been made in Denmark.

Khawals: Egyptian transvestite male dancers-cum-prostitutes. One 19th-Century account describes their appearance: "They suffer the hair of the head to grow long, and generally braid it, in the manner of the women. The hair on the face, when it begins to grow, they pluck out: and they imitate the women also in applying kohl and henna to their eyes and hands. In the streets, when not engaged in dancing, they often veil their faces; not from shame, but merely to affect the manners of women." In 1834 female public dancers and prostitutes were prohibited by the Egyptian government—Muslims abhor women exhibiting themselves in public—and the Khawals seem to have taken over some of their business, such as dancing at weddings, circumcisions and other religious festivals. The French author Gérard de Nerval in 1829 described a dancing performance he had witnessed: "The dancing girls appeared in a cloud of dust and tobacco smoke. . . . As their heels beat upon the ground, with a tinkle of little bells and anklets, their raised arms quivered in harmony; their hips shook with a voluptuous movement; their form seemed bare under the muslin between the little jacket and the low loose girdle. . . . Two of them seemed particularly beautiful; they held themselves proudly; their Arab eyes were brightened by kohl, their full yet delicate cheeks were lightly painted. But the third, I must admit, betrayed the less gentle sex by a week-old beard; and when I looked into the matter more carefully . . . it did not take me long to discover that the dancing girls were, in point of fact, all males."

Kinsey, Dr. Alfred Charles (1894–1956): American biologist, sexologist and pioneer statistician of sexual behavior. Born in New Jersey of devout, middle-class, conventional parents, he first graduated in psychology at Bowdoin, then took a Ph.D. in entomology at Harvard. In 1920 he was appointed instructor in biology at Indiana University, and for the next seventeen years devoted himself to studying the gall wasp, collecting around 3,000,000 specimens. Happily married, with four children, he probably would have stayed with the gall wasp all his life, but in 1937 Indiana University decided to introduce a sex-education course, and forty-three-year-old Kinsey was put in charge. He soon discovered that there were no really scientific—i.e., statistically based—studies of sex. With typical thoroughness, he decided to do one himself. He began in late 1938 and interviewed sixty-two males and females about their sex lives; in 1939 he added another 671 histories. In the next ten years he recorded 12,000 interviews, each covering 521 items. He worked a twelve- to fourteen-hour day and traveled all over the country in search of representative samples. Then his assistants, Drs. Pomeroy, Gebhard and Martin, took over much of the interviewing. At the time of Kinsey's death, close to 20,000 people had been studied. Doctors, psychologists and other experts who participated in the survey have all agreed that the interviewing technique could hardly be bettered. Kinsey and his assistants were scrupulous to avoid euphemisms and to tailor their vocabulary to their subjects. They also phrased questions in a way that placed the onus of denial on the subject ("When did you first masturbate?" rather than "Did you ever masturbate?"). To these interviews were added data from other sources. Gynecological examinations were done of 879 women to establish genital areas of greatest erotic sensitivity (the vagina was found to be highly

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The austere freedom she ultimately discovered in masturbation razed all desire for intercourse with others. She was liberated into a strange prison, one in which she was permitted to do or say or feel anything she liked at any time the impulse moved her, but on one condition: that she remain alone.

That she had been gravitating toward this state during her entire adult life was something that could be seen only in retrospect. In the decade after she lost her virginity at seventeen, she had moved through a period of such rampant promiscuous sexuality that it seemed she would never be able to get enough of people. It was impossible for her to remember how many men, women, children, animals and dildos had been inside her, how many gallons of sperm she had swallowed, which perverse actions she had not attempted or catered to. Then, one night, as she lay writhing on a hooked rug before a roaring fireplace, her body a seething sea of red shadow, she opened her eyes to wonder why she was expending so much energy on what had suddenly come to seem a senseless melodrama. With ruthless honesty she severed truth from the appearances which camouflaged it, and asked herself the only real question with any validity, at least to her in the realm of sexuality: *why involve others at all?*

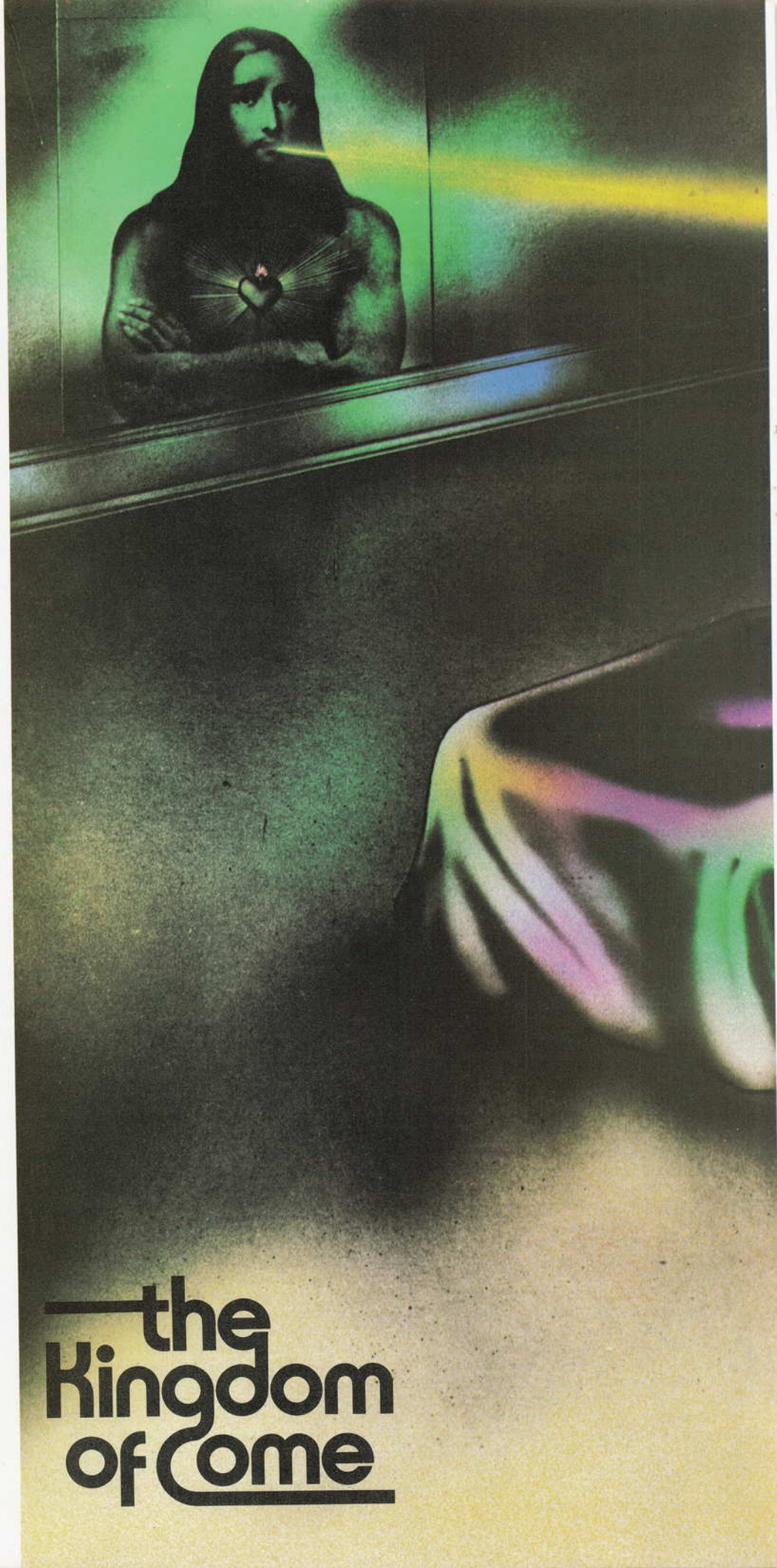
She went into seclusion to ponder the answer and came to a single conclusion. "Other people merely provide additional energy to increase the scope and intensity of orgasm," she reasoned, "a quintessentially private experience. The notion that we must share it with others is the final corruption of what's left of civilization. The only time people should fuck is to make babies. Everything else is sheer indulgence."

Accordingly, she locked herself in. She had her food delivered, she had her phone taken out, and she devoted herself to exploring a realm where many go with feelings of shame and defeat, but which she entered with a sense of triumph and arrival. She prepared a single room for her ritual, sealed the window and painted every surface black. She removed all the furniture save a single mattress, which she covered with a black satin sheet. Whenever she closed the door on herself, no sound or light could reach her. She was launched immediately into inner space, the turf of contemplation.

Immediately following her decision, a great peace descended on her. The first falsity to fall away was the need to perform. It became clear at once that almost all of her behavior was unconsciously geared toward some real or imagined audience;

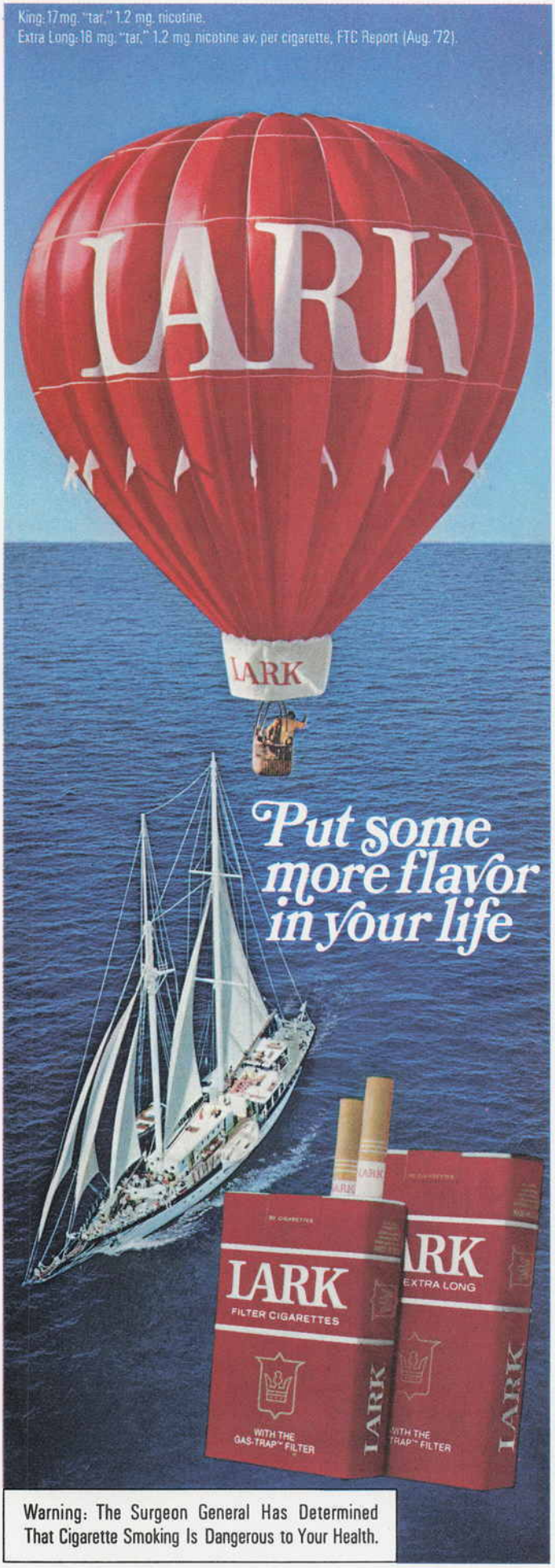
"I'm here just like the rest of you. The only difference is that you come and go, but I am eternal." He scratched his head.

By Marco Vassi



the Kingdom of Come

Christian Piper/Push Pin Studios


King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.
Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '72).
LARK
LARK
Put some more flavor in your life
LARK
FILTER CIGARETTES
WITH THE GAS-TRAP™ FILTER
LARK
EXTRA LONG
WITH THE GAS-TRAP™ FILTER
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

that far from being free, she had been a captive actress, forced to play for her parents, her lovers, her friends, her enemies, and even strangers in the street. At once her entire attitude changed, and a profound relaxation overtook her. No longer concerned with what anyone thought of her, including herself, the umbilical cord which had bound her to propriety, even when she was shrieking in wanton release running naked through a roomful of men, was cut. She saw that those actions which she had thought most uninhibited were nothing more than the strident proof of her inhibition. By herself, she became wild again, and in that wildness found a deep calm.

And when she gave herself to masturbation, unfathomable worlds opened to her. Not constrained to compromise herself in order to accommodate the expectations of anyone else, she flowered in the fullness of her being. She discovered a connection between her clitoris and her third eye. As she incessantly brushed the tip of that instrument of pure erotic pleasure, the entire universe of psychic reality unfolded. She could peer into the past and into the future by being able to see the present in total depth. She was able, after a while, to transcend relative time altogether and abide in the sense of the eternal. Her spine would shake, her head roll from side to side, her tongue lap the air, her legs tremble and kick, her buttocks lose their tension. Three, four, five spasms would rack her frame, and instead of having a heavy body lying on her, or an importunate hand feeling her, she would be blessed with a feeling of lightness, and would rise from the floor and dance, joyously, somberly, beautifully, all to herself, in pitch darkness, relishing that no one could see, or would ever see, the real person that she was becoming.

She destroyed all the mirrors in the house so she would not distract herself with her own image; she had come to view perception as an impediment to vision. She was transmogrifying into something beyond all human standards to judge, a creature of fierce, tangled beauty. She lost her conventional good looks and became sublime, the way a gnarled tree, ravaged by wind and salt air, grows terrible in its aspect on cliffs overhanging the ocean. Only occasionally, that portion of her mind which had been socially conditioned stirred itself to condemn or worry her. "You are going crazy," it said, "you have no more friends or family, you never go out, you never see people. That's unnatural, pathological." She silenced that voice with a scorn born of solitude.

Unimpeded by the demands of another, she soared again and again to heights of sexual ecstasy unknown to all but a few, those very few who have had the courage to admit that sex is the sister of death, and thus can only be known alone. The orgasms she experienced surpassed the paltry twitchings given to those who still require support during their pleasure, in the way that the flight of eagles goes beyond the mere flappings of sparrows. And after she returned from the mountain tops, the first thing to cast a pall on her spirit was language, the limitation of thought.

Gradually she approached a state of brute intelligence, a stark sensitivity to the fact of existence, and rationalization fell from her like dead skin from a shedding snake. She emerged cleansed of all the impacted overlay of culture which had been grafted onto her soul from the very first moment she became a seed growing in her mother's belly. When she spoke, it was to make sound, and was no more than the overflow of her condition; she was beyond meaning. When she thought, it was merely her brain stretching, not an act of any special significance.

By her thirtieth birthday, she had achieved an unquenchable autonomy. As she took herself to her room to masturbate, she was so filled with herself that it seemed no external force could ever impinge on her again. But as she reached down to cover her cunt with her hand, the space was slowly suffused with a golden light. She stared in dumb wonder at the phenomenon. In front of the mattress, a curtain of silver needles shimmered and assumed shape until a tall naked man with green skin and long curly violet hair appeared, his red eyes piercing her gaze, his penis throbbing gently. Her surprise was total, and she did not stir, but continued to lie there, legs parted, breasts lolling, mouth wet and open, fingers spreading the cleft between her parted thighs.

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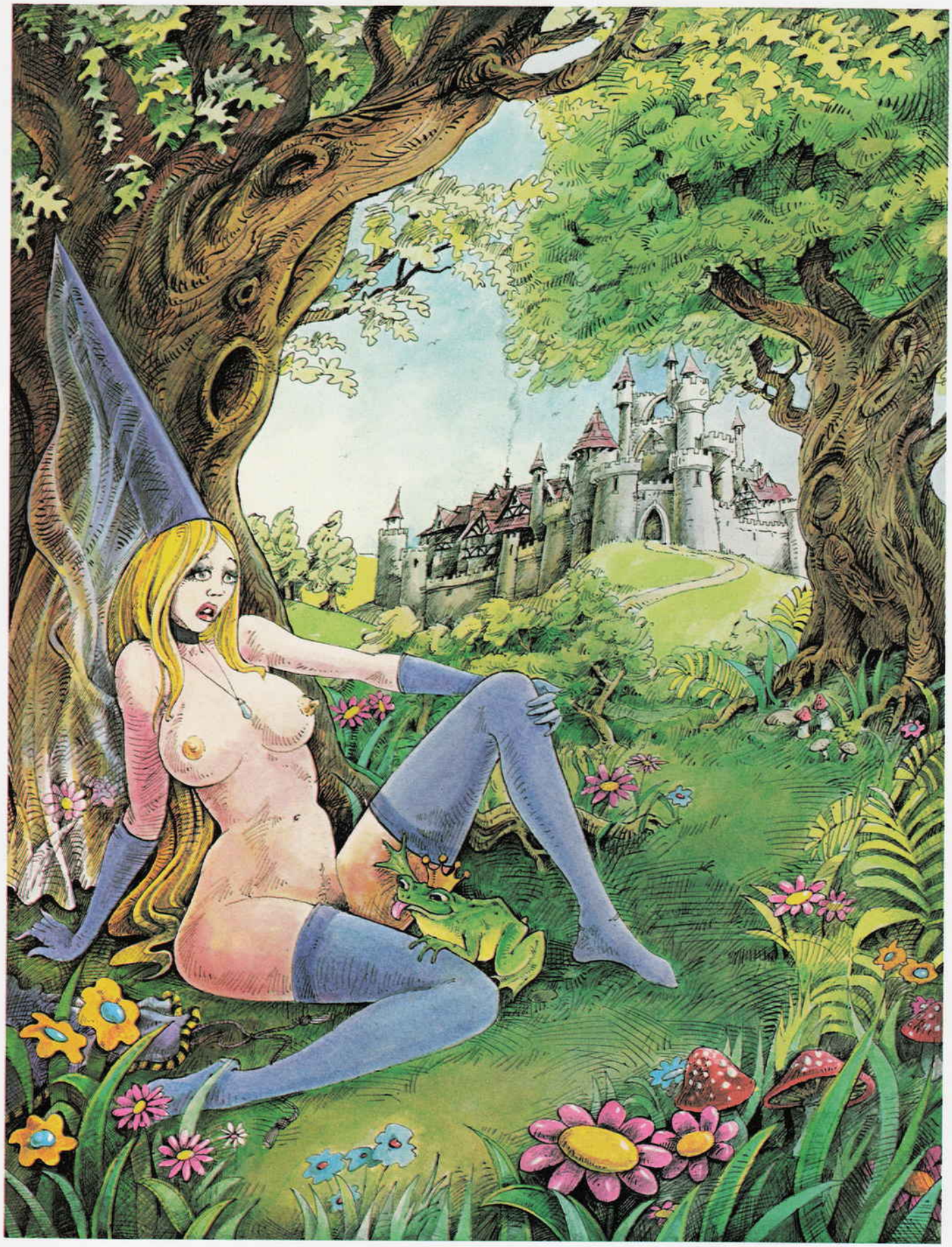
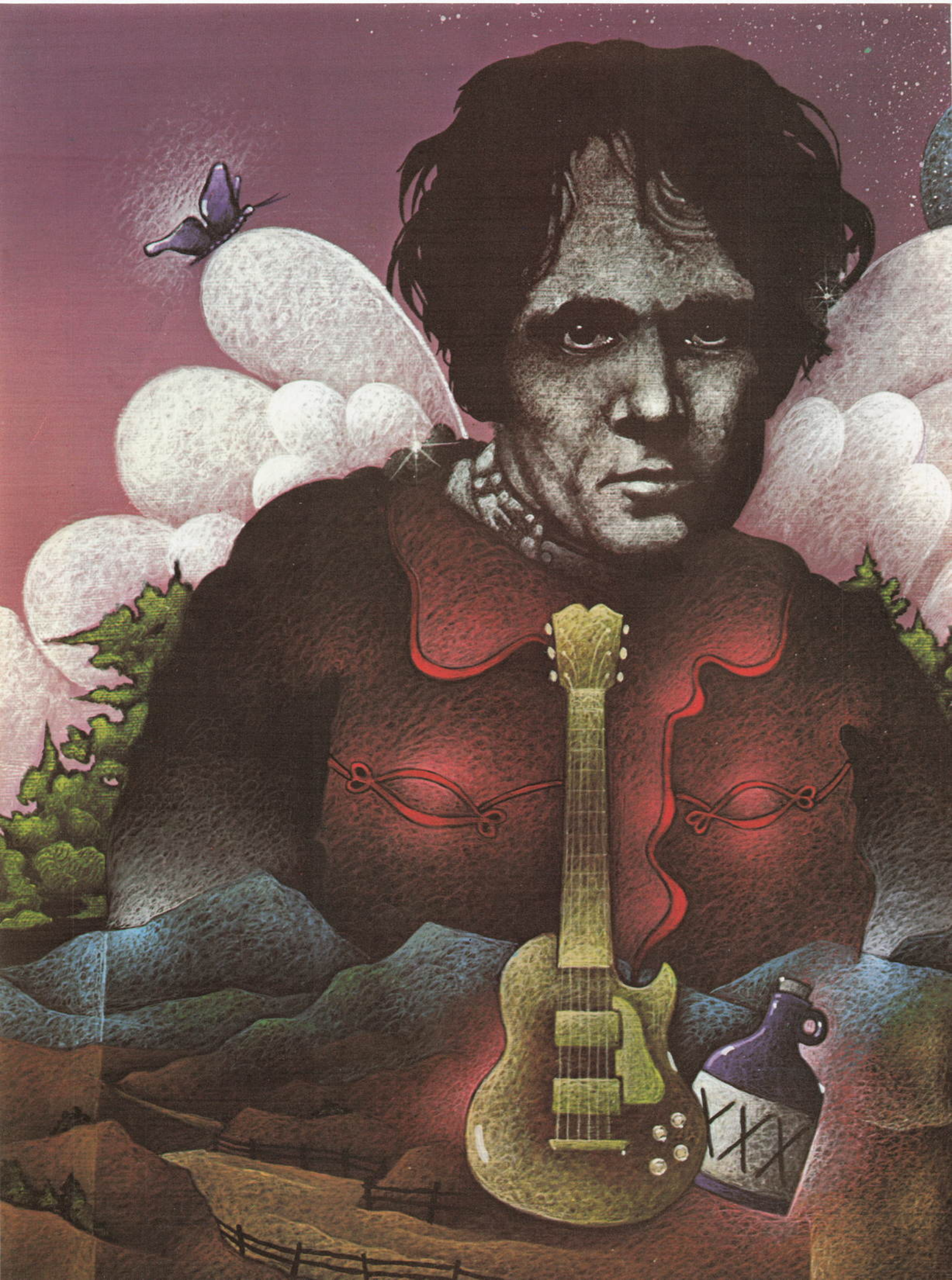


"Used to be that just a kiss would do it"



HONKY-TONK ANGELS IN HILLBILLY HEAVEN

by David Dalton

The Fabulous Flying Vestibule conveying Bocephus (Hank Williams, Jr.) and company to another one-nighter tails down the highway, flashing past the orange, metallic gas-station moons, the radar deep-dish pies, truck-weighing stations, Stuckey pecan emporiums, and a Heavy Mother State Park. Somewhere out there an embryonic room is forming, the Holiday Inn room that's born every thirty-six minutes, child of a new landscape, and somewhere between Tuscaloosa and Birmingham, in the land of watermelons, speckled peas, goobers, wildcats and fruit-jar corn liquor, the resident maniac on this tour, Merle "Boogie King" Kilgore, is coaxing his two transistorized Japanese poodles.

"Dot! Fang! Now, you can talk to Daddy . . . c'mon to Daddy, sweethearts." Their blank button faces look back at him in bewilderment like anxious bathmats. Nothing is coming across the void. The Boogie King electrifies his man-in-the-moon face, pushing his wide, crazed eyes and supercharged bear grin right up against their motionless muzzles. But all of his wildness cannot conjure the little nippers.

The luxury-tour bus, really a rolling house with its paneled walls, well-stocked bar, bunk beds and lounge, is a fixture of the country music scene. It's also a home for Hank Jr. and his group for roughly 300 days a year. On the road since the age of eight, Hank is a fairly typical example of the new country star—rich, relaxed and a bit countrypolitan. But the submarine-like life of the tour bus and grinding one-night stands would be almost unbearable if it weren't for the comic relief of the Boogie King's good-natured insanity.

In the darkness someone is playing a cassette tape of Tommy Collins' epic phonologue, "Opal, You Ask Me," a six-minute marriage obituary that well might be the zenith in "X" lore. And "X's" (ex-wives, husbands, lovers) are the leitmotiv of country lyrics: "You can have everything I've got Opal . . . the house, the car, the money in the bank, the muffler shop. . . ."

Lying on the table is a copy of the new *Enquirer,* and along with JACKIE'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH! and TEANECK VAMPIRE CULT EXPOSED is this headline — COUNTRY MUSIC SWEEPS JAPAN!!!!! They've already got their own Opry, it says, and the bluegrass craze there is so phenomenal that you can get Bill Monroe records which aren't even released here. Once, after a series of tornadoes hit Tennessee, WSM received mail from Japanese fans asking if any of the hillbilly stars had been hurt.

Outside the bus window, as the night and light rain trade places in the mad shadows, appears a vision of moonshine-crazed Japanese hillbillies sweeping the island of Honshu. They will stop at nothing. They already have waxworks of Gid Tanner and the Skillet-Lickers and a mechanical, yodeling Jimmy Rodgers, but they want — Kentucky! They're willing to trade all the diodes in Japan for it. A Shinto shrine for Tootsie's Orchid Lounge! They dissolve back into raindrops and fade away into the night chanting, "Clem Motlow!"

It's a relief to hear "Opal" back, still droning on in the background. Now he's telling her some absurd business about how he's leaving for the remote parts of Alaska to spot planes for the Air Force. . . . "They say the yearly average is about seven, the last man who had the job went crazy and beat his head against the igloo till he died. But that won't happen to me, Opal. I can take anything. . . ."

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"Hell," Haggard said of Eroll Flynn, "that son of a bitch died in the arms of a seventeen-year-old broad... fifty somethin' years old... out on a yacht. Now you *know* he died with a smile on his face. This is what every common working fellow would like to do... he'd like to take that yacht trip."

Intimate letters to **Xaviera Hollander**

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, 27th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies or photographs etc. can be supplied.

AN EXPLOITED MEMBER?

I've recently encountered a situation I can't explain. For the last two months I've been dating this woman every weekend. Our dates are for sex only; she says she loves another man, but that I'm too good a lover to let go. If she loves another man, why does she keep having sex dates with me? This doesn't make sense. When we do get together, it is for six- to eight-hour sessions, with everything except anal intercourse. She claims that she has from twelve to twenty climaxes during each session. How many climaxes can a woman have? Is she bullshitting me or is her story straight? — Dave.

She simply uses you as a sex object and seems to be a very horny lady. It's good to see women treat men like that sometimes; usually it's the man who treats the woman as an object, for his own pleasure. Make sure the young lady does not wear you out in those long sessions. In my opinion, though, you seem to exaggerate a little, in timing (six to eight hours) as well as in counting (twelve to twenty times). Get your parking meter and count the quarters.

THE BULL
AND THE JELLYBEAN

When my girl has passed the point of no return, she yells at me to stop screwing her. She says she can't stand it any more, that it hurts. Moreover, after a breather she claims she is too exhausted to attempt another session. This mystifies me, because I thought women could go on practically forever, each orgasm bringing them closer to a pinnacle of pleasure. Is there something wrong with my girl that she can hardly get out of the valley? And what (if anything) can I do about it? — A.G.

Go easy at her. Maybe you bang her too violently. She sounds like a candy-store girl, who is used to sweet jelly-bean bounces instead of wild whambangers. Be considerate and maybe concentrate a bit more on the foreplay. Warm her up, get her turned on. Some women have more endurance than others. Some women's orgasms really take everything out of them and leave them exhausted. You seem to be blessed with a precious lady.

PRIAPUS' LAMENT

I am seventeen and until recently had a fairly active sex life. I was making it with two older women (twenty-two and twenty-seven) and sometimes with a few of my classmates. I managed to make it at least three times a week, and occasionally I got up to six. For about three months, though, I've had a problem that has made me so embarrassed that I don't have sex at all with either of the older women, and only now and then with my classmates. Immediately after penetration, the head of my member swells to what seems to me the size of a lemon. This is not only distracting but very painful. I have been able to continue intercourse until I've satisfied my partner, but when I try to pull free, the pain stops me short. Occasionally I've found that lying motionless and thinking about homework has allowed the swelling to go down, and I've been able to continue intercourse normally. I've also noticed that this swelling problem has occurred only during times of extreme excitement, which I invariably experienced with the older women. Is there anything other than desensitizing creams (which aren't very effective) that can keep both swelling and excitement down during intercourse? — All Strung Out.

This is a symptom of priapism. The word comes from Priapus, a Roman god with a large, stiff penis. The condition is an erection you don't want and can't get rid of, unaccompanied by any feeling of sexual pleasure or excitement. A painful erection which won't go away is rare, and a sign that you should see a doctor. The cause is not known; it may be a psychological problem. So far there seems to be no good remedy for this problem, but I suggest that you speak to a doctor before diagnosing yourself.

DEEP CORNUCOPIA

As one of these lovely persons who have done all, known all and seen all, would you please enlighten me on a matter that has long puzzled me. Have I been wrong all these years in believing that ladies in search of solitary solace seldom think of objects to insert in themselves, but concentrate instead on their more sensitive externals? In other words, isn't all this purportedly widespread use of dildos and other penile substitutes a male myth? The curious feature of direct-mail advertising of devices for vaginal arousal is that it is usually addressed to men rather than women! Or perhaps it isn't funny—male fantasies usually envision the vagina as the place "from which all blessings flow." It seems to me that any woman wandering around for hours stuffed with a dildo would be aware of very little

No woman ever says no to Winchester.

Take a puff. Blow in her ear. And she'll follow you anywhere. Because one whiff of Winchester's sexy aroma tells her everything she ever wanted to know about you. But was afraid to ask. It tells her you're a man, but a man of taste. A taste for mildness. Lightness. She takes a puff. Winchester's filtered smoothness tells her it's not a cigarette. Not just another little cigar. It's a whole 'nother smoke. And she knows that you know: where there's smoke, there's fire.

Winchester. It's a whole 'nother smoke.

©1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

except a vague sense of discomfort, and would find much more pleasure in stimulating her clitoris. Am I right? — Gordon.

You are right to some degree, but you would be surprised what items surgeons extract from the vaginas of some of their patients —carrots, telephone receivers, Coke bottles, Polish sausages, cucumbers, bananas in the peel, candles, dildos, vibrators, zucchini and even a Porsche stickshift.

Obviously those women must have found some kind of pleasure by stimulating themselves with such substitutes for a real penis.

WINE ENEMA RECIPE

Your letter from Charles with the enema fetish in the December issue of **PENTHOUSE** *brought back memories of a girl I used to date. She was one of these rare girls who just could not get enough sex, and she always seemed to have a new idea. She constructed an enema device consisting of a two-gallon plastic bucket with a tube leading from it that branched into two hoses with nozzles. The bucket was filled with two quarts of wine and an equal volume of water, and the flow was controlled by a clamp on the single upper hose. We would each take a water enema, pass it, and then plug ourselves in. As the flow started, we would begin to make love, usually oral intercourse at first. The wine entering the intestinal tract would produce a warm floating sensation, and in my case an erection so strong that the skin glistened like waxed paper. It took about an hour for the tank to empty. We usually used sherry, but later switched to white port because her parents could smell the sherry when they came home. In the last few days we were going together, we experimented with a small wire on each nozzle hooked to the ten-volt AC plug of an electric-train transformer. The touch of a finger at any point on the body would yield a tingling sensation; when our whole bodies touched, the tingling would switch to the area of the anus. If we had not had enough when the wine supply was exhausted, we would close the flow-control clamp, and by using our intestinal muscles, pass loving surges of wine back and forth. We would be very drunk for a period of about two hours, but if the wine was passed right away, we would appear stone-cold sober in about five hours. Have you ever tried anything like this? Also, I have heard there is a term for persons taking wine enemas. Do you know what it is? — Shadow.*

Boy, you really must have had a good time. Remember: I don't drink any alcohol, but you almost got me turned on to try it with an enema. Maybe I would prefer champagne. Don't know what you call this game you people play. How about a "bacchanalian enema"? It seems quite exciting, but also quite time- as well as wine-consuming.

HIS LESBIAN BLUES

My problem is that I have fallen in love with a lesbian. We've talked about making it, and I have told her that I would be very gentle, but I think she is afraid of getting pregnant. I said I would use a rubber, but she still says no. I want to marry her, and she knows this; we have come close twice, but each time she has backed off. She's hinted that she would like to go to bed with me, but says she has this block about it. I'm willing to give her all the time she needs, but I can't wait forever. I really love her, although I sometimes think that she believes I regard her just as a sex object. What do you think I should do? — Tiny.

Face reality. You are obviously losing your grip. Be honest with her and let her choose her own lover, which will most probably be a girl, since you know she is a lesbian. How foolish can you be? If you still want to marry her, and there is no way to convert her, it will be one of those marriages of convenience. She may be a hell of a nice lady, but sexually you just don't seem to be made for each other.

CIRCUMSEXY MAN

Ever since my husband was circumcised, I cannot leave his organ alone. I've noticed a feeling of closer contact and increased friction, and am happy to say that now I reach orgasm on every love-making occasion. Since the characteristic smell and taste of the foreskin has gone, I have found taking him into my mouth very agreeable and pleasing. The bare crown of the circumcised penis is far more attractive and inviting than a wrinkled foreskin. I would advise all your male readers to do a little bit for the woman in their life and be circumcised. Do you agree? — D.T.

Hurrah for the clean-cut cock! I am all for circumcision. Some men say that before they were circumcised they were far more sensitive and reached orgasm faster; but most of them are happier after the operation. It is pretty painful for adults, and in most countries nowadays it is automatically performed right after birth. Today, the vogue for circumcision is based on hygienic reasons. It almost certainly prevents cancer of the penis, and cancer of the cervix is rare among wives of men who were circumcised at birth.

As for love-making, the taste and smell of leftover urine, sperm and perspiration behind the foreskin can be a complete turnoff for any woman who might consider going down on her husband. If a man is not circumcised, he should keep as clean as possible. In particular, pull the skin back and wash the head of the penis thoroughly.

A CONSUMER REPORT

Recent surgery left me unable to gain an erection. This has obviously left an important gap in my sexual relationship with my wife. We have tried many new forms of stimulation, but both of us agree that the pleasures we could derive from a dildo and a vibrator would surpass anything we now enjoy. We are two former squares who are awakening to new sexual enjoyments, but lack knowledge of how to obtain these items and how best to use them. Any help or advice would be appreciated. — R.W.

Go to any sex shop or even ask the manager of any pornographic bookshop where to get such sex devices. I am sure the sex shop has them readily available and on display, and the manager of the porno shop will probably be able to produce from under the counter different types of dildos and other such toys.

There are indeed many kinds of artificial penises, or dildos, which you can either slip over your own penis or strap with strings around your hips. They come in different shapes, colors, sizes and materials, and seem satisfying in cases where the penis is too short, too thin or, as in your case, unable to become fully erect.

Vibrators come in the shape of a penis, small, medium or large, depending on whether the woman wants to use it to stimulate her clitoris during intercourse (for this the smallest one is advisable), or for masturbation only (the bigger one is preferred). She can even insert the large vibrator in her cunt and the small one in her anus. There are also hand vibrators, to be put over your hand while your fingers do the work, and others with different heads, which can be changed. They come also in different speeds—slow, fast, faster.

Good luck on your hunting tour.

TIPPLE AT MY NIPPLE

I am close to eighteen years old, and my biggest desire is to manipulate and suck a girl's tits while she does the same to me. Ever since I was young, I have enjoyed having my nipples played with as much as having the glans of my penis rubbed. Is there anything wrong with me, and how do I get a girl to stimulate me this way without making a fool of myself? — James.

Just be honest, there is nothing abnormal about having your nipples or balls sucked, since these are among the so-called erogenous zones of the male body. You stand a better chance getting your nipples sucked rather than your balls because girls your age might still be very hesitant about performing fellatio all the way—though nowadays, with the new morality, one never knows. Expect the unexpected.

SEXAGENARIAN JOYS

I am white and sixty-six years old. I have an intense desire to have sex with young girls, especially young black girls. I have observed that most of my white girls lean to minimum foreplay, are only interested in "normal" sex and have orgasms slowly or not at all, despite my vigorous penetration. Conversely, my black partners crave prolonged foreplay until our union is sheer ecstatic delight. They seem to believe that a man's second erection is bigger and harder, producing a more heavenly orgasm. They also believe that if their first orgasm is orally produced, succeeding climaxes will be much quicker and more enjoyable. They are willing to try any form of sexual variation

as long as they experience multiple and prolonged orgasms. Are such sexual urges at my age normal or warped? Is the reaction of my white girls (ages eighteen to twenty-four) a general one or do I just happen to have picked highly sexed black girls of the same age? — Happy.

You see, you are never too old to learn. And you certainly seem to be as happy as a kid in a candy store. Both you and your particular black partners seem to be very highly sexed. And maybe the white girls you know are having more fun with younger lovers. If I were you, I wouldn't wonder about your fantastic experiences; just enjoy them as much as you can. Keep up the good works, two-toned or however. I'm sure you'll get stronger with the years. But make sure the girls aren't under eighteen, or people may call you a dirty old man.

A SAD BIPPY IN STIR

I am twenty-one years old and have been married for almost four years. I am serving a four-year jail sentence, so for the past fifteen months I've been without my wife. When she visited me recently, she told me that she has ended up in a few beds besides her own while I've been inside. Putting myself in her place, I can understand that she gets frustrated, and she says that I'm still the best baller she has ever known. But sometimes I get kind of jealous and paranoid about it; I'm afraid she might split and never come back. Should I stop worrying and let her play around or should I ask her to stay faithful to me? — James.

The fact that she confesses her escapades proves at least that she is honest about it, and that she says you are still the best lay around should make your ego soar. This is definitely an honest boost for you. You cannot blame her for having extramarital affairs with you not being around. After all, you don't want her to get altogether frustrated. She is obviously a healthy woman with a good appetite for sex who needs a regular love life. It might benefit you when you go home. Who knows? She might cheer you up with a more experienced range of sexual variations. In all honesty: if you were in her position, would YOU remain faithful? I bet your sweet bippy, NO.

HE'S ALWAYS UP FOR MORE

My wife and I have a very happy sex life, but my desire for sex is more intense than hers. Twice a month will completely satisfy her, but three or four times a week would be much more to my taste. I am forty-one years old, and my sex urge seems to be increasing with age. Sex has almost become an obsession with me, and I have to sneak off to the bathroom and masturbate for satisfaction. When I see mini-skirted girls on the streets, I start to get an erection. I admire the female body so much that I sometimes wish I could be a woman myself. When my wife is away from home, I put on a pair of pantyhose, and this excites me almost to orgasm. Am I a pervert? And what can I do to make my wife enjoy sex more? — A.B.

You are just another super-horny man who gets better as he gets older, like good wine.

Some women have what you call "penis envy" and wish they could grow a cock. I myself feel that way on some occasions. In your case, I would call it cunt envy, since you simply love and adore women so much that you would like to be one with them.

I think you should go out and find yourself a lovely mate who will fulfill your tremendous appetite instead of secretly masturbating and dressing up in a narcissistic way. Yet you are cheating on your wife by satisfying yourself with an image of some other woman, whether it is yourself or another you are thinking of.

You will be better off with a real woman than being a surrogate woman and taking a chance of making a fool of yourself. Yours is not a serious problem; you have only developed it lately, because you don't get enough sex at home. So go out and get it somewhere else.

A PEDAGOGICAL LUST

I am twenty, a male student and still a virgin. There is a teacher at my school who really turns me on. She is older than I (I have a penchant for older women), and I would just love her to be the one who initiates me into the world of love. How can I approach her and let her know how I feel without placing us both in an embarrassing situation? I realize that I am taking a chance if I ask her, but my horniness outweighs my fear. Is there any way I can convince her to help me without causing trouble? No other woman will do, and I am getting hornier every minute thinking about it. Please advise me. — Jim.

Write your teacher a little note saying that you have an urgent, "pressing" matter to discuss with her, and would it suit her to meet you at such and such time at a certain milk bar or coffee shop after school hours.

See how she reacts. The rest is up to you. You are a big boy now. A no you always have; a yes you can get.

If she turns you down, you'd better go out and try to find a mature woman like her. There are millions of lovely ladies waiting for Mr. Right to ask them out on a date.

ANY NECTAR BUT HIS

My wife and I meet two other married couples for a key party every month. My wife enjoys a spanking, and when one of the other guys gives her one she has a desire to fellate him. She says she likes making them produce their "delicious nectar" and will tongue them as often as they want it. She claims that she has never had intercourse with either man and wants to keep it that way. But she refuses to fellate me. Why the other two and not her husband? Do you think I should surprise her with a spanking myself? — B.C.

Your wife is obviously a bit of a masochist as well as an exhibitionist, since she seems to love and crave the attention of various different men and likes to be different from the average swinging lady. Next time around in a swing, I would suggest you participate in the spanking game. Maybe even use a ruler, as a schoolmaster would. Or how about a gentle spanking with a good hard brush to spice it all up? However, do

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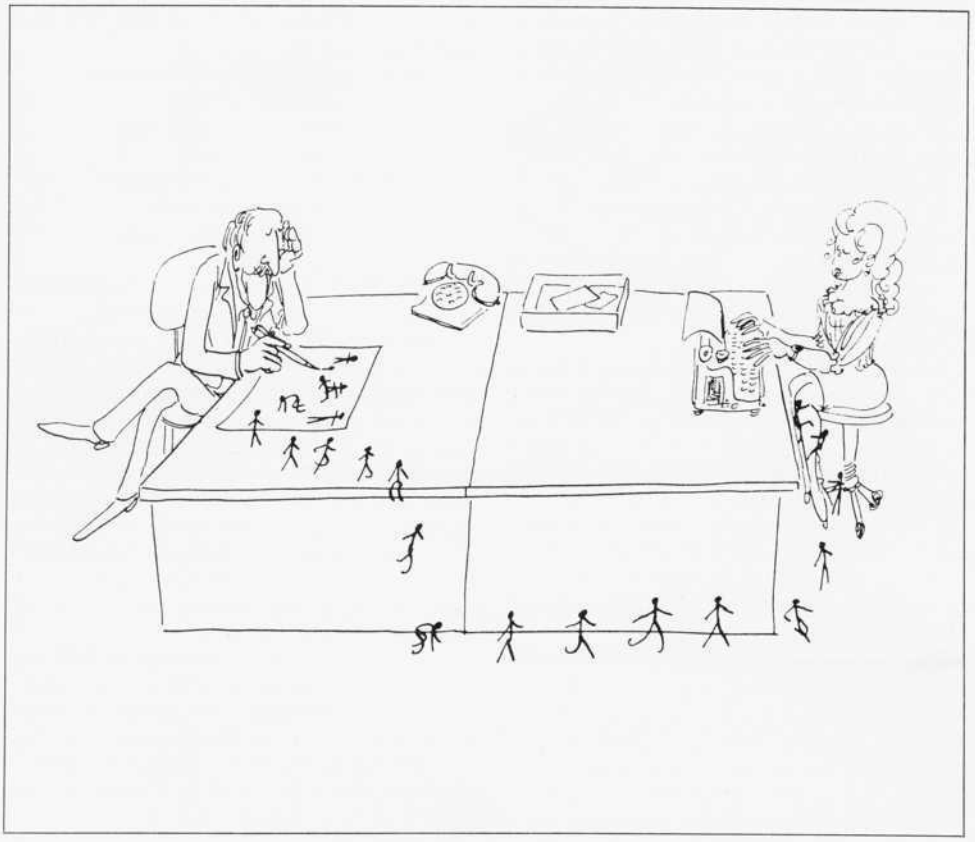

HONKY-TONK ANGELS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

As the song fades out, Fang's steam shovel mouth cranks open slowly, emitting a shrill, prerecorded yelp. But the little devil is going backward! "GOOD GAWD . . . can't you hear your master's voice?" booms the Boogie King.

Somewhere deep in Fang's circuits there's been a cybernetic lapse. It's something to do with the word "igloo." It's jamming the memory bank! Could it possibly be that "igloo" is Japanese for reverse? Maybe these crazy cuties are really kamikaze canines, and perhaps deviously implanted underneath the layer of circuit English there's a secret code programed to respond to key words in country songs. A random list: "X," "bottle," "igloo," "lonesome," "darling," "Lord." And as country songs start to invade the urban airwaves, all the Munchkins, activated by the critical lyric, will respond to the countless radios, jukeboxes, TV's and stereos unknowingly beaming them their orders: "*March On Opryland!*" When they get there, they'll eat up every plastic log on the site and lunch on hillbilly facsimiles. Then they'll move on to Nashville . . . whole mountains in Kentucky will be ravaged. Moonshine stills, mandolins, jugs, banjos and fiddles will be their special targets. And after they've devoured the last splinter of the Grand Ole Opry House, the only place in the world to hear authentic, down-home picking will be — Japan! The Oriental Opry will surface, featuring a phonetic Flatt and lip-sync Scruggs. They'll even kidnap Bill Monroe and have him enthroned on Mount Fuji.

Could this be why Tammy Wynette has been spelling things out all these years? Now that we're on the subject, Tammy wasn't the only one. First there was "T" for Texas and "T" for Tennessee, then "Big D little a double l a . . ." and Roy Acuff used to have a religious number about "Radio Station S-A-V-E-D." Does he get newscasts direct from Heaven?

The alphabet of sin is hardly new to Nashville, anyway. It's as old as country music itself. It begins with A for achin' heart, goes on to B for behind the barn, falls off badly by the time you get to the P's and Q's and gets downright funky in the U's ("You Took the Ramblin' Out of Me") and the "double U's" ("Some Day You'll Want Me to Want You"). Which brings us back to the core, or what you might call the broken heart, of Nashville mythology: the X.

THE BATTLE OF THE X's

On the subject of the X's there are two very different schools of thought. There are the "sufferettes" and there are the "killers." The "killers" are epitomized by Merle Haggard's free-floating fantasy of what every guy really wants. "Hell," Haggard said of Errol Flynn, "that son of a bitch died in the arms of a seventeen-year-old broad . . . fifty-somethin' years old . . . out on a yacht. Now you *know* he died with a smile on his face. This is what every common working fellow would like to do. In the back of his mind, he'd like to take that yacht trip."

This is the "killer" apotheosis — a barroom Liebestod, a prairie-schooner daydream adrift on a sea of beer. The cowboy's consummation: to die in the saddle. "The Killer" is what they call Jerry Lee Lewis, and if there ever was a Killer Monument,

> The alphabet of sin is as old as country music. It begins A for achin' heart, goes to B for behind the barn . . .

it would have to be a giant gyrating model of Jerry Lee's pinkie with "wiggle it around just a little bit" inscribed on the base. But a "killer" is really just any bad mother who hangs out down at the local saloon waiting to maroon some unsuspecting honky-tonk angel on a neon reef. The Hawaiian guitar on the jukebox is probably making him horny as hell. He's a pointy-toed dandy with an "I'll die with my boots on" attitude and just the rotten type "sufferette" heroines are always falling for. Not that Tammy, Loretta, Kitty, Dollie and all the rest haven't been warning her all along.

In the very first and archetypal good-girl-gone-bad song, "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky-Tonk Angels," Kitty Wells, in answer to Hank Thompson's "The Wild Side of Life," laid down what has become the "sufferette" credo.

It's a shame that all the blame
is on us women
It's not true that only men
feel the same
From the start every heart
that's ever broken
There always was a man
to blame*

This was back in 1952, but the "sufferette" lament is still pretty much the same.

Theoretically, you'd think the "killer" could argue on theological grounds that God may not have made honky-tonk angels, but he *did* make honky-tonk angel-makers, thereby recycling the blame, and blame is country's quadratic equation, a sexually latent formula worked out endlessly in the digital language of jukeboxes. J6 cancels U2 . . . Loretta Lynn's "Rated X" neutralizes Merle Haggard's "It Ain't Love, But It Ain't Bad." It's what the country-music record business revolves around.

"Rated X" is the modern version of Honky Tonk Angel — sexy but still with a moral. It's sung for divorcees throughout the land, warning each one that she may become "the kind of goal every man might try to make," and then she'd be rated X. Typical of the way "sufferettes" deal with divorce and extramarital sex, the message is for an audience still basically conservative and religious, which demands that "that kind of love" be dealt with in moral terms. The seemingly prudish "Rated X" covers much the same territory as the hard-hitting "Harper Valley P.T.A.," but because "Rated X" is delivered as a warning of what *not* to do, it is allowed to be considerably more suggestive—the double standard couched in the double entendre:

"Well nobody knows
where you're going
But they sure know
where you've been
All they're thinking of
is your experience of love
Their minds eat up with sin.*

In the "sufferette-killer" duet, where one or preferably both lovers are married to different people, the situation gets more complicated. The classic of this kind of song, "I Know You're Married, But I Love You Still," was a hit in the Forties and has sold steadily ever since. This double-bind ballad locks both partners into a sinful cycle from which there seems to be no escape, and like Li'l Abner and Moonbeam McSwine in Dogpatch, they're forced to repeat their sins over and over again. While this song genre is pretty common and has an obviously strong romantic appeal, the moral code in country music concerning infidelity is rigid. Women are the major buyers of country music, and though they fantasize about the honky-tonk way of life, they basically still accept an image of themselves that's not too far removed from the one described in an old Kentucky ballad, "Wagoner's Lad," where they're only "Controlled by their parents until they are wives / then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives."

Predictably enough, when the "killer" sings about himself, he's also obliged to play the role of loser, whether trying to drink her away ("Tonight the Bottle Let Me Down") or just plain sober and sorry ("I Walk the Line"). But whether you're listening to "killers" or "sufferettes," in the game of "X's" somebody's always hurtin'. The moral code demands that all the players must pay, and pain is the currency in country music. Even the instruments talk about it — the fiddle weeps, the mandolin pleads, the steel peddle wails, the guitar chokes up, and the banjo breaks down.

Where all this misery comes from and why it has become the emotional core of country music is something of a mystery. Some say it is a legacy from the Irish and Scottish settlers of Appalachia, who brought with them the notoriously gloomy tales and tragic airs of their Gaelic homeland. Maybe it was just the harshness and isolation of rural life. In any case, country-music misery is something to be *relished* . . . get on the whiskey, cry in your beer, but get down with it. *Sunt lacrimae rerum.* Or, as they say in Egypt, "Aren't we the children of tears?"

As sad as all this gets, and nothing gets so downright miserable as country—like

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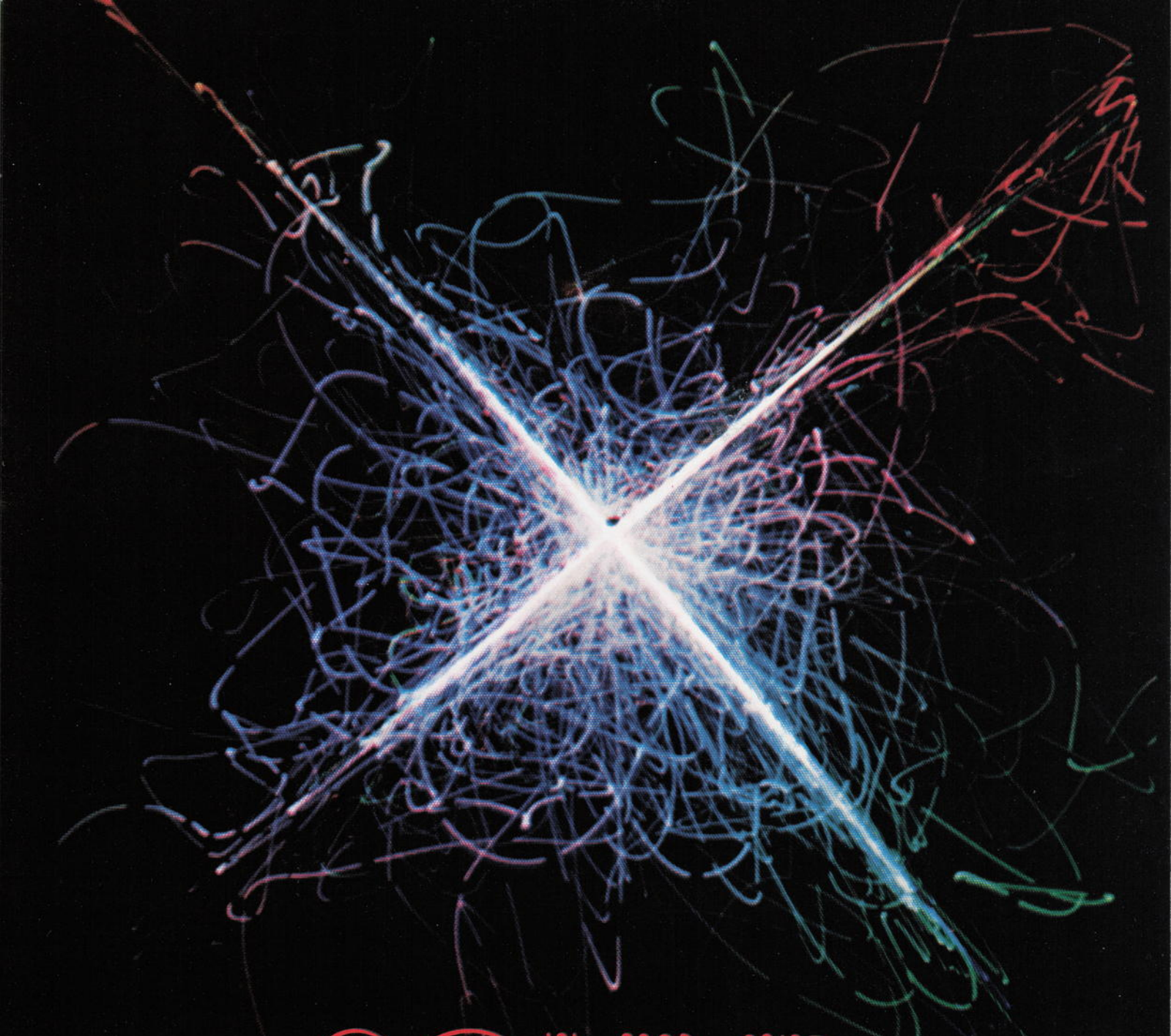
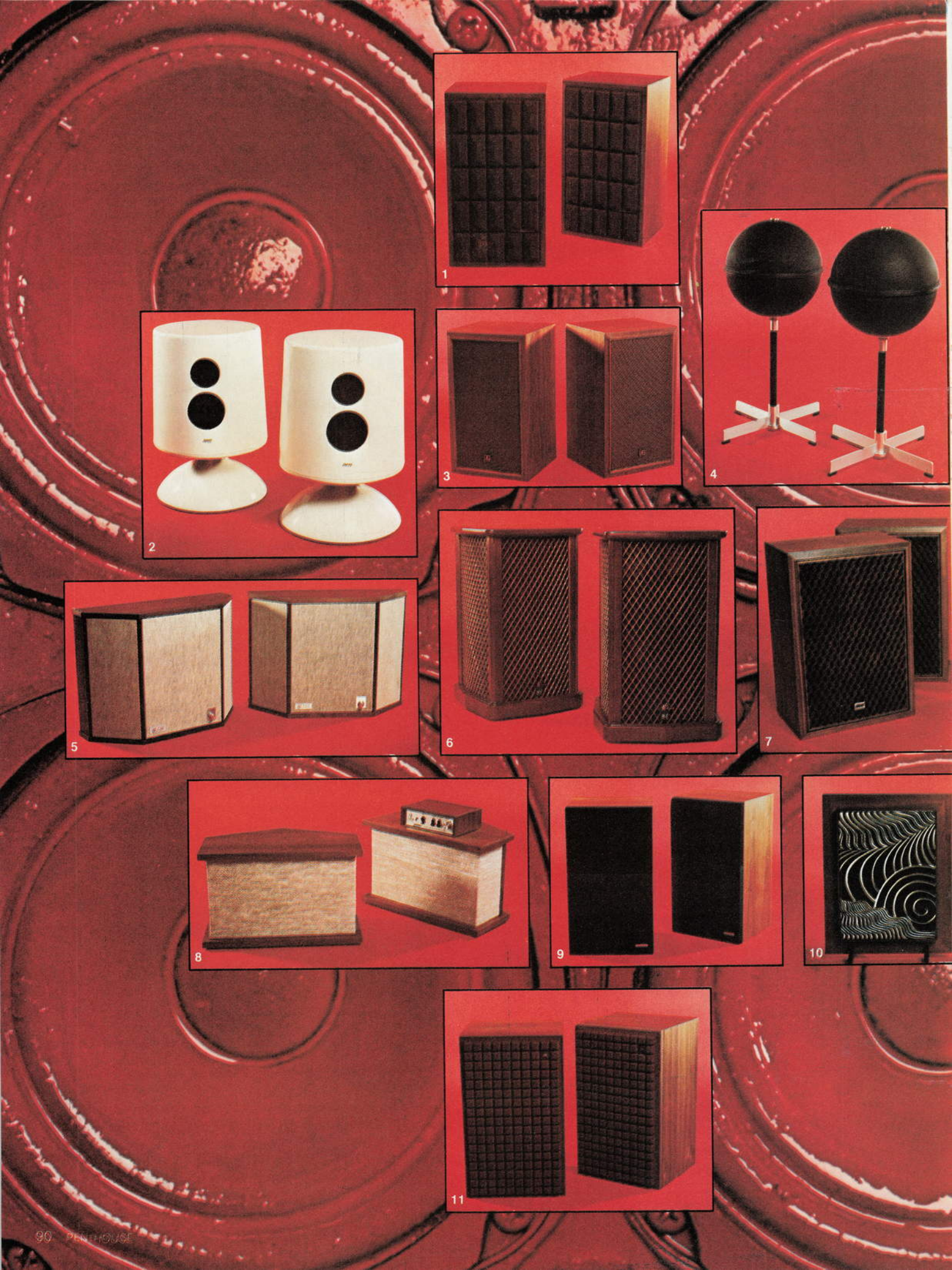


SOUND

In this special
Penthouse Stereo Report,
Robert Angus explores speakers
and reel-to-reel tape recorders
and gives some valuable tips
on how to shop for each.

Produced by Mike Parish

The Acoustic Field Dimension Color Scope from Technics, by Panasonic, depicts four-channel sound distribution on four quadrants of a color-television screen. Frequencies are represented by fast-moving lines of various lengths and colors. The Scope was built for demonstration purposes; unfortunately, it's not available on the market.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WHAT YOU HEAR IS WHAT YOU GET

Have you ever wondered how the audio experts go shopping for a high-fidelity loudspeaker? If you've done so or even read the ads in hi-fi magazines, you know there are dozens of brands and models, many of which look similar but vary in price from less than $50 to more than $300. There are familiar names—Bose, Pioneer, Acoustic Research, Empire, JBL, Sony—and at least as many others you may never have heard of. How do you tell which one is right for you?

The ultimate test of any loudspeaker system is not the number of individual speakers inside, the complexity of the electronics, or how nearly "flat" the system's frequency response. Every audio critic knows of "flat" speakers that sound worse than systems with a strong middle-range boost or a rapid falloff in high-frequency response. There are also single-speaker systems that sound better than others with two or three speakers. Most speaker systems, unlike record changers and tape decks, have no moving parts to go wrong. The electronics are of the most rudimentary kind, not likely to develop the problems of a stereo receiver, tuner or amplifier. So the sound the speaker makes is the main consideration. Of course, you may prefer the appearance of one system over another—Empire's modish Jupiter over a conventional bookshelf model, or JBL's hand-rubbed, oiled-walnut finishes to a cheaper, woodlike, vinyl finish.

The classic test of a speaker system is comparing it to live music. But in recent years, rock music has developed its own electronic sound, unlike anything you're likely to hear live in a concert hall. It can be enhanced by speakers like Pioneer's R series or JBL's Century, Prima or Lancer speakers.

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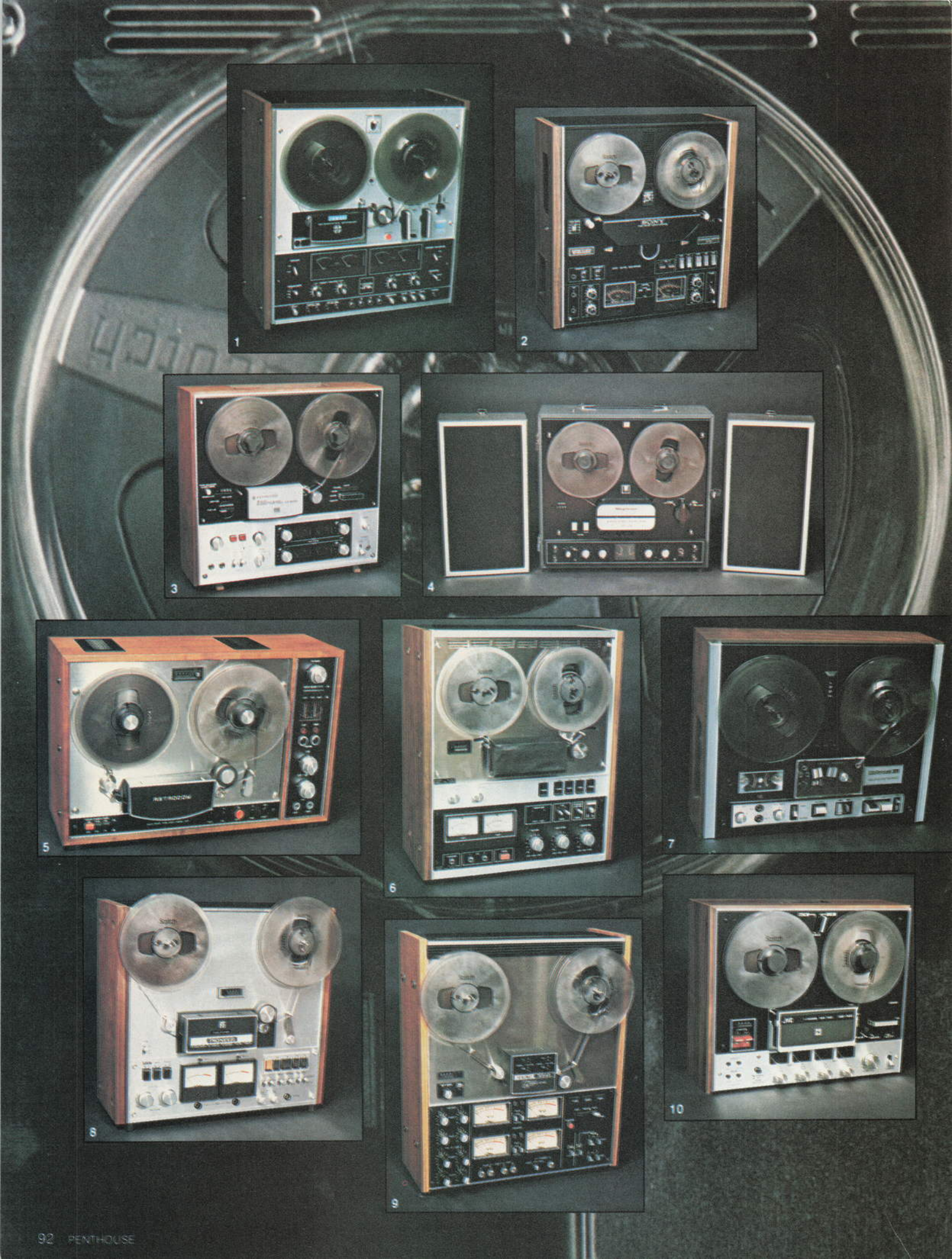
1 Marantz *Imperial 6 with polyfoam grill, acoustically more transparent than the usual cloth, features three-position tweeter control switch, super-large voice coil and double-weight ferrite magnet assembly on woofer. About $180 each.* **2** Empire's *Jupiter 6500 three-way speaker system made of Uniroyal Rubicast, a virtually indestructible acoustic material; it is weatherproofed for outdoor use and uses a downward-facing woofer for bass, a powerful cone-type midrange speaker, and an ultrasonic tweeter with wide-angle dispersion. About $140 each.* **3** Hitachi *HS-500 is a compact but heavy deluxe speaker system with remarkably flat frequency response. It is capable of producing very natural sound with extremely low distortion by means of a newly designed woofer and a tweeter with a diffuser. About $275 each.* **4** JVC's *unique VS-5313, featuring four woofers and four tweeters arranged in a radial pattern on the inside of a pedestal-mounted sphere, provides complete sound omni-directionally. It can be suspended from the ceiling. About $180 each.* **5** Acoustic Research's *LST (Laboratory Standard Tranducer) has 12-inch acoustic suspension woofer, four 1½-inch midrange hemispherical radiators, four 4¾-inch hemispherical tweeters, and a six-position switch to regulate relative output levels of each speaker. About $600 each.* **6** Sansui *SF-2 is an omni-radial sound-field speaker system with dual woofers that can handle 65 watts of power. It is ideal, in its elegant walnut* Kumiko *fretwork cabinet, as the rear pair in a quadriphonic system. About $190 each.* **7** Akai *SW-175 four-speaker system features high and midrange level controls, uses an unpainted woofer cone to permit outflow of natural bass sound, and offers extra-wide frequency response. About $295 each.* **8** Bose *901 has nine driver speakers, one in front and eight on two angled panels in the rear, which operate over the entire audio-frequency range to eliminate audible speaker resonances and to achieve a correct balance between direct and reflected sound. It comes complete with active equalizer to balance the two speakers' frequencies. About $476 for the pair, including equalizer.* **9** Pioneer's *CS-R500, with unique two-part front grill, has newly-developed woofer, midrange speaker cones and a horn tweeter. About $160 each.* **10** Fisher's *unusual PL-6 Sound Panel is only 2¾ inches deep, comes in eight fabric patterns ("Zebra" is shown), and produces full-frequency sound radiating 360 degrees from an acoustical polymer-surfaced speaker. About $138 each.* **11** JBL's *Century 100 speaker is modeled on a professional studio monitor and has a twelve-inch bass woofer, five-inch midrange speaker, 1½-inch tweeter, and a waffled airfoam grill available in three colors. About $273 each.*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THE REEL SOUND

By now there wasn't supposed to be any such thing as an open-reel tape recorder. The people who were supposed to know these things confidently predicted that the big recorder with the feed and takeup reels, which had been around since 1947, was bound to disappear when the high-fidelity cartridge and cassette recorders and playback equipment arrived. After all, they did away with the need for handling tape. And with a good cassette unit, at least, you could get *almost* as good results as with one of the big monsters that cost two or three times as much.

Why would anybody want to buy an open-reel recorder? Even the experts aren't sure. But it's obvious that somebody is buying, because a growing number of super-fi models appear from such manufacturers as Teac, Akai, JVC, Panasonic, Kenwood, Sony, Sanyo and Pioneer, who are also doing very well with cassette and cartridge recorders.

The newer, more convenient devices have, it's true, replaced the less expensive open-reel recorders. You can't buy a big machine these days for much less than $200. But it's not at all unusual to find audiophiles plunking down $500 and more for machines which reverse automatically at the end of the reel or play back four-channel tapes. And the real status symbols are mammoth models by Teac, Sony and a few others with no convenience frills at all—just extremely rugged construction and studio quality performance, with price tags of $700 to $1,000 or more.

Of course, fidelity is the main reason for buying an open-reel recorder. You simply can't get the frequency response into cassettes or cartridges that you can get on open-reel tape. Nor the dynamic range. The louds are very loud and very crisp, the quiets very quiet even without Dolby or other noise reduction. The overtones that make one musical instrument or vocalist sound unlike another are recorded more faithfully—including the ones too high for your ear to perceive. And the bass can be rich and full without rumbling.

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1 Akai *1800D-SS combination eight-track–cartridge/reel-to-reel Surround Stereo tape-recorder deck for four-channel quad can transfer recordings directly from reel to cartridge and perform myriad other functions. About $550.* **2** Sony Superscope *TC-580, designed for the serious music enthusiast, features ESP auto reverse, three-motor servo control and electro bilateral heads with full six-head function. About $500.* **3** Kenwood's *KW-6044 offers four-channel hyperbolic playback heads, four playback preamplifiers, tape selector, tape monitor, and three tape speeds. About $360.* **4** Magnavox's *9002 four-speed stereo tape recorder has automatic shutoff, level volume tone and pushbutton record controls for each channel, two microphone, two auxiliary input, two speaker and two auxiliary-speaker jacks. There are two six-inch oval speakers attached to its black, vinyl-clad carrying case. About $240.* **5** Astrocom *407-A tape deck has four tracks, three motors and four heads. It features automatic reverse and shutoff, dual VU meters, and sound-on-sound recording capability. About $460.* **6** Technics by Panasonic *RS-714US three-motor, three-head tape deck incorporates tape tension control, tape selector, tape source monitor, sound-on-sound recording capability and other fun features. About $500.* **7** Wollensak 3M *6154 model offers four-track stereophonic and monophonic recording/playback, three heads, three speeds and two motors. It allows sound-on-sound, sound-with-sound, reverberation and enhanced monophonic recording. About $300.* **8** Pioneer's *brand-new RT-1020 features three motors, four VU meters, three-position bias level switch, an independent tape monitor, two-channel record and four-channel playback capability. It has a 10½-inch reel capacity and is equalized to handle regular and low-noise tapes. About $600.* **9** Teac's *deluxe 3340 offers four-channel simul-sync recording capability with overdub, three-motor tape transport mechanism, dual-level bias settings for conventional and low-noise tapes, 2/4 channel-mode switch, 10½-inch reel capacity, two tape speeds, and automatic shutoff. About $960.* **10** JVC *4RD-1405 four-channel tape deck has automatic stop, automatic tape cleaner and a simplified tape-loading mechanism. It assures tone quality and a wide dynamic range through the use of IC and three-stage direct-coupled E-E feedback circuitry. About $300.*

Letters to the basement

Penthouse publishes a number of letters each month from the standard, run-of-the-mill contributor, your ordinary, everyday British nobleman (I do it fully clothed in the shower with the maid; I do it with my brother while he plays the harmonica; let's have more pictures of amputees, etc.).

It so happens that an entirely different batch of mail is delivered to the boiler room of the same building, to a tiny office jammed between the coal chute and the morgue. A recent sampling from the office included the following letters:

From an electronic computer in Plover's Lane, Hants, Wicks, Neep, Erk.

Dear *Penthouse:* I am a completely mobile young computer and have recently met another of my race who seems to be quite attractive. We are both what is known as multi-use. I have been programmed to supply the names of all lady dentists in Sussex who play with themselves; to defeat Bobby Fischer at mumblety-peg; to count the number of times the word "Allah" appears in the Koran, etc. My new friend, on the other hand, can translate Basque into twelve Hungarian dialects, is a judo black belt and can make a hell of a cheese omelette.

We spent several days together recently at Mesnisle-sur-Marne and arc-ed together all over the place. It was a happy time. I fed her input constantly, and she favored me with many a joyous readout.

I am writing this letter to you because I think I have crabs.

This is a warning to others who may be taken in by a pair of roguish voltmeters. Whether digital or analogue, be sure you use a pro. Beware of ammeters.

(Signed)

Dear *Penthouse:* I am the president of a great country north of Mexico, south of Canada, which shall be nameless.

I have this air-conditioned room with a fireplace that burns real logs and has a color TV so I can watch the splashdowns and the football games, so that I know what time to make phone calls. This is where I look at the pictures in your swell mag.

I would have written sooner, but it's just been hades around here. I had this war going, see, and a lot of commies were yakking about stopping it, and I had this German guy in the cellar who wanted to keep it going, and I had these big campaign contributors who said we couldn't get out unless we got some honor along with it etc., etc. Well, I got out of that one by just *saying* that we had a bunch of honor and could quit now, and then I did the same thing with crime and all those cities I have that are falling apart. Once I found out that you could fix anything you wanted by just making a statement that it *was* fixed, it was easy.

But I have one problem left over. My people worship me as a kind of god, and they're right, if you know what I mean. But part of my "front," if that's the word I mean, is that I am a Quaker and sort of a Puritan. I am not known to have any emotions or vices. I am clean, see. So the problem is, I have these two daughters. Now, if I say that I'm a real virgin it looks funny . . . it brings up the question of who is the girls' father? And if I say I am their father, it looks as though I've balled with my wife. Which my people know I wouldn't do.

If any of your readers can help me out, will they just drop a card to "Erlichman," 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., and oblige?

(Signed)

Dear *Penthouse:* I am caught in a time warp and think I'm somewhere on Mount Olympus. There's a fellow here, Zeus, who's married to Hera, his sister. By his sister, he has three kids . . . Ares, Hebe and Hephaestus. By another broad, Leto, he has had Apollo and Artemis; by Demeter, Persephone; by Dione, Aphrodite; he's lain with Maia, who gave birth to Hermes; with Semele, who had Dionysus; he's been with Alcemene, who gave birth to Hercules, Mnemosyne, who had the Muses, and Eurynome, mother of the Graces.

This is some cocksman.

They have a bunch of centaurs around here, damdest things you've ever seen. They have four legs, and the front part is got up like a man. This is the part that does the preliminary work, like talking.

The back part is pure jock, if you know what I mean.

It is very comical to see them when they have to go to the john. They lift either hind leg and then let fly against the nearest Ionic column.

Got talking with a fine looking chick name of Leda and thought I was getting somewhere until she told me she does it with swans, for Chrissake! Well, you know how some of these birds are.

Ran into one called Europa, and this you gotta believe. She keeps this big white bull, see. The bull isn't a bull all the time, he's really Zeus making out the hard way. Europa has three kids, Minos, Rhadamanthys and Sarpedon. They have rings in their noses.

A nice old drunk has asked me to send you the enclosed drachmae for a year's sub. Address it to Bacchus, the Pub, Thessaly.

Oh, His old man is named Zeus. Honest to the gods.

(Signed)

Dear *Penthouse:* I am a maiden lady of eighty-seven. I have never kissed a boy, held hands, nothing of that sort. The reason is that when I was a little girl, my sainted Mother told me that boys were nasty, and for me that was enough. I don't believe I had a Father because I never saw one around the house, and my sainted Mother never mentioned one to me.

Now, I have a question. One day when I was about six or seven, I was on my way home from the greengrocers with a little clump of greens my Mother wanted for a nourishing soup she was about to make. As I turned the corner on the little path which led to our simple cottage, Old Ned, a man who did odd jobs in the neighborhood, let fall his overalls.

"C'mere, Nelly," he said, "I won't hurt 'ee."

In the front of him he had something attached to him that stuck out all red and white. It bobbled about.

I truly didn't have time to spend with Old Ned, as Mother was waiting for her greens, so I curtsied and said that perhaps some other time?

I have been wondering, on and off for eighty or eighty-one years just what that was sticking out there. A dolly? A mousie?

Perhaps one of your readers can help an old lady out?

(Signed)

Just keep those letters coming.

SEXINDEX

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insensitive); observations were made of masturbatory behavior in infants. Kinsey began publishing the results of his survey in 1948 with *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male;* it was followed in 1953 by *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female.* These were based on the histories of more than 5,000 white males and more than 5,000 white females (he excluded nonwhite respondents at that stage because he thought his data insufficient). Public interest was enormous, especially since so many of Kinsey's findings were completely unexpected. He revealed, for instance, that 8 percent of his male respondents and 0.4 percent of his female respondents had reached orgasm at least once with an animal; that 92 percent of men had masturbated (he found three or four who did so predominantly by self-fellation!); that 0.3 percent of women could recall masturbating before the age of three, and 2 percent before the age of five; that only 4 percent of American males were exclusively homosexual, but 37 percent had had at least one homosexual experience to the point of orgasm; that 28 percent of women had had some lesbian experience by the age of forty-five; that over 80 percent of men could still reach "erectal potency" (not necessarily to ejaculation) at age sixty, and 25 percent could still reach it at age eighty. These findings were not only valuable in correcting many long-standing myths, but many of them paved the way for later therapeutic advances. Kinsey pointed out that female frigidity was extremely rare (less than 2 percent of his sample had not experienced *some* form of sexual arousal), but many women can achieve orgasm more readily through masturbation than through coitus, and he therefore recommended that the nonorgasmic woman should "practice," as it were, by masturbating. "Having learned what it means to suppress inhibitions," he wrote, "and to abandon herself to the spontaneous physical reactions which represent orgasm in masturbation, she may become more capable of responding in the same way in coitus." Though Kinsey's survey has been criticized for relying on volunteer respondents rather than random sampling, most later research has tended to confirm his findings. Since Kinsey's death in 1956, his Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University has continued to study sex behavior.

kiss: A caress with the lips. Can be affectionate, filial, religious, an act of homage, etc. as well as sexual. In most European countries, friends commonly greet each other with kisses on both cheeks. In its simplest form, the sexual kiss consists of pressing one's lips against those of one's partner, but a much sexier variant, known as the "French" or "deep" or "soul" kiss is performed with the mouth open, so that the tongue can explore and suck the inside of the partner's mouth. Since this area is peculiarly sensitive, this form of kissing is highly erotic, and for some people is sufficient alone to induce orgasm. Some North American Indians and Trobriand Islanders have an even more elaborate version: the lips and tongue are sucked violently and then, at the appropriate moment, saliva is allowed to flow from one partner's mouth to the other. In 19th-century Brittany, couples performed "Maraichinage," a French kiss that lasted for several hours nonstop. Oral kissing is by no means universal. Some societies, such as the Balinese and the Fijians, consider it disgusting. The Japanese recognize it only as something that mothers do to babies; its erotic potential is completely unknown. A substitute for mouth kissing in some societies is nose kissing, in which the smell of the partner acts as a sexual stimulant. The Balinese, for instance, bring their faces close enough to catch each other's body smell and feel the warmth of the skin, moving the head slightly from side to side.

knickers (knickerbockers): Women's undergarment. Until the 1850s Victorian ladies did not wear underpants. In 1852 a fashionable London gynecologist, Dr. Tilt, recommended them to prevent pneumonia. The first "drawers" were strictly utilitarian, made of white flannel or calico, but gradually they began to blossom in different colors and fabrics, silks and laces. In 1859 the Duchess of Manchester, falling over a stile, revealed a pair of scarlet tartan knickerbockers. However, these early drawers were all crotchless, consisting of two separate legs suspended loosely from a waistband. It was quite possible to make love with them on, and many people did, as recounted in one 19th-century porn novel, *The Three Chums:* "A quiver of delight thrilled through her frame as he gained complete insertion, her lovely legs encased in delicate knickerbocker drawers fringed with lace, and set off by rose-colored silk stockings and high-heeled Parisian boots, were thrown amorously over his manly buttocks, while his hands clasped round her lovely rump as it rose in agitated heaves in response to his vigorous thrusts." Nevertheless, many men remained adamantly opposed to the fashion. In 1855 King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia saw a lady-in-waiting trip over at a state reception in Paris and remarked to the French Empress: "I am delighted to see, Madame, that your ladies do not wear drawers, and that the gates of paradise are always open." Walter (*q.v.*) laments in *My Secret Life:* "More and more this fashion of wearing drawers seems to be spreading. Formerly no woman wore them, but now whether lady, servant, or whore, they all wear them. I find they hinder those comfortable chance feels of bum and cunt, of which I have had so many."

Knowlton, Charles: Massachusetts doctor who in 1832 wrote and published *The Fruits of Philosophy,* one of the first books on contraceptive techniques. Knowlton recommended (and claimed, perhaps truthfully, to have invented) the douche (*q.v.*). The book became an immediate bestseller in the U.S. It was published in England in 1834 and sold 42,000 copies, largely without police interference. Then in 1876 freethinkers Bradlaugh and Besant decided to make a "test case" of its availability. They republished it and presented copies of the new edition to police, press and magistrates. They were duly prosecuted, but the jury refused to make them martyrs and, while condemning the book as "calculated to deprave public morals," exonerated the defendants of "any corrupt motive in publishing it." The case served to make Knowlton's work a *cause célèbre* almost a half- century after its first publication and helped awaken the public to the possibilities of contraception.

Koran: Sacred book of Islam. Its text was revealed to the Prophet Muhammad by God through the Angel Gabriel from about A.D. 610 (when Muhammad was forty) to A.D. 630. The earliest dicta were brief rhymed sentences but gradually grew in complexity. The final version comprises 114 *suras,* or chapters, covering all branches of Muslim ethics. During the revelation of the Koran, according to Muhammad's disciple Jabir bin 'Abdallah, "Muhammad abstained, during sexual commerce with his wife, from the spermatic ejaculation into the genital organs of Lady Khedijeh." However, the Koran does not recommend any such ascetism for Muhammad's followers: on the contrary, it allows a high degree of sexual freedom. "Your wives are your tillage: go into your tillage in what manner so ever you will." Polygamy is allowed, and four wives are the recommended number (though Muhammad himself had nine at one time, and eleven altogether), plus as many concubines as one can afford. The reason, Muhammad explained, was that men had to devote themselves to war and religion, which left rather a lot of work for the women to do. The older wives could do the drudgery while the younger wives preserved their sexual attractions in idleness. In practice, polygamy is dying out for economic reasons, and the current incidence in most Muslim countries seems to be about one polygamous household for every twenty monogamous ones. Extramarital sex is strongly condemned, and the Koran offers terrible punishments for adulterers and prostitutes: "If any of your women be guilty of whoredom, then bring four witnesses against them from among yourselves, and if they bear witness *to the fact,* shut them up within their houses till death release them, or God make some way for them." Typically, the punishment for men is lighter. But Islam suffers less of the double-think inherent in Christian views on sex, and it is the only major religion that promises sensual delights in the afterlife.

Krafft-Ebing, Richard von (1840–1902): German sexologist, author of *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886). He was the eldest son of an aristocratic family from Mannheim. After studying at Heidelberg and qualifying as a neurologist and psychiatrist, he was appointed Professor of Psychiatry at Strassburg University at the early age of twenty-nine. His special interest was legal aspects of insanity (he published an influential textbook on the subject), and he was often called to the courts as an expert witness in sex-crime cases. *Psychopathia Sexualis* appeared when he was forty-six, and he constantly enlarged and revised it the rest of his life. It is a collection of case histories of sexual abnormality, many of them lurid and bizarre, broadly categorized under fetishism, homosexuality, sadism and masochism. It helped establish sexology as a science. But unlike Havelock Ellis (*q.v.*), Krafft-Ebing had no sympathy for his subjects, and he jumbled cases of mild deviancy (e.g. case 123, a young man who got an erection from kissing roses) with horrific sex crimes (e.g. case 22, a forty-one-year-old man who strangled six prostitutes and tore out their intestines and kidneys *per vaginam*), implying that one could easily lead to the other. Talking of giving love-bites to one's sexual partner, he wrote: "The transition from these atavistic manifestations to the most monstrous acts . . . can be readily traced." Most sexual abnormality, he thought, was due to "hereditary taint" and/or masturbation, and he presented the cautionary tale of a woman who had masturbated since the age of eight: "She was pregnant twelve times. Five of the children died early, four were hydrocephalic, and two boys began to masturbate—one at the age of seven, the other at the age of four." He also recounted what he called "the disgusting story" of a girl who began to masturbate at age seven and "at the age of ten was given up to the most revolting vices. Even a white-hot iron applied to the clitoris had no effect in overcoming the practice." Unfortunately for the cause of sexual enlightenment, *Psychopathia Sexualis* is still widely read and frequently reprinted.

Heterosexual Manifesto

By Richard Curtis

How does one become a heterosexual? The common thread that seems to run through our case histories is that at crucial moments in childhood and puberty, we identified with the parent of the same sex...

I am a heterosexual.

With publication of this article, I step out of the closet. The secret of my sex life, which I have jealously guarded since puberty at the cost of unspeakable agony, becomes public record. What will become of me now, I do not know. If the fates of others who have made similar disclosures in the past is indicative, I stand to lose job, friends, community standing, the love of my children, and certainly the censure of fellow heterosexuals. But I have weighed these penalties against the prospect of living out the rest of my life in shame, and found the latter harder to endure. So I declare myself.

Aside from relieving my heart of the burden it has borne too long, I have another reason for coming out publicly. Psychologists and sociologists have spilled untold gallons of ink in their efforts to describe the mental processes and behavior of heterosexuals. Yet nothing I have read approaches accuracy. Indeed, their reports have only aggravated the public's distorted notions of what we are like. Therefore I hope here to put into proper perspective some of the wilder ideas outsiders have about us, which, if they didn't cause us so much grief, would really be quite laughable.

My purpose is not to titillate. But since the reader is undoubtedly hungering for sensational revelations, I will take up the sex life of the heterosexual first. A heterosexual may be defined as a person who is sexually attracted to, and engages in sexual relations with, the opposite sex. That is, male with female, female with male.

As the reader may have some difficulty imagining sexual intercourse between persons of opposite sexes, it must be explained that heterosexuals believe that the male, by virtue (or vice, it will be said) of his emotional and physical makeup, is and should be the dominant sexual partner and initiator of sexual relations. The female is regarded as frailer and more passive, and her role in the preliminary stages of sexual activity is that of seductress.

The logical embodiment of this attitude—and perhaps at this point the reader should send the children to bed—is what hets (as we call ourselves) refer to as the "first position": female supine, male atop her face to face. Coupling is achieved by insertion of the erect male organ into the vagina, and the frenzied motion of the lovers leads to their respective climaxes.

There are numerous variations on this basic position, as well as a host of exotic practices which are not the proper province of a family-oriented publication. Besides, these details only divert attention from the real point of this essay, which is to persuade the reader to recognize that heterosexuals are essentially no different from anybody else in their tender regard for their partners. Like yourselves, our hearts pound faster in the presence of our beloved—and our tears are as genuine as yours when we quarrel.

How does one become a heterosexual? I cannot speak for all of my brothers and sisters, but the common thread that seems to run through our case histories is that at crucial moments in childhood and puberty, we identified with the parent of the same sex—that is, boys with their fathers, girls with their mothers. I remember sneaking up to the attic of our house when I was five years old and trying on some of my father's clothes. The thrill I felt, intensified as it was by my knowledge that this was forbidden, was almost maddening. I returned there again and again, and fight as I might against this inexplicable urge, it finally got the best of me.

Thereafter I never missed an opportunity to put on male clothes in the privacy of my room, strutting and posturing and flexing my muscles and grimacing in the mirror. I found myself casting away dolls in favor of toy guns, forsaking beefcake magazines for cheesecake, and after discovering my strength in comparison to that of most girls my age and even older,

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Ron Lieberman

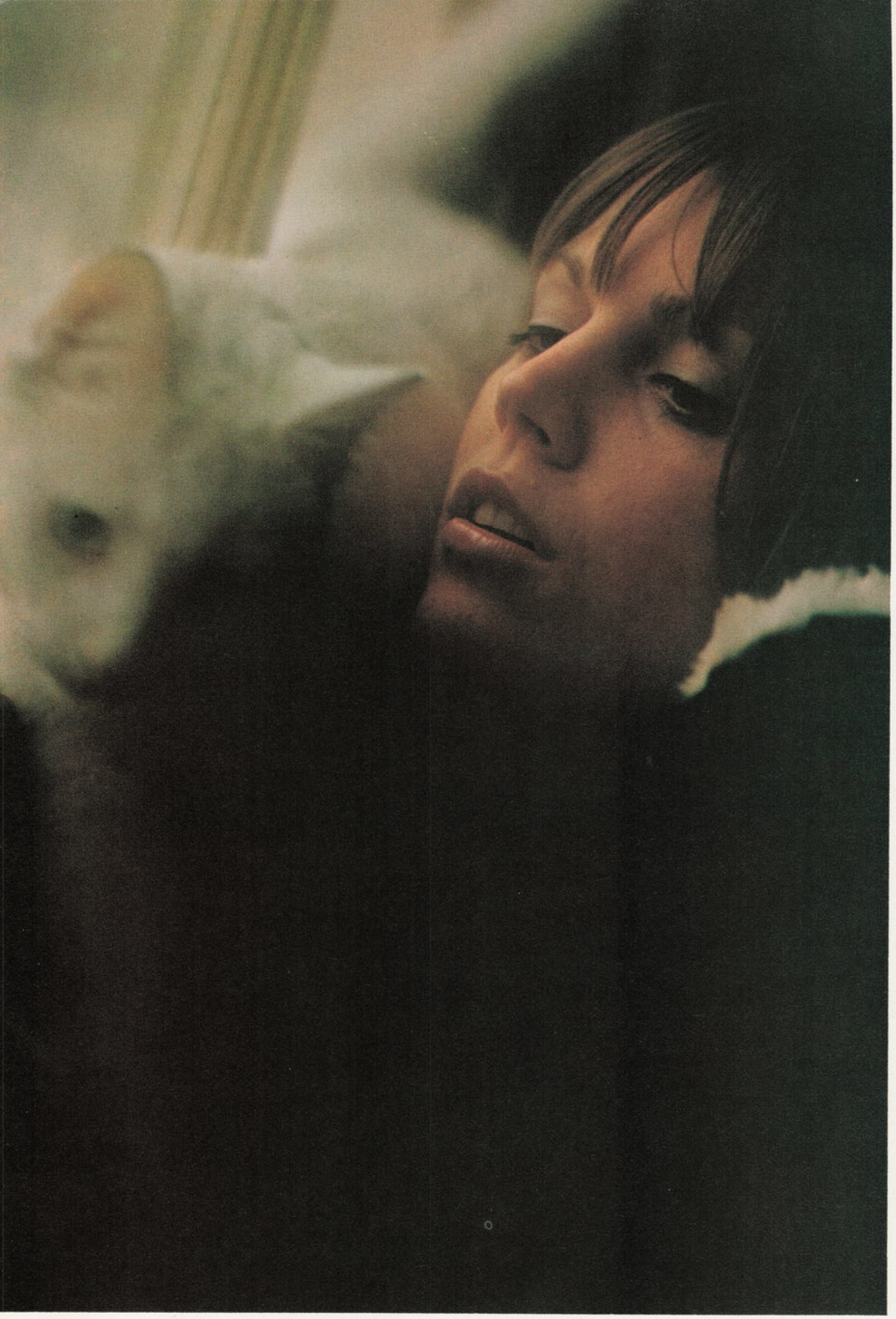
BY THE GRACE OF GAYLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH NELSON

"Moving gracefully when I'm nude makes me feel like a gazelle," whispers California girl Gayle Davis.

Maybe more like a cat . . . lush, soft and sensual. Gayle prowls the rocky California coast, stalking the specter of her own freedom. Freedom to live and love to the fullest.

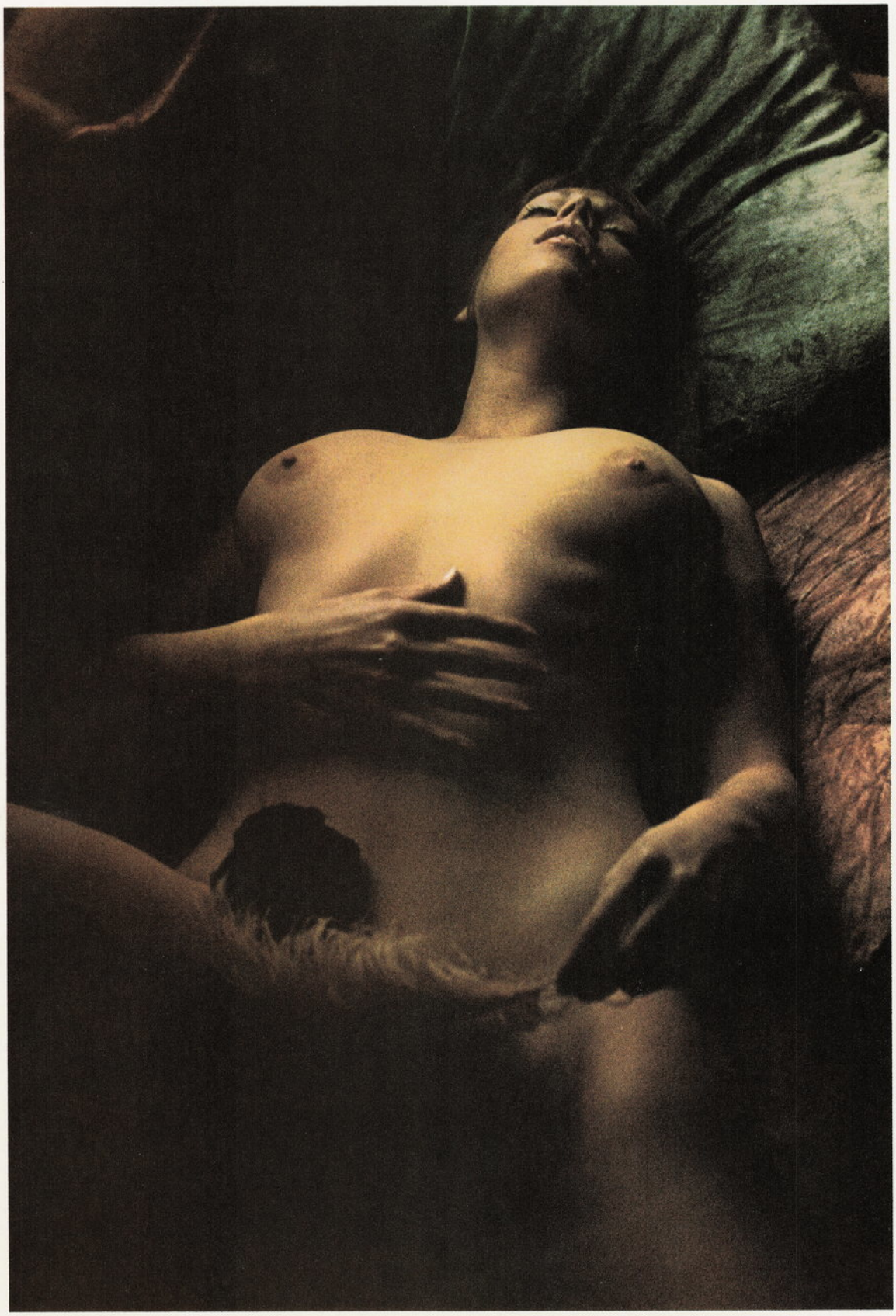
"The most important thing to me is the sense of freedom I'm experiencing now. It's a love that fulfills the soul."

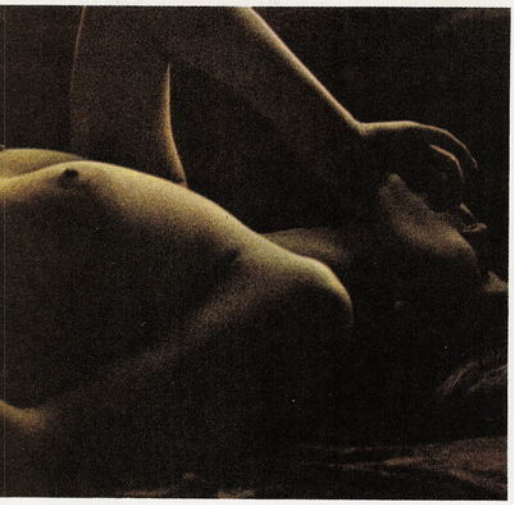


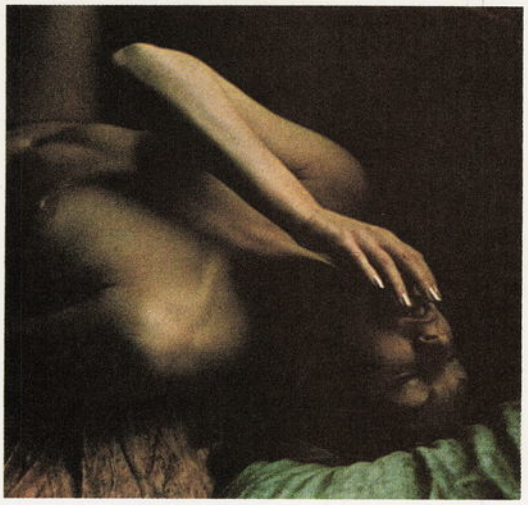
Free in spirit, free in body —but Gayle worked hard and long to get there. Hollywood-born, Santa Monica-bred, she started taking dancing lessons when she was five years old. Her feel for movement and grace led her naturally into painting, then to fashion design and illustration, which she studied at the Art Center School in Los Angeles. Then it was show business, dancing in a television series and beginning an acting career.

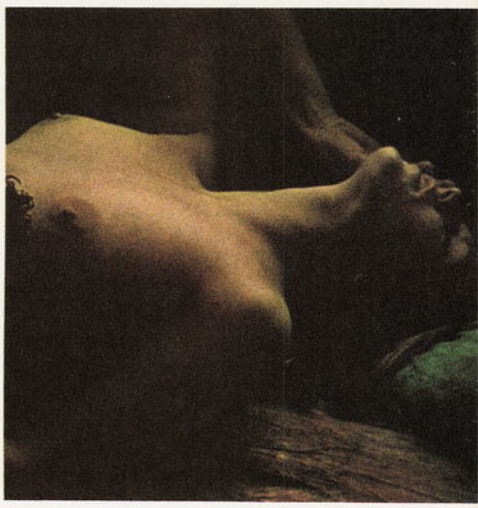
Thoughtfully, she talks about her acting: "I feel that I can make my total feelings come alive through my acting; it helps me project myself."

Though Gayle's first love is still fashion design, she's into combining all her varied talents, wrapping them in one elegantly delicious package. "I can relate my fashion design to my dancing. All my designs are free flowing and ultra-feminine. I love to draw and design very feminine fashions,









like those in the paintings of the 17th Century."

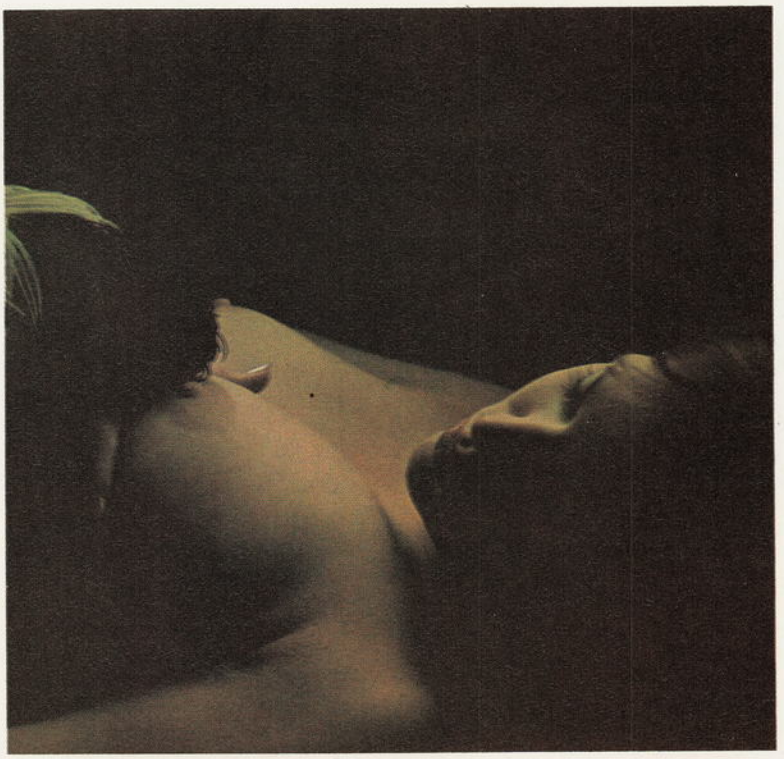
As much as she likes the Old Masters, Gayle is a modern young lady (twenty-four). And she knows that today's art can be found almost anywhere. "Seeing a nude body that moves with grace and has a classic look is like looking at a beautiful picture."

And Gayle (36–24–35), with her light-brown hair and sensitive blue eyes, is a painting come to life.

She's a rare girl, with the grace and dignity of a woman beyond her years, and she's not afraid to speak out against public opinion. Though many are bemoaning the disintegration of the American family, Gayle is not easily disillusioned. "I love my family, and I'm very close to my two beautiful brothers." She attributes her warm and enthusiastic attitude to her father. "Ever since I was a child, he's inspired me to be free and to love life. He opened life to me through nature and the outdoors. I love the sun, the ocean and camping. I also love to swim in the nude."

Now there are other men in her life. But not too many. She breathes deeply and says, "I like being with just one man and having the total involvement that goes with it. I feel that if a man is a *real* man, he can satisfy his woman both mentally and physically and fulfill all of a woman's needs. Then the two people can live and grow together like a flower in the sunshine." Still, Gayle recognizes beauty wherever she sees it. "I appreciate other women because I think women are beautiful."

The lissome Miss Davis looks at her own life with clear blue eyes. She's happy with the man she's found. He's a contemporary erotic artist and he's helped her get in touch with herself through his paintings and by "just being the rugged, masculine man he is. He's inspired and freed my spirit and brought my body and spirit together. Now I am very free."



HETEROSEXUAL MANIFESTO
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

I took pleasure in pulling their hair and otherwise dominating them, rather than submit to their bullying as children are conditioned to do. And of course, when I reached puberty, these childish "virility assertion games" (as my analyst calls them), which are supposed to become sublimated, perversely manifested themselves instead in a compulsion to dominate females.

The punishment I inflicted on myself during this period was cruel, and I contemplated a sex-change operation and even suicide. Luckily, I fell in at length with a few individuals, both male and female, of like mind and habits. This group became a haven, enabled me to experiment uninhibitedly with females and fraternize with males in a non-homosexual fashion, and bolstered my courage to face a hostile world. Our club became a clearing house for important information—tips on disguising ourselves, news of new heterosexual hangouts, word of job opportunities.

Such information was vital if we were to survive. Take my own situation prior to my encounter with the heterosexual underground. I had thought in those years that I masked my appearance and behavior well enough to go undetected in public, but I suppose certain telltale details gave me away unwittingly: my flair for mannish clothing and short hair, a certain stiffness of wrist, a tendency toward lisplessness in my speech. Otherwise, what would account for the fact that many doors which would ordinarily have been open to me were tightly shut? I could not, for instance, get employment as a hairdresser or department store window decorator, though my education and training more than qualified me. In one case I did manage to get through the screening process, but two days after I went to work, I was dragged into a ladies' room and punched out.

Socially it was the same story. The noise level at gay bars would noticeably drop when I walked in, and I would be greeted by frosty sidelong glances or titters or a hatred so palpable I was obliged to leave.

It was obvious to me that I was incapable of fighting these conditions alone; in organization lay the answer. At meetings of our little het society we talked of little else than a day of reckoning when straights would be able to emerge from their dark closets of fear and guilt and walk into the sunlight with heads high.

I'll never forget the day when one of our members returned from a San Francisco holiday with the galvanizing news that he had met others like ourselves. *We were not alone!* We began corresponding with this group, which called itself Protesting Heterosexuals Encountering Hostility—PHEH. PHEH told us about other organizations—in Chicago, Denver and even St. Louis.

Cautiously we formalized our associations with these units, forming at last a national coalition called the Straight Liberation Movement—STRALIBMO for short—with an official membership in the tens of thousands, and a horde of fellow travelers which may number a hundred thousand or more. A het magazine, *Boy Girl Boy Girl Boy Girl,* is published irregularly, and we have the germ of a Washington lobby—actually not much more than a little foyer right now, but growing in strength and determination daily. The STRALIBMO motto is, "Out of the Closet and Into the Lobby."

At this moment in history, heterosexuals have an unprecedented opportunity to make a successful bid for public acceptance and fair treatment under the law. In addition to a significant number of local, state, and federal officials who are *de facto* hets, many legislators are sympathetic to the aims of Straight Lib. For instance, in New York State, traditionally a hotbed of homosexuality, both the conservative Senator Buckley and his liberal colleague Senator Javits have gone on record as "not in principle opposed" to relaxation of certain harsh statutes bearing on sexual intercourse in private between consenting adult males and females.

At the highest governmental level, in fact, there are indications that a more benign attitude towards heterosexuality may be in the wind. This is because of successful infiltration into the ranks of the current administration by our people. It is all but certain, for example, that the President's favorite minister is a sometime heterosexual. STRALIBMO's archives abound with incontrovertible photographs of him in the company of female "escorts" whose heterosexual predilections are well known. We cannot be blamed, then, for believing that that day of reckoning we have dreamed of for so long may at last be near at hand.

I suppose I would still be a so-called "closet king" if it had not been for Angela, the "friend" I began "rooming" with in the late 1960's. After a few years of exquisite bliss, Angela began hinting that she wanted to formalize our relationship. To state it baldly, she wanted me to marry her. This brought about the most serious crisis of my life, for even heterosexuals consider marriage to be the most radical step two of their number can take. Not only does it commit the couple irrevocably to their sexual roles, but usually makes them vulnerable to the biological urge to procreate, almost inevitably with catastrophic results for both parents and progeny.

I resisted Angela's blandishments for over a year and fought temptation so bitterly that I left her for two months and took up with a male, Sidney L_____. But struggle as I might, I could not work up any real feeling for Sidney, though he showered me with presents and was more patient with me than he had any right to be. But I will forever owe him a debt of gratitude, for the affair helped me realize that it was easier to be a social outcast with a clear conscience than a guilt-ridden hypocrite trying to pass for something he is not. Angela and I were married in 1969, and our first-born, Grania, was delivered within a year.

And now Grania has reached the age of curiosity. "Why do you wear pants and mummy dresses?" she asked me the other day. What was I to do, lie? Angela hid all her dresses and skirts and said yes, we lie, for to tell the child the truth might be to traumatize her irreparably.

Perhaps she *will* be traumatized. Perhaps she *will* be beaten up by her classmates and punished by her teachers. Perhaps she *will* be unable to get a job or be admitted to a restaurant. Perhaps she *will* be trailed by jeering children and go through life with echoes of snickers never far from her ears.

Yet some day she will feel the same respect for her father that he feels for himself as he writes these lines, and will tell him that this act of self-exposure was not in vain.

STRALIBMO'S TEN DEMANDS

In its last party convention, the STRALIBMO steering committee recommended that the following demands be proposed to the membership at large and, if endorsed (which they were, unanimously), nailed up on the door of the Mattachine Society.

1. Equal time on the David Susskind Show.
2. A nude male and female centerfold in *Family Circle* magazine.
3. Special beaches that are reserved for heterosexuals.
4. Right-to-work legislation for heterosexuals in the interior-decorating and hairdressing industries.
5. An all-male armed services.
6. A new system of designating sex in forms of address: "Mr." in the case of all males, "Miss" in the case of single females, and "Mrs." in the case of married females.
7. The right to distribute heterosexual publications through normal newsstand channels.
8. The right to exhibit our film, *What is a heterosexual?* in high school auditoriums.
9. The complete cessation of police-state harassment of heterosexuals both in private and public.
10. The total extermination of all who oppose the above demands.

TEN FLAMING HETEROSEXUALS

1. Robert Mitchum
2. Dean Martin
3. Jim Bouton
4. Don Meredith
5. Henry Kissinger
6. Angie Dickinson
7. Jackie Onassis
8. Carol Burnett
9. Tricia Nixon
10. Ali McGraw

WHERE TO GO IF YOU'RE A HETEROSEXUAL

1. New York: The bar at Schrafft's on Third Avenue and 47th Street.
2. Chicago.
3. San Francisco, etc. etc.

His first time was
up against a brick wall in
an alley off Railroad Ave.

WHOREHOUSES OF MY YOUTH

The first time I got laid was on a hot summer's night up against a brick wall in an alley off Railroad Avenue in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The woman pulled her dress up in front, but kept it in place in back because of the roughness of the bricks. It was too dark to see what she looked like, which was probably just as well, and I remember sweating a lot. It was, nonetheless, a memorable experience, and it happened to come back to mind—the texture of brick, the meaty smell of hot woman, the sound of trucks rumbling by through the dark on Railroad Avenue—just the other day, when I was taking a cab through Utica on my way home from a brief educational event at Hamilton College, the place where my mind acquired what was hoped to be a civilized veneer. As we passed along Pearl Street, a flame of memory flickered. "I suppose Irene's is still going strong?" I asked the cabbie.

"Naw," he replied somberly, shaking his head. "Some eager-beaver state cop blew the whistle on her. She went to jail."

It was a sobering moment. At Hamilton we had always assumed that Irene's was a permanent monument to man's baser nature—as immutable as the statue of Alexander Hamilton in front of the chapel—more immutable, in fact, because nobody ever painted "Yankee, Go Home" on Irene, whereas they did on Hamilton.

But the truth is that, state trooper or not, Irene's was doomed anyway. As they say, the amateurs have put the professionals out of business, and that fine old American institution, the whorehouse, is dead and gone. I would like to be able to say good riddance, things are a lot healthier in a culture which doesn't commercialize sex, but I'm not going to. Life was a helluva lot less complicated when a young man could go down to Railroad Avenue on Friday night and get his ashes hauled for a few dollars. One thing you can say for a whore: she doesn't ask you to read her passages from Kahlil Gibran.

The whorehouses of my youth—it wasn't all *that* long ago, actually—were not the classic Victorian ones you read about in Frank Harris or the reminiscences of old jazz musicians from New Orleans. Those establishments, awash with ormolu mirrors, crystal chandeliers and French champagne were run primarily for gentlemen of means. By my era, depression and war had produced a democratic leveling. The ceiling mirrors and Moët et Chardon were gone. Yet there remained something that is missing from 42nd Street massage parlors and Greenwich Village body-painting shops. Those women took pride in their work. Far from feeling like losers or social lepers, they considered their calling an honorable and useful one, and they took professional pride in doing a good job. It pleased them to make a young man comfortable in his mind.

That Railroad Avenue place was typical. I say place, rather than house, because so much of the action went on out of doors. The deal was five dollars to come inside and use the bed, two dollars for outside up against the wall. Money being no less valuable then than it is today, the two-dollar option was usually chosen, unless it was actually pouring rain. As a matter of fact one particularly parsimonious friend of mine used to manage it while holding an umbrella over himself, and the lady too—he was a gentleman—but he gave this up after he got to flailing around during the final minutes once and nearly lost an eye.

I visited Railroad Avenue fairly often at the end of high school, but the time I remember best, of course, is that first time. Not having really seen the girl, I can't recall very much about her. I was too stunned, and all I can remember is thinking, "My God, I'm actually *fucking*. It's me, I'm really *fucking* somebody." As a matter of fact, between being overwhelmed by this notion and the beer that we had been drinking, I doubt if I felt very much of the act itself, but it couldn't have mattered less. I had lost my cherry, as we used to say. It wasn't exactly that I thought I had suddenly become a man; but now I could hold my head up in the company of a number of my fellows with whom I shared a great knowledge. (Or else they were better liars than I thought they were.) We *knew*, those of us who had done it. What it was exactly that we knew, I couldn't have explained (not that anyone was likely to ask), but I knew I knew it, and the hell with the philosophers. Indeed, so great was the thrill of knowing that whenever I would think of it for days after, I would be overwhelmed again and have to go someplace and beat my meat, which took a little of the edge off.

That Railroad Avenue place taught me something about the nature of human society. The girls were in business, of course, and they liked you to pay in advance, there being no way of reclaiming the merchandise later on, but basically they were friendly. They would stand around afterward and talk and maybe smoke a cigarette with you, and answer your questions. What do you do when a guy's had too much to drink and can't raise any muscle? ("There ain't much you can do about that, hon. It's like trying to shove a marshmallow in a piggy bank.") What's it like having a baby? ("Ever shit a watermelon?") What do you do if you didn't use a rubber? ("Pour whisky on it, hon.") I found out later on that these were all standard gag lines, gray with age, but at the time they sounded to me like the long-accumulated wisdom of the true professional.

But the words didn't matter; it was the comradery, the friendly spirit, that counted. The girls liked to make sure you were smoothed down and satisfied. They would ask, "Feel better now, honey?" Sometimes, if you seemed depressed, they would make an effort to raise your general morale. They'd say, "You're real hard tonight, hon," or "That was some fucking." And though *you* couldn't see what was so special about it, you'd go away feeling fine and whistling.

But Railroad Avenue, whatever could be said for its down-home charm, lacked something by way of glamor. For that you wanted the aforementioned Irene's.

Irene's was located on Pearl Street in Utica, just a few doors down the street from the offices of the Public Safety Commissioner, which was considered a witty stroke on Irene's part. The place had a reputation that, in certain circles, extended throughout the entire state of New York. It was attended not only by college men from Hamilton and Colgate and Cornell and other upstate institutions, but by politicians and other big spenders from New York City, as well as Buffalo and Albany. Upstate in those days produced a class of public servant rarely seen since Grant's time. A spirit of bipartisan cooperation reigned, so that whoever actually won an election generously shared with the defeated whatever he rifled from the public till, which was most of the contents. These were men who by reflex registered under assumed names when they stopped at motels with their wives, and forged their own signatures on checks out of habit. One of their most public-spirited acts was to keep Irene's open. During the years I was at Hamilton a grand jury sat in Utica continuously, investigating corruption in local politics—which was a little like investigating beans in bean soup—and all that time Irene's did not close for a single day.

I cannot say that I visited Irene's often. The tariff was ten dollars a time, which translated to about twenty-five 1973 dollars, and I was far too poor to attend her seminars very often. In fact, I was too poor to attend her sessions at all; I virtually never paid my bills on time, and I left Hamilton owing several hundred dollars, which seemed at the time like a crushing burden of debt. But right from the beginning the call was too strong to resist. The second day I was on campus, a sophomore I had met suggested we bus into Utica and visit Irene's. My eyes bulged from my head, and I began to whinny. The problem was that aside from six twenty-five-dollar government bonds, painfully saved over the previous summer, with which I was supposed to pay my first semester's tuition, I had only five or six dollars, some of it still pinned to my undershirt. I remember, therefore, standing in a hotel lobby desperately begging the night clerk to cash one of my war bonds. But he wouldn't: I was clearly in a panic state, and I suppose he assumed I had stolen the bond.

In time, of course, I got to know the place. Its appeal lay in what seemed at the time an aura of high sophistication. Each girl had a room that novels of the day would have called "well appointed." There were mirrors and rugs and pictures on the wall, and a double

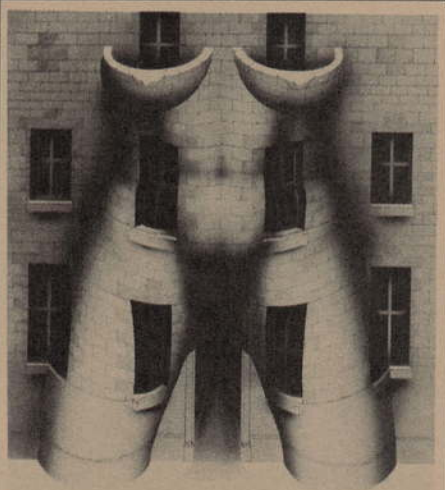
bed so that you could do a lot of thrashing around without danger of falling onto the floor. The final touch was a white phone in each room. They were the regular kind everyone has these days, but then they were new, and were called "French" phones. In upstate New York everyone had the kind that stood upright with the earpiece dangling from a hook.

As I said, ten dollars being what it was, I didn't visit Irene's very often, and each trip was a memorable experience; but undoubtedly the most memorable was one I took in company of some fellow students and a much-loved professor (much-loved in any number of ways) who taught—well, I better not say. Those who were at Hamilton when I was there will know whom I am talking about anyway. We drove into Utica in somebody's car—more glamorous than the bus—and all the way Professor Hardman, as I shall call him, kept imploring us, "Now, boys, when we get there, call me Mr. Smith. Please remember, my name is Mr. Smith." We arrived, and knocked. Irene peered through the peephole, and then she flung the door wide, a happy grin splitting her face. "Hello, Perfessor," she shouted. "Come on in."

Today's student, with his co-ed dorms and communal shower stalls, may wonder what was the necessity for this commercial sex, but he should remember that times were different then. Most girls did not fuck very often, and then usually only when they were drunk and under heavy pressure, and the majority did not fuck at all. The few girls who did fuck, fucked a great deal, and were considered "dirty," to say nothing of risky. At Hamilton it did not matter whether or not girls fucked; there weren't any there. Our sister campus was Wells, some eighty miles away; automobiles being almost as rare as girls, the trip was not made very often. The result was that after a month or so of confinement to the campus, which happened a lot in winter what with ten-foot snowdrifts, a man was likely to fall all over himself simply at the sight of something pinker and softer than himself. I have known Hamilton men at the end of March to faint at the sight of a naked breast.

I played trombone in a jazz band known as the Fallacious Five. Once we went down to Wells to give what I suppose has to be called a concert. The sight of several hundred girls in blue jeans, all sitting on the floor tailor-fashion in front of me, unhinged me so completely that I could barely hold the trombone to my lips, much less blow air through it. Had I been offered one of those bodies naked to play upon, I would not have known where to start.

Not that girls *never* appeared on campus; there were three house parties a year, at which girls imported from Skidmore and Wells allowed themselves to be stuffed full of gin punch and clawed at steadily for three days in order to say that they'd been to a



Someone noticed she was trying to speak to us. "Hey f-f-fellas," she croaked, "w-w-want a little f-f-f-...."

Hamilton house party. Then there were the girls who worked at the Utica Drop Forge Company, whom people sometimes brought around. They were quite nice, I'm sure, but rather unsophisticated. A roommate of mine once brought one into the E.L.S. library, where most of the spooning was done because it had heavy curtains that shut out not only sight but sound, in case somebody began screaming. The girl gazed around at the walls of books in some astonishment. "I didn't know boys read," she said. (As a matter of fact, a lot of Hamilton men didn't read, but no matter.) Hamilton, along with the rest of the world, has changed, of course. There is now a sister college, Kirkland, not eighty miles away but just behind the college golf course, which is no doubt another reason why Irene's is not open.

A connoisseur of fine vintages sometimes enjoys drinking a plain country wine; and a connoisseur of whorehouses does not confine his attentions merely to the ones with the champagne splits and the ormolu-framed mirrors. I remember well one local vintage I tried in Indianapolis when I was stationed at Camp Atterbury, about thirty miles to the south. It was a bitterly cold night, the way it can sometimes get in the cornbelt, with the wind tearing around street corners and throwing snow in your face. We almost missed the poor young girl standing by the curb next to a red light, her teeth chattering, her limbs shaking, her eyelashes glistening from frozen tears, far too cold to make anything but the feeblest gestures of solicitation. In fact, we would have missed her altogether except that we had to stop for the light and someone noticed she was trying to speak to us. Ferdie Smith, a Vermonter who was sitting in back, rolled a window down.

"Hey f-f-fellas," she croaked out, "w-w-want a little f-f-f-. . . ." By the time she got that far, we had got her into the car, and Ferdie was saying, "Rub her down quick, before the pore gel freezes to death." As soon as the men in back had got her jaw thawed out, she directed us to her place, a tiny two-room flat in a ramshackle wooden house in an older part of town. The place consisted of a shabby kitchen heated by a coal cookstove. The linoleum on the floor, of a shade we used to call "shit brindle" down home when I was a kid, was torn where the stove legs had been cut through, the bilious-green paint on the walls was cracked, and the calendar, depicting a Vermont church steeple peering through fall foliage, was greasy and a year out of date. The whole place was illuminated by a naked light bulb. Sitting on a spavined chair with his bare feet thrust as far into the oven as was reasonable was a soldier, half drunk and half out of uniform.

Ignoring him, we drew straws, while the girl went behind the curtain which screened the bedroom from the kitchen. We were all enlisted men—I was considered the worst sol-

dier in my division and made Pfc. the day before I got out of the army only because I had to have at least one stripe to be discharged. But we had with us one young lieutenant, who had newly come to our outfit from R.O.T.C. I don't know why he was there; maybe he was lonely, or maybe he was trying to get to know his men as he'd been told a good officer should. Probably he just wanted us to like him. In any case, he was in an awful quandary. The girl was not at all bad-looking, as became apparent when she stuck a good portion of herself through the curtain to say, "Okay, fellas, who's first?" Fucking does not damage the figure; only age does that, and her hips were round and her tits firm. The rest of us made the usual nervous jokes ("Hey you guys, that whore came before I did." "Yeah, right Ferdie, two days before."). But Lieutenant Smithers—I've forgotten his right name—just sat there licking his lips. He wanted to get laid pretty badly, but somehow he felt that he couldn't, not with enlisted men. It would have been irresponsible. So to prove his leadership qualities, he sat in the kitchen, sweat beading his brow, saying as each of us went through the curtain, "Have you got a rubber, soldier? Here, take one of mine."

Due to good luck in the draw, I had time to kill while waiting for the others. I wasn't up to a long conversation with Lieutenant Smithers; he seemed like a bit of a loser, and besides, sitting there for a half hour listening to all those grunts and sharply indrawn breaths had got his eyes rolling wildly in his head and his face drenched with sweat, and I didn't think he could carry on a coherent conversation anyway. So I sat down next to the drunk soldier and engaged him in conversation. "You stationed around here?"

"Naw," he said. He seemed rather discouraged. "Fort Hood. Shee-it, I'm AWOL."

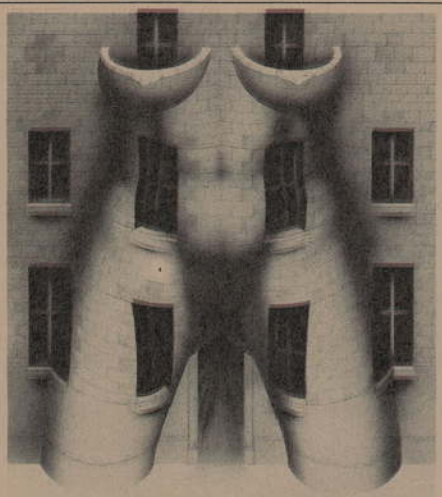
"Miss your train?"

"Naw." He spit onto the stove and watched it sizzle. "I got homesick and took off."

"That your girlfriend?"

He looked at me, a little startled by the idea. "Hell no," he said. He spit on the stove again. "That's my sister. She's trying to raise me some airfare so's I can git back to Texas."

But men do not always take it so calmly when they find their sisters in whorehouses. I know, because a whore in Muncie, Indiana, once told me about it. This was still when I was stationed at Camp Atterbury. It was a Sunday, and you couldn't get anything to drink. At least *we* couldn't get anything to drink; I don't remember exactly why, but I assume it had something to do with Indiana's licensing laws. We started off on a bottle of lemon extract someone had gotten from one of the cooks, and then we switched to Portugese brandy, six half-pints of which we had gotten through someone who had a friend in some useful place. There was something wrong with the liquor; I have never seen



Whores are like everybody else: they like to have a distinction... something to set them apart.

mother-of-brandy in the bottom of a bottle before or since, but there it was. Mostly we drank with our eyes closed. Finally, disappointed in our efforts to waste our money on drink, we decided to spend it on sex; and somebody remembered that there was supposed to be a whorehouse in Muncie, fifty miles to the northeast, which would be open on Sunday, the licensing laws on fucking in Muncie apparently being less stringent than those on liquor.

We drove straight there, crossed the railroad tracks into town, and stopped. All we had to do then was find the place; Muncie wasn't a very big town, but it was big enough to hide a whorehouse in. "Go ask somebody, Collier," Ferdie Smith said to me. "You've got a big mouth."

"What am I supposed to do, start walking up to women and children and ask them where the whorehouse is? 'Pardon me, ma'm, but me and my buddies wanted to do a little fucking and we thought you might....'"

"Ask a cop," someone said. It was probably a good idea, but I wasn't going to chance it. What I did instead was get out of the car and walk along the street until I came to what seemed like a sufficiently shabby hotel. It was a block from the railroad tracks; traditionally a lot of American whoring has gone on in the shadow of union stations and elevated tracks; the death of the railroads no doubt has brought changes, but it is hard to imagine going out to O'Hare Airport just in order to get laid.

I went into the hotel. The clerk, pinch-faced and pallid, did not look up from the newspaper he was reading through a smoke screen emanating from the cigarette sewed to the corner of his mouth. "Uh, listen," I said. The clerk did not look up. I began to flush and started again. "Uh, listen, we just uh...."

"Next door." He still did not look up. "Just go up the stairs and ring the buzzer."

We did. The girls were glad to see us. Sunday in Muncie, Indiana, was pretty slow. It was a nice place—four or five rooms and a good-sized anteroom out front with a jukebox and some comfortable chairs. We did some screwing, and when we got tired of that we ordered up some fried chicken and beer—licensing laws in Muncie were apparently flexible—and sat around the anteroom listening to the jukebox and talking with the girls, one of whom turned out to be fairly articulate. She said her name was Marie, which was probably a lie, because in those days whores took on what they considered to be fancy names, usually with Gallic overtones, as part of their costume. Marie was popular, and so were Frenchy and Claudette. It was pretty funny to sit around listening to a pair of whores making dialogue like, "Have you got a match, Claudette?" "Of course, Marie," when you knew all along that their names were Mabel and Mary Sue.

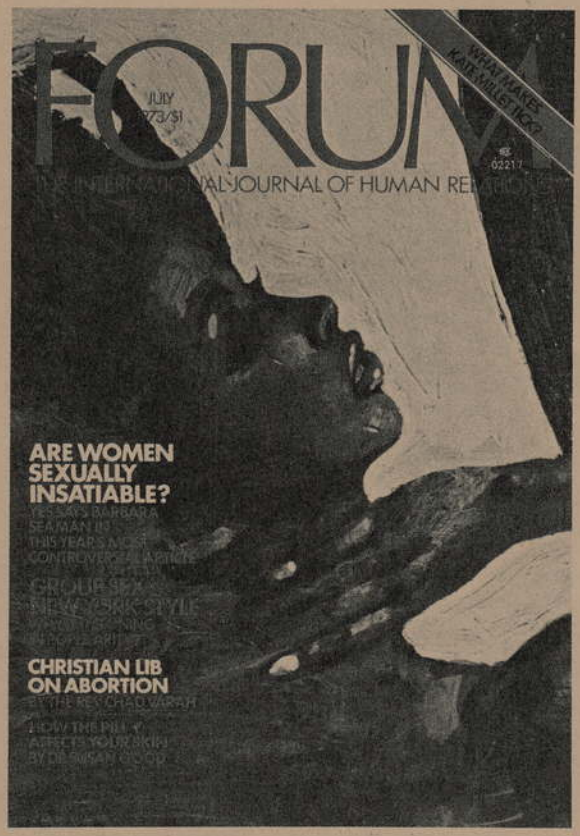
As a matter of fact, whores are like everybody else: they like to have a distinction, something which sets them apart. I remember a whorehouse in Newport, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati—Ferdie Smith and I and some others had come down to the Castle Farms Ballroom to hear Harry James—where the girls on display in the front room were all knitting little white garments. It was kind of a shock to see them fold up their knitting before they took you out back, but for them it was very important to have a personal style.

Anyway, somebody began asking Marie, to give her the benefit of the doubt, the usual questions—did she like being a whore and did she ever come and so forth. "Well, you try not to come," she said. "I mean sometimes you get to feeling like it, especially if you're with some nice, good-looking young fella, but it isn't right. What I mean, it isn't professional, and you try to think about what you're going to fix for dinner or if you ought to buy that cute dress you saw in the shop, and usually it goes away. Although every once in a while you get caught by surprise. You know, it just sort of comes on you fast, and it's too late to do anything about it. But mostly you want to control yourself. I mean, you'd go crazy if you came every time, wouldn't you? Of course you fake it a lot—fellas like that, and if he's drunk or something and having trouble, you pant and wiggle around a little and sometimes it helps. Although that's pretty tiring if you have to keep it up too long.

"But who's kicking, it isn't a bad life. The money's good, and you get a lot of time off, and besides, it's a hell of a lot better than working in the shirt factory. Although I have to admit, it has its ups and downs, as the fella said. A couple of years ago I was working in San Diego, when this Naval lieutenant from a PT boat came in with some of the fellas in his crew. He was going to set them all up. I was in the back, and when I heard his voice, I knew it was my brother. He didn't know I was in the business. I tried to go out a window, and I would have made it, but he busted through the door looking for the John just as I started to climb through. He beat the shit out of me. I guess I don't blame him. He was pretty disappointed in me."

That's the kind of thing I mean. I'm not trying to say that in those days all whores were big-hearted earth mothers who wanted nothing more out of life than to make a young man happy. A lot of them were uptight like everybody else and sometimes depended on technique to get them through when they were having a migraine or an attack of the jitters. But they tried: they were professional about it. It was their *profession* to see that the customer went away singing about the red, red robin, bob, bob bobbin' along; and mostly they did. I'm not so sure you can say the same for the amateurs who have taken over the business today.

LOOK FOR THE NEW-LOOK FORUM



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Assassination Tapes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

wald, a successful criminal lawyer and Director of the Committee, in a modern office building a few blocks from the White House. Fensterwald is a small, dapper man with a thin beard. Smith is a lean, intense chain smoker. Both men appeared to be in their forties.

"Before we begin," I said, "I think I should mention that I used to work for the CIA."

I have run across it often, the theory that the CIA killed Kennedy. It seems absurd to me, and I don't believe it. I worked there for three years and never saw or heard anything suggesting the Agency was involved in the assassination. I never met anyone there I thought capable of doing it. Still, I have learned through bitter experience of the suspicion which attaches to former intelligence officers. Epidemics of paranoia tend to accompany us through life. I thought I'd better get that issue out of the way.

Smith and Fensterwald exchanged glances and smiled. Fensterwald told me that they did not necessarily believe the CIA assassin theory, and they certainly didn't mind talking to a former Agency employee.

Relieved, I began to outline my project. I asked if they had heard of the PSE. Both men were dimly aware of it. I described the device and started to detail the way it could be used as a research tool. They immediately understood what I was proposing and were tremendously enthusiastic. Yes, they said, there were many key statements on tape somewhere, and they would be glad to compile specific references for me. Furthermore, they could, in some cases, provide me with the tape. They said they would be in contact when they had something for me.

While I was waiting, I experimented with the PSE. I telephoned a friend and told him about the device. I asked if he was willing to play a little game to test it out, and he agreed. He picked a number between one and ten. I asked him, "Is the number one?" "Is the number two?" and so on, and he answered no each time. I recorded his responses, ran them through the PSE and called him back. The number he picked, I told him, was five.

He was dumbfounded. He had not heard of the PSE and had thought I might be concocting some elaborate joke at his expense. But when I called back and correctly identified the number he had picked, he realized I was serious. And he was shocked.

I played the same game several times with others and did not always have similar success. With Bernard Fensterwald, I was able only to narrow the answer down to two numbers, one of which turned out to be correct. With others I have been completely unable to identify the right number. The problem with this game is that the player knows that it is just that. He knows that I know he is lying, it is a socially acceptable situation, and there is nothing at stake. The stress which accompanies real deception is not always present.

I obtained a tape recording from CBS News of a portion of a *Sixty Minutes* program in which Mike Wallace interviewed Clifford Irving. The interview took place during the height of the controversy, while Irving was still claiming to have gotten Howard Hughes' life story through a series of interviews with the billionaire. It was a consummate job of lying, embellished with such convincing details as Irving's disagreement with his colleague Susskind about whether Hughes kept his organic prunes in a paper or a plastic bag. *Sixty Minutes* re-ran the segment after Irving's confession because the man's sheer virtuosity as a prevaricator was amazing. I was interested in the interview for a different reason: at the height of the controversy, Irving had been given a polygraph examination and had passed it. I wanted to see if the man who had beaten the conventional lie detector could also beat the PSE.

I selected a point in the interview at which Mike Wallace suggested that Irving had not interviewed Howard Hughes, but had happened on some transcripts of Hughes' statements. Irving asked how he could have happened on them. Wallace rejoined, "Where *did* you happen on those transcripts?" Irving replied, "I got the transcripts from Howard Hughes." I charted this statement on the PSE.

It was a perfect example of total stress, horizontally blocked, with the smooth, "trimmed-hedge" wave form. Clifford Irving was a master liar, and he had beaten the polygraph, but he would have been caught by the PSE.

A few days after our first meeting, I received a call from Bob Smith. He had turned up a few things for me. I visited him at the Committee's office in downtown Washington. He gave me a tape recording and a typewritten transcript. The recording was the Louis Lomax television program of Sunday, October 16, 1966. Wesley Liebler, a member of the Warren Commission's staff, was the guest. The transcript was of a CBS News television program entitled *The Warren Report*, which had been broadcast in four one-hour segments on June 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1967.

I examined the transcript. The programs had been narrated by Walter Cronkite and other CBS newsmen. They reviewed every major point of controversy that had been raised by the critics of the Warren Report, interviewing eyewitnesses, Dallas policemen, medical examiners, ballistic specialists and many others who had some inside knowledge of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. For what I had in mind, it was a gold mine. I telephoned CBS and learned that I could get a copy of the program's soundtrack if I would pay for the dubbing charges. I told them to go ahead.

Next I played the Lomax-Liebler tape. Apparently Mark Lane had been on an earlier Lomax program, and now Liebler was on to rebut him. I didn't need the PSE to know that Liebler was stressed. He seemed very agitated, and his breathing audibly indicated his tension. He was angry about the things Lane had said, the questions Lomax was asking him, and the reaction of the studio audience. Given his highly emotional state, he did not seem a very promising subject for the PSE. Nonetheless, I decided to give it a try.

Charting a tape with the PSE is a long and tedious process, and it was impractical to chart the entire program. I ran some of Liebler's statements which were not in dispute and discovered, as I had expected, a great deal of stress. He was pretty charged up.

Most of the exchange between Liebler, Lomax and the audience was argumentative and did not deal with specific factual points. I found two key statements by Liebler, though, and I charted them.

The first statement, in response to a question by Lomax, was, "I have no doubt about the conclusions of the [Warren] Report." Plenty of stress was evident, but not much more than in other statements.

The second statement related to those Warren Commission documents which were not included in the Report—they were locked up in the National Archives. Lomax asked Liebler if there was anything in the documents which would alter Liebler's opinion. Taken literally, it was a strange question, since Liebler had seen the documents and, if they would alter his opinion, they would already have done so. Lomax probably meant to ask if the documents would conflict with the conclusions of the Warren Report. Whatever Liebler thought the question meant, he answered quickly, "Oh, none, none at all." The PSE showed much more stress here than during any of Liebler's other statements.

It was all pretty confused and fuzzy, and it didn't tell me more than I'd already known: Wesley Liebler was pretty upset when he appeared on the Louis Lomax program. I hoped that the CBS tapes would yield more enlightening results.

I finally received a call from CBS's Washington office saying the tapes had arrived. I broke a few traffic laws getting there to pick up the tapes and returning to my apartment. I had already selected the points I wanted to check from the transcript of the program. I mounted the first tape on the recorder, ran it down to the first point of interest, and turned on the PSE.

For the next three days and nights, I ran charts. When I finished, I had a splitting headache, my kitchen floor was ankle deep in chart paper, but I had a much clearer idea of what did and did not happen that day in Dallas.

Before I describe my results, I feel that I must offer the reader a few comments and

words of caution:

1. Although the PSE is a well-established interrogation aid, it has not been validated as a tool for historical research. Even though experts familiar with the machine believe that it can be used in this way, my project was the first attempt to do so.

2. It is easier to demonstrate with the PSE that a speaker is telling the truth than to show he is lying. Stress can be caused by things other than deception; but the absence of stress is an extremely reliable indication of truthfulness. Of course, the absence of stress does not prove that a statement is true, only that the speaker *believes* it to be true.

3. Although I found a great deal of stress in the testimony of the assassination tapes, in no single instance can I say that the individual was lying. I point this out not only to protect myself from libel suits but because I am not morally certain any one individual was not telling the truth.

4. Nonetheless, stress in the testimony of many witnesses to the same event makes the mathematical probability overwhelming that at least some of them were lying.

These points could not be better illustrated than they were by the Jim Garrison–Clay Shaw Affair.

Garrison, it may be recalled, was the New Orleans District Attorney who, in 1967, claimed to have solved the Kennedy assassination. He presented an elaborate case against a local businessman, Clay Shaw, and others, as members of an assassination conspiracy. In one of the hour-long programs, CBS interviewed Garrison, Shaw, and two other people involved in Garrison's allegations.

In his interview, Garrison was hostile and did not make many firm, factual statements I could test with the PSE. However, he did say, "There's no question about it [that he knew how the assassination had been carried out] . . . we know the key individuals involved . . . there is no question about the fact [the conspirators] were there [in Dealy Plaza]." The PSE showed good to hard stress on each of these statements. I also ran a noncontroversial statement of Garrison's as a control: "Oswald was not killed there [at the movie theater where he was arrested]," and found no stress. Garrison's statements about his case against Clay Shaw strongly indicated deception.

Next I ran some statements by Clay Shaw denying his involvement in such a conspiracy, and denying ever knowing or meeting Lee Harvey Oswald. I also ran a control statement. Shaw turned out to be heavily stressed throughout.

This was not particularly surprising. The man had been accused of conspiring to murder the President of the United States and was being interviewed about it before television cameras. He would have to have been a pretty cool customer not to show a lot of stress, even if he were telling the complete truth.

Finding that both Garrison and Shaw showed stress was not an encouraging development. Of course, *both* men could be lying. Garrison might have found some valid evidence linking Shaw to the assassination and then, in the time-honored tradition of prosecutors, invented the rest of his case. But Shaw's stress could easily be the result of his predicament, and Garrison's might also be the result of some outside issue. The situation was ambiguous.

I ran the testimony of Lee Odom. Odom, a Dallas businessman, was attempting to explain the mysterious coincidence of the post office box numbers. It seems that the Dallas post office box number 11906 appeared in the notebooks of both Clay Shaw and Lee Harvey Oswald. In his testimony, Odom stated that he could not account for the number appearing in Oswald's notebook, he knew how it got into Shaw's. It was Odom's box number, and he had given it to Shaw, whom he'd met by chance on a business trip to New Orleans. The PSE showed hard stress during his statement. No unrelated control statement was available for me to run for comparison.

This didn't really clear things up. There were several obvious alternative explanations for Odom's stress. For example, there had been a number of rather unsavory allegations in the press about Clay Shaw, unrelated to the Garrison charges. Odom may have felt extremely uncomfortable about linking himself to this man in any way. The coincidence of the box numbers seemed very suspicious, but Bob Smith of the Committee had pointed out to me that both Shaw's and Oswald's notebooks were filled with numbers, so the chance of such a coincidence was not that remote.

> Deception is not proved by stress, but given enough witnesses' testimony, the PSE is able to arrive at the truth

At this point I began to wonder if the television camera was the "outside issue" in every case. Perhaps just being on television will so thoroughly rattle the average person that, lying or not, he is going to show stress on the PSE. I checked this out by recording and charting a number of people on television programs—public officials, men in the street, even witnesses to a particularly gruesome accident. There was occasional stress, but it never reached the high level I was finding in the assassination tapes.

I also recalled something else which put my mind to rest on this point: the PSE had been used to analyze the statements of contestants on the television program *To Tell The Truth*, and identified "the real Mr. So-and-so" with an accuracy of better than 94 percent. The problem obviously was not the television camera.

I ran the testimony of William Gurvich on the PSE. Gurvich had been Garrison's chief aide in the investigation of Clay Shaw until he resigned, charging Garrison with wrongdoing. He said, "The truth as I see it is that Mr. Shaw should never have been arrested." He was asked if Garrison had known of certain illegal and unethical methods Gurvich had alleged were being used by Garrison's staff. He answered, "Yeah, of course he did. He ordered it." There was no stress in Mr. Gurvich's statements. The PSE showed that he believed what he was saying.

Obviously I did not have enough testimony from a large enough number of witnesses to create a detailed picture of the Garrison–Shaw affair, but it seems probable that, at the very least, Garrison did not have much of a case against Shaw (a view later held by a New Orleans jury) and likely that Shaw was completely innocent of complicity in the assassination. The lesson of this episode is twofold. First, stress in any one person's testimony does not prove deception. Second, given enough testimony by different witnesses, the PSE can arrive at the truth.

The first person I ran on the PSE who had any direct knowledge of the assassination was Oswald's widow, Marina. Unfortunately, only one of her statements was on the CBS tapes—that Oswald had owned a rifle. The PSE said she was telling the truth.

The rifle had been one of the major points of controversy raised by critics of the Warren Report. The debate centered on two points: whether the Mannlicher–Carcano alleged to have belonged to Oswald was the rifle found by the Dallas police in the Texas School Book Depository, and whether that particular gun could have been the murder weapon.

On the tapes, Darrell C. Tomlinson, an employee of Parkland Hospital, testified that he had found a rifle bullet on a strefcher which he believed had carried Governor Connally. There was no stress in his statement. The PSE said he was telling the truth.

Dr. Joseph D. Nicol, Superintendent of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation for the State of Illinois, ran ballistic tests on bullet fragments found in the presidential limousine, and on the intact bullet found by Tomlinson. Nicol testified that both the intact bullet and the bullet fragments had been fired by the Mannlicher–Carcano. He, too, was apparently telling the truth.

Deputy Constable Seymour Weitzman of the Dallas police claimed that he found Oswald's Mannlicher–Carcano on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository. However, on the day of the assassination, he had told the press that the rifle he'd found was a German Mauser. The following day he signed an affidavit to that effect. But on the CBS tapes he testified that he had been mistaken about that point, that it had really

been Oswald's rifle. The PSE showed considerable stress in his statements.

Patrolman Gerald L. Hill testified that he found three spent bullet hulls on the floor beneath the window from which the fatal shots allegedly were fired. The PSE showed hard stress in his statements.

The rifle was one of the principal points used by the Warren Commission to link Oswald to the assassination. The PSE substantiated the testimony that Oswald owned a rifle and that the evidence supplied to a ballistics expert indicated this rifle was the murder weapon. However, the PSE did not substantiate the controversial claims of Dallas police regarding the discovery of this evidence.

The hospital employee was apparently telling the truth when he recounted finding the bullet on a stretcher at Parkland Hospital, but many critics have charged that the bullet had been deliberately planted there. This is the famous "single bullet" which the Warren Report says passed through the bodies of both the President and Governor Connally, and then lodged in Connally's wrist. Several researchers have tried to repeat this, firing the same type of bullet into the wrist of a cadaver. The bullets never remained perfectly intact, as the one found on the stretcher; they became twisted lumps of lead and copper.

The second link between Oswald and the assassination is the charge that he killed Officer Tippitt, a Dallas policeman, while fleeing from the scene of the first shooting. A number of eyewitnesses have testified that they saw Oswald shoot Tippitt, and one of them, Domingo Benavides, was interviewed on the CBS tapes. He was asked if there was any doubt in his mind that Oswald was the man he saw shoot Tippitt. He replied, "No, sir, there was no doubt at all." There was absolutely no stress in his statement. He was telling the truth.

The killing of Officer Tippitt by Oswald has fueled the fires of controversy over the Warren Report. Tippitt was far from his usual beat when he was shot. Some witnesses have alleged that Tippitt and Oswald were seen together in Jack Ruby's nightclub. They theorize that the three men were part of an assassination conspiracy, and that Tippitt had been sent to silence Oswald, but had been beaten to the draw.

The Dallas police radio dispatcher, Officer Murray Jackson, was asked if he thought Tippitt knew Oswald. "No," he replied, "I don't think he knew Oswald." Did Jackson know Oswald? "No," answered Jackson, "I didn't either." The PSE showed heavy stress in both statements.

Perhaps the greatest source of controversy over the Warren Report is it's claim that all the shots were fired by one gunman. Some eyewitnesses claim to have heard shots and seen gunsmoke in the area of a low hillock ahead and to the right of the presidential motorcade. This hillock has come to be known as "the grassy knoll." One of these witnesses was a railroad worker named S.M. Holland, who observed the scene from an overpass near the knoll. The PSE confirmed that he thought he had seen a puff of smoke on the knoll, but it could not support his claim that he had heard a shot from that direction.

Another witness, Charles Brehm, was quoted by Mark Lane as having said that he had seen a portion of the President's skull flying back over the left rear end of the limousine. Lane offered this as evidence of a shot from the grassy knoll. On the CBS tapes, Brehm stated heatedly that he had been quoted out of context, and emphatically denied that any shots had come from the knoll. Despite his emotional state, there was almost no stress in this statement.

Officer Jacks of the Dallas police, who was riding in the limousine of Vice-President Johnson, denied that any of the shots had come from the direction of the grassy knoll. The PSE turned up a fair degree of stress.

Three witnesses, Mrs. Caroline Walther, Arnold Rowland and Howard Brennan, claimed to have seen gunmen in the windows of the Texas School Book Depository building. Mrs. Walther said she saw two men, one armed with a rifle, the second with a shorter gun. Rowland told the Warren Commission he had seen two men, one an elderly Negro, in the window Oswald is alleged to have fired from, but on the CBS tapes he claimed he had seen an armed man at a different window. The Commission relied heavily on the testimony of Brennan, who claimed to have seen a gunman in the "Oswald window" actually firing the last of the shots. The PSE showed hard stress in the testimony of all three witnesses.

> Chief Justice Warren:
> "We explored both these
> theories and found
> no evidence that
> either group was involved"

The PSE analysis of the eyewitnesses' testimony regarding the source of the shots is ambiguous. It supports Holland's claim to have seen a puff of smoke on the knoll, and Brehm's denial that any shots came from that direction, and it raises serious doubts about all other claims and counterclaims. This contradiction seems to result from the notorious unreliability of eyewitnesses, perhaps compounded by a fair amount of fabrication. Deception, if it is present here, may have been motivated merely by a desire for attention. Or there may have been darker reasons.

There is, however, other evidence and testimony that could shed some light on the existence, number and location of assassins other than Oswald. This brings us to perhaps the most dubious and controversial element in the Warren Commission's version of the event—the autopsy.

Within minutes after the shooting, Kennedy had been rushed to the emergency room at Parkland Hospital, where Dr. Malcolm Perry tried to save his life. The physician saw that the President had suffered a massive head wound and a smaller wound in the throat. Perry performed a tracheostomy, cutting through the throat wound in an attempt to open a breathing passage. Afterward, when hope for the President had been abandoned, Perry met with the press and declared that the wound in the front of the neck had been an entry wound.

The President's body was flown to Washington, D.C. There, approximately eight hours after the shooting, an autopsy was performed at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Because of the tracheostomy, the nature of the neck wound could no longer be observed and was, at first, overlooked. Later, after consulting the Dallas doctors, the Bethesda pathologists concluded that it was an exit wound. The autopsy report stated that there were two entry wounds, one low in the rear scalp and one at the right base of the neck; and two exit wounds, the throat wound and a large irregular wound on the right side of the head.

The confusion was compounded when two FBI agents present at the autopsy reported that a wound had been found in the President's back, and that no corresponding exit wound had been located. Diagrams made during the autopsy seemed to confirm this, showing the lower of the two entry wounds to be below the shoulders, not at the base of the neck. What became of the bullet? The agents reported that Bethesda doctors thought the bullet had dropped from the wound when the Dallas doctors attempted external heart massage. But this was the shot that the Commission claimed had passed through Kennedy and struck Governor Connally.

X-rays and color photographs of the autopsy were made. The brain was removed from the body. Brain and skin tissue slides were prepared for microscopic examination. Remarkably, the Warren Commission never asked to see any of this evidence, relying instead solely on the testimony of Captain James J. Humes, one of the pathologists who conducted the autopsy. Even more incredible is the disappearance of the brain, the slides, and some of the photographs, which were alleged to have been turned over to the National Archives by the Bethesda Naval Hospital.

Both Dr. Perry and Captain Humes were interviewed on the CBS tapes. Perry was asked about the throat wound he'd seen when the President was brought to Parkland Hospital. His answer seemed evasive. He neither confirmed nor denied that he had thought it was an entry wound, talking instead about the difficulty of making such a determination and the fact that his attention had been devoted to saving the President's life. Then the interviewer asked him directly whether he had thought at the time that it was an entry wound. "Actually, I didn't really give it much thought," he replied. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

the Kingdom of Come

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

"Very nice," he said.

She blinked. "Who are you?" she asked, the first words she had spoken to anyone in almost three years.

He smiled. "I have been called many names, not all of them complimentary. I have been known as Zeus, as Jehovah, as Baal, as Thor. I am who I am, and have assumed a thousand forms. But generally people refer to me as God."

"God?" she whispered. "But I thought there was no God."

"Many people have denied my existence," he said with a droll intonation, "even to my face. It's part of the over-all perversity of human beings."

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"You have attracted me," he told her. "As your species falls further and further into mediocrity, I find fewer and fewer occasions to visit earth. In the early days there were some superior men and women who walked this planet. More than enough to tempt me to leave my usual formless state and visit them. Now, I won't say that you match what was available during the Golden Age, but you're not bad at all."

"But what for?" she asked, amazed.

"Why, to fuck, of course," God said, and laughed, a deep baritone rumble. "Why else?"

She raised herself on one elbow. "To fuck what you have created? That doesn't make sense."

"Oh, I haven't created anything," God said, sitting at the edge of the mattress. "I'm just here, like the rest of you. The only difference is that you come and go, but I am immortal." He scratched his head. "It's very peculiar. I mean, I just woke up one day and found that I was God. I couldn't remember having been born, didn't know where I came from, and knew that I would always be. I've seen universes come and go. I am old beyond any comprehension you might have, and yet I am always fresh, always new. I am the synthesis of all contradictions. I...." He smiled again and broke off. "But you've heard me described well enough by your own prophets and poets. No need to give you a résumé."

She sat up slowly. "If all this is true, why should you want something as limited as fucking?"

He reached forward and stroked one of her breasts. "Well, for me, things are limited. To amuse myself I have to make my choice among limitations. For example, I just came from watching an entire galaxy explode, a happening that had been building for aeons. It covered a space which your mind couldn't begin to encompass. And that was interesting. But then I wondered what to do next, and I thought, 'I haven't been to earth for a while, let me go see if there's anybody around there worth fucking these days.' I scanned the planet and was discouraged at first glance. I saw nothing but a plethora of such shallow sexuality that it made my cock shrivel. Why, the sexes themselves seem on the verge of total alienation from one another. But on a second look around, I saw you. And here I am, although in a sense, since I am everywhere, I have been here all along."

"And you want *me*?" she asked, and added, "I must look a mess."

He laughed again. "Your lapse into vanity is charming, my dear," he said, "but I wouldn't have come if you weren't beyond judging things by the standards of the crowd. I'm not interested in anyone until he or she has gone beyond the illusion of group standards and transcended all the tedious variations on the common sexual acts, including that which requires fantasy for its completion. I want a soul that can appreciate the unique." He lowered his head and stared at her thighs. "When you fuck me, you will have everything you have when you are alone—and more! With your mind, you can grasp the structure of the universe; with mine, you can enter new dimensions of being altogether."

"And what do you get out of it?" she asked.

"Just a piece of ass," God said. "My tastes are simple."

She pulled her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around her shins. "I'm not sure I want to," she said, "even if you are God. I've worked hard to get where I am. I'm happy with the dimensions I already know."

He pursed his lips. "I can make it worth your while," he answered.

"Well, how good a fuck can you be? You're still in the form of a man. That thing between your legs is only a cock."

"I can offer you something else," he replied.

"You mean you want to *pay* me?" she asked.

"I can offer you Heaven," he said.

"Heaven!" she exclaimed. "You mean there's really a Heaven, too?"

"Oh, nothing like they tell you about in Sunday school. It's a bit more chic than that. More like a private club, for my special friends." She regarded him suspiciously and shifted her weight. "You really do have a nice ass," he said. And then, with an abrupt change of tone, continued, "Whichever god made me God seems to have defined my powers clearly. I can't change the nature of what already exists, but I can do things with what's already here. I can make you immortal."

Her jaw fell open. "You mean that I could live forever?"

"That's right," he said, his face slightly smug. He hunched over, and his words came out in a whisper. "The fact of the matter is, earth is the only place in all of creation that has fucking. And so, while it isn't the most spectacular activity available, its rarity makes it highly prized. I've granted this boon to several hundred others in the course of your human history, and if you accept my offer, I will remove you to a planet that you will share with them. Once there, you can have privacy or the company of the greatest fuckers the world has ever seen. And when I'm in the area, I'll drop by."

"So I become your mistress."

"Call it what you like," he said. He looked into her eyes and went on: "The alternative, if you refuse, is to live out your days and end, like everyone else, in the grave." The last word sent a chill through her, and he finished. "What have you got to lose?"

She waited a long moment and answered, "My integrity. A whore's a whore, even if she's God's whore." And then she let the breath out of her lungs with a loud sigh and added, "This is just like the scene with the tree in the garden. Where's Satan?"

God laughed. "Haven't you guessed that yet? I'm Satan as well. I just haven't bothered to split roles this time."

"Is that the only game you know?" she said, slightly disgusted.

"For humanity, it's the only game in town," he said. "If you are true to yourself as a person, you will either eat the apple or refuse the fuck. But if you sell out, you get paradise as a reward."

She lay back down again, her whole being filled with the prospect of the one dream that has haunted the species since it first became aware of death, the hope of immortality. She balanced it against every earthly value she had come to cherish, every standard she had fought to establish. His hands stroked her calves, and she sank into a lassitude that was to be the prelude to her capitulation. The temptation was too strong, the offer too compelling. "All right," she said, "you win. Let's fuck."

He moved forward until he was between her legs, her wet cunt pouting up at him, her hips beginning to rotate. But as he approached, she put her hands on his shoulders and held him for a second. She looked him in the eyes.

"Just don't get me pregnant," she said.

But as she went to pull him toward her, her arms went through his body. He began to grow transparent, from the outside in, till nothing was left but a ghostly penis hanging in the air. She stared at it a long time until it too disappeared.

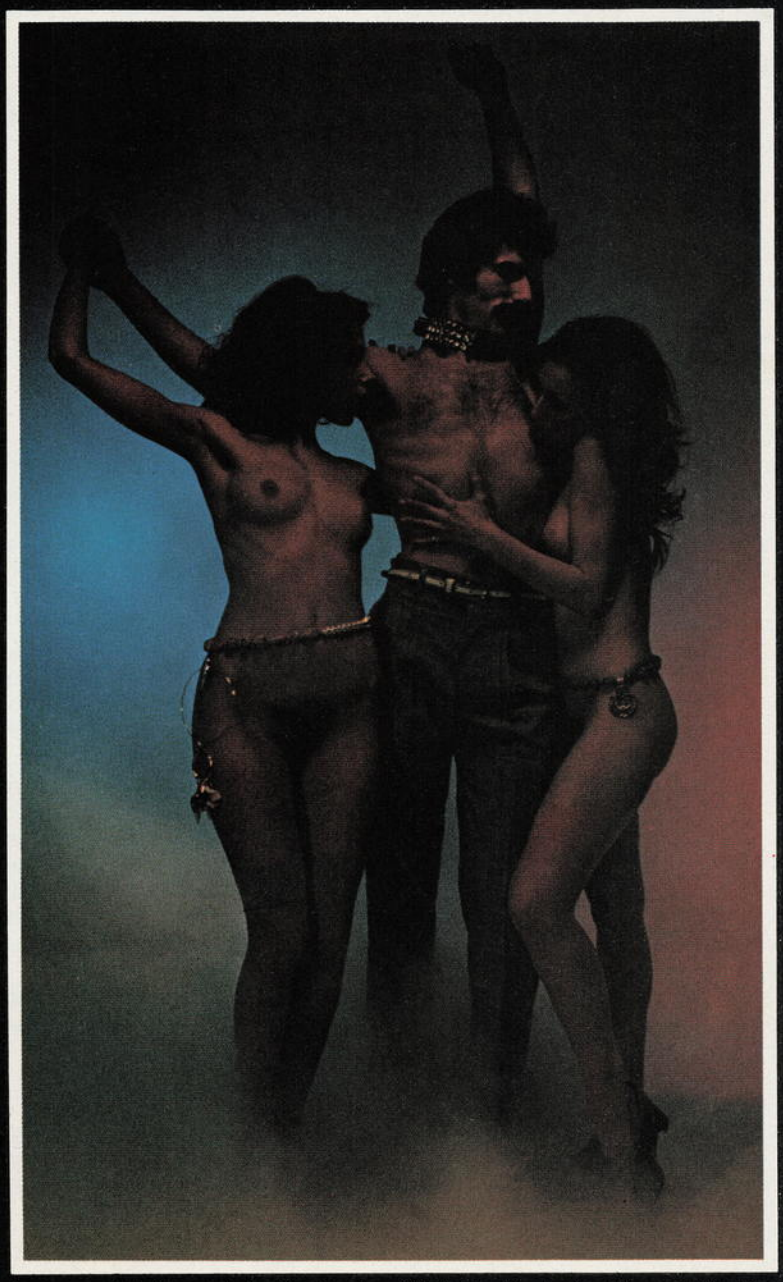
"It was a projection," she thought, "my final temptation to otherhood. There is no one else here at all." For a few moments she felt the poignant loss of this last, most-cherished fantasy. A chill of fear went through her, for now her solitude was absolute. Once and for all she was utterly alone.

Then she lay back and relaxed. She closed her eyes, her hands across her belly. On her face was a faint mysterious smile. In the temple of a woman's body all the pantheons of man had been put to rest.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

THE EXHIBITIONIST

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY VOLKMANN

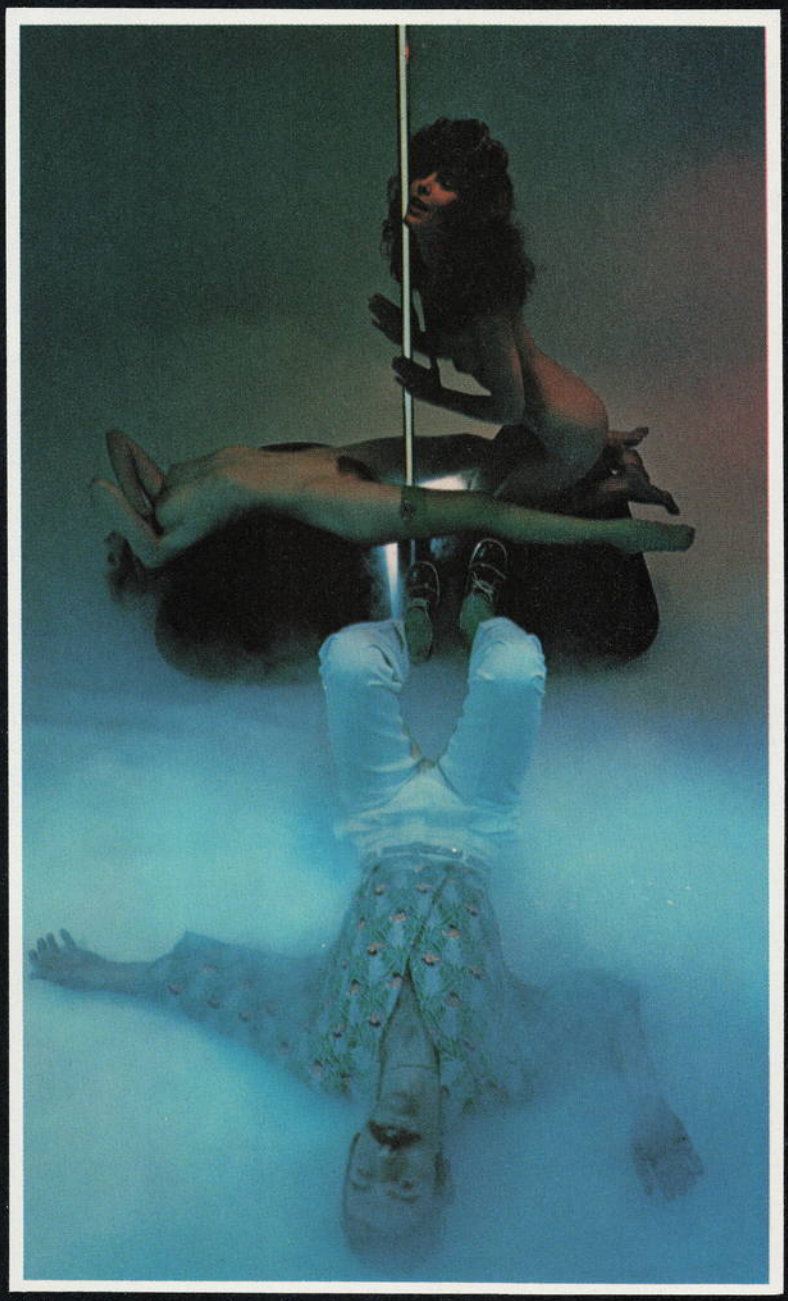


Aqua-green slub linen pants by Flamingo Joe, $26. Belt by Ram Leather. Shoes by Smerling Imports. All girl's jewelry designed by Sandra David. Hose by Berkshire. Shoes by Arrowsmith. Reining in on two chicks (right) with bondage and discipline equipment from the Pleasure Chest Love Boutique, New York. His hibiscus-leaf-print wrap-tie leisure suit by Flo Toronto, $60. The red malitte lounge furniture designed by Sebastian Matta.

Every man feels the need to express himself through clothes. Take the boutique customer: He is an exhibitionist. He dresses so that heads will turn when he enters the room. Although styles have changed since the start of the boutique boom, their raison d'être has not. The new looks are still all

flash and razzle-dazzle, but now based on looking wealthy. Fading are the hip tatters of past years' anti-Establishment cotton skinny ribs and torn denim jeans.

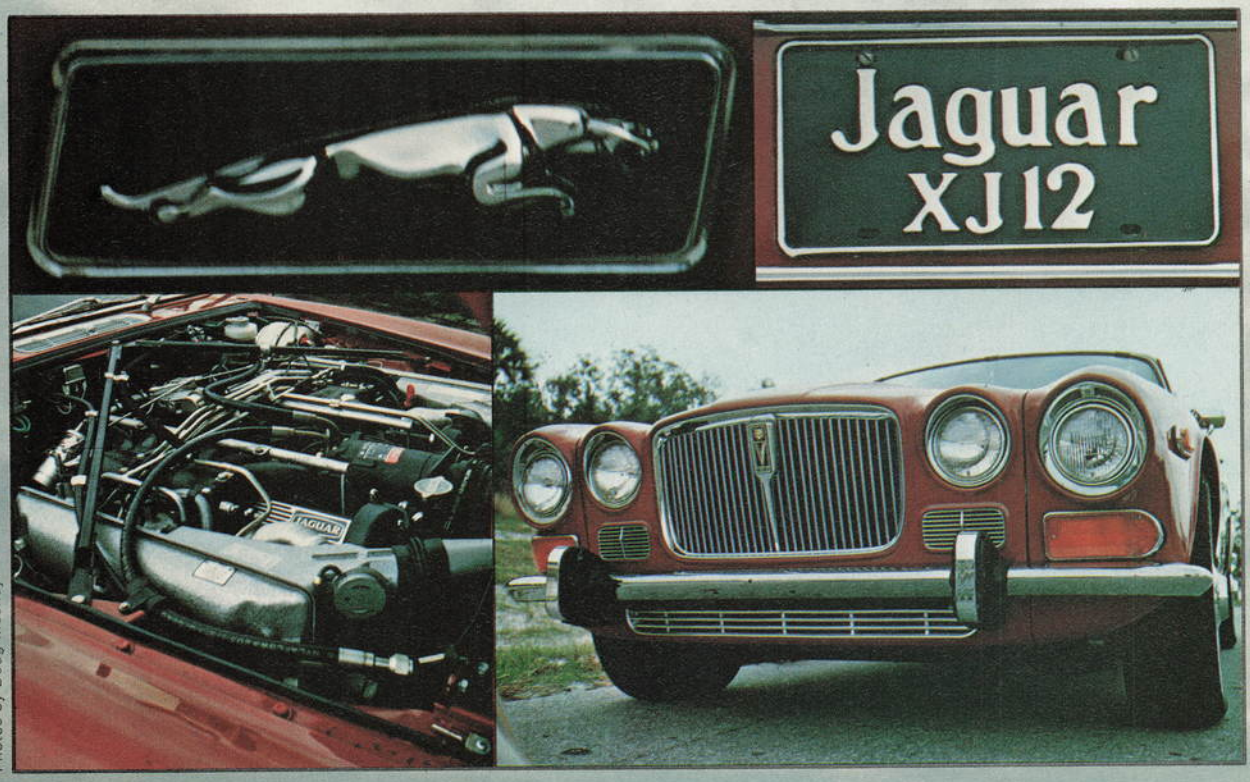
Show up at a late-night party this summer in your masterful, bright-colored linen suits, Cuban sport shirts and lurex-streaked socks, and watch what happens. You'll agree, this is one time not to be wearing your jeans.



Light on. The green cross-over Havana shirt with bat-wing sleeves shows an exotic plant motif and is by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket, $18. White gabardine baggy-type pants by Flamingo Joe, $22. Lurex socks by Hot Sox Co. Metal belt is Givenchy, by Ram Leather. Green shoes have white contrast heels and soles, by Verde. Linea floor lamp designed by Nanda Vigo.

Red linen double-breasted suit (right) with new shorter jacket by Flo Toronto, $90. Shirt by Marrakesh, Ltd. Bow tie is Ruffler, by Rooster. Red shoes with blue and silver leaf motif is Nunn-Bush, by Arrowsmith. Her yellow cotton hibiscus-leaf wrap dress by Flo Toronto, $36. Bracelet by Sandra David. The Andre table designed by Officio Technico.

Wigs and hair were cut and styled by Philip of Davian, New York. All featured furniture was designed by Knoll International, available through W. B. Wood Co., Orange, N.J.
See FASHION FINDER on page 128.



Photos by Doug Mesney

TOP CAT

JAGUAR'S NEW XJ-12 HAS 12-CYLINDER SURGE, BUT SHE'S STILL A SMOOTH CLASSIC.

By Meridith Baer

Her sleek body moves fast and smooth, with the balance of a cat walking a fence top. Although she looks elegant, you might think of taking her down the street for a beer or up to the mountains on a camping trip. Not that she's the sporty, all-American type—in fact, the lady reeks of wealth and British style. It's just that you'd rather take her anywhere than leave her unattended. The lady is the new Jaguar XJ-12 luxury sports sedan.

And quite a lady she is. The XJ-12 is the only V-12-powered production sedan in the world. One might confuse it with the smaller XJ-6, for their monocoque, all-steel bodies are identical except for grille design and discreet name plates. The XJ-6 was, in fact, designed in 1968 with a thought to the V-12 engine, then under development.

The XJ-12 will get you off at an orgasmic 140 mph. The V-12 engine develops 241 (SAE net) horsepower and 285 lbs./ft. of torque, like the XKE sports car. Like the XKE, she has ventilated front disc brakes. She also has servo-assisted brakes on all four independently sprung wheels, a warning system for pressure differential, and a system for balancing line pressure. The steering rack is mounted on the rear face of the suspension beam for maximum safety, and there are a number of other carefully planned safety devices. A transistorized ignition system, developed by Lucas for use on the Grand Prix cars, allows a sparking rate of up to 7,000 rpm, compared to the 4,000 rpm provided by conventional systems.

The XJ-12 offers all this performance in grand style, with an interior of hand-sewn leather seats, walnut dash panel, white-on-black dials, impressive-looking switches and deep pile carpeting, and comes complete with power-operated windows, electric rear-window defroster, air conditioning and a three-speed automatic floor-mounted transmission. An AM/FM radio is the only option.

Although the XJ-12 seats five comfortably, and her wide wheels and tubeless radial-ply tires give her a somewhat roadworthy look, she handles more like your lover than your wife. When cold, she turns on easily with a manual choke. Once warm, the V-12 neither stumbles nor surges. Usually quiet and subdued, she can roar like a huge cat at higher speeds and throttle openings. Yet when it comes to outright cornering power, this Jaguar has no competition.

Durability, security, braking power and roadworthiness didn't come to the XJ-12 easily. Her family has credentials of innumerable best-performance awards and race victories in major international rallies. The Jaguar builders in Coventry see each new-born vehicle through thirty-nine different stages, from bare steel to fully painted body, over six to eight weeks. The final rubdown, painting and interior-trim fitting take place only after the car is complete and has been thoroughly road tested.

The lady costs $11,025 (P O E), so she's hard to get, but why not? The Jaguar XJ-12 really is the top cat.

Up until now the best baldness preventative went on your head. Now it goes in your mouth.

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Read these facts about hair conditioning and a well balanced diet. It's amazing that it's so simple.

Major nutritionists have known for years that the best hair conditioner is a well balanced diet. But, government surveys show that many people don't get a well balanced diet. Not with hectic schedules, poor eating habits, processed foods, preservatives that preserve but destroy food value and just plain lack of nutritional knowledge. A steady diet of wheat germ, fish oils, kelp, raw vegetables and other pure vitamin and mineral sources can give your body the food that it needs to be its healthiest.

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Unfortunately, as we grow older the tiny capillaries in our outer extremities tend to break down. The top of the head is one of the first places this occurs. When the capillaries break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. The "frizzes" are one of the first signs that your hair is starving to death.

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That's why Cosvetic Laboratories developed Head Start. To supplement your diet. With the vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in both men and women alike. Head Start is an excellent hair conditioner. It actually dilates your capillaries. Even proper diet will not do this. And it is a vitamin and mineral compound that is not available from any other commercial vitamin source. It simply provides your hair with the food that it needs to stay alive. And healthy. From the inside out.

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

the government to infiltrate and to start getting our chiefs and getting hold of their mines.

Penthouse: Are they still being used by the government?

Bellecourt: Sure, sure. They would be given tracts of land. Or they would come and say "We'll educate your children. Just give us this land." The churches are some of the biggest holders of real estate on Indian land in the United States.

Penthouse: Give us some specific examples.

Bellecourt: The Jesuits are the biggest property holders on the Pine Ridge Reservation. They've saved souls, but they've also added big holdings to their wealth.

It's really a contradiction for our people. We had a religion that endured for thousands of years. We lived in virtual peace, except for skirmishes between tribes over hunting rights, fishing rights, ancestral grounds. But that was destroyed by the missionaries who said, "You can no longer be pagans. You've got to accept our civilized ways." Well, it's hard for us to tell who is civilized and who isn't. The war in Southeast Asia, the violence in the streets.

Penthouse: How has education been used as a weapon against the Indians?

Bellecourt: The churches and government have taken our kids off to their boarding schools. They've cut our hair short and taken our medicine bags, our sacred things. "Now you gotta be a White man. You can't be Indian any more."

Penthouse: This is still happening?

Bellecourt: Sure. The churches are the biggest kidnappers in the country. They're ripping off our kids and putting them into boarding schools or White foster homes, where the kids completely lose their identity.

Penthouse: What's the foster parents' excuse?

Bellecourt: Usually some pretty good welfare checks. And they usually gain control of the land that child inherits. A lot of people really love those children and they treat them good. But a lot abuse them, too.

Penthouse: Are these children's real parents still alive?

Bellecourt: Sure. Maybe there's a drinking problem in the family. Or maybe poverty or unemployment. So they take the child away rather than try to treat the family, help rehabilitate it and get the parents jobs.

We see and talk to a lot of Indian young people who went through the boarding schools and foster homes; they suffered a lot of emotional disorders. We've supported the licensing of Indian homes as boarding schools or as foster homes. And we've saved a lot of children from the Lutheran social services and put them into Indian homes. We need an all-out campaign to start getting these children back.

Penthouse: Tell us about Indian education. How does it work?

Bellecourt: We now have in Minneapolis, Milwaukee and St. Paul what we call Survival Schools. They're directed toward the elementary student who comes in contact with the courts. As a last chance they've been turning these young people over to us to see what we could do with them. We have a school where the faculty are the children's parents. To have a child there, you have to get involved. Now, that's the Indian way. Parents taught. The uncle had a responsibility to teach the young man to be a warrior. The aunts and the grandmother taught the children certain things. That was Indian education, and that's what we're going

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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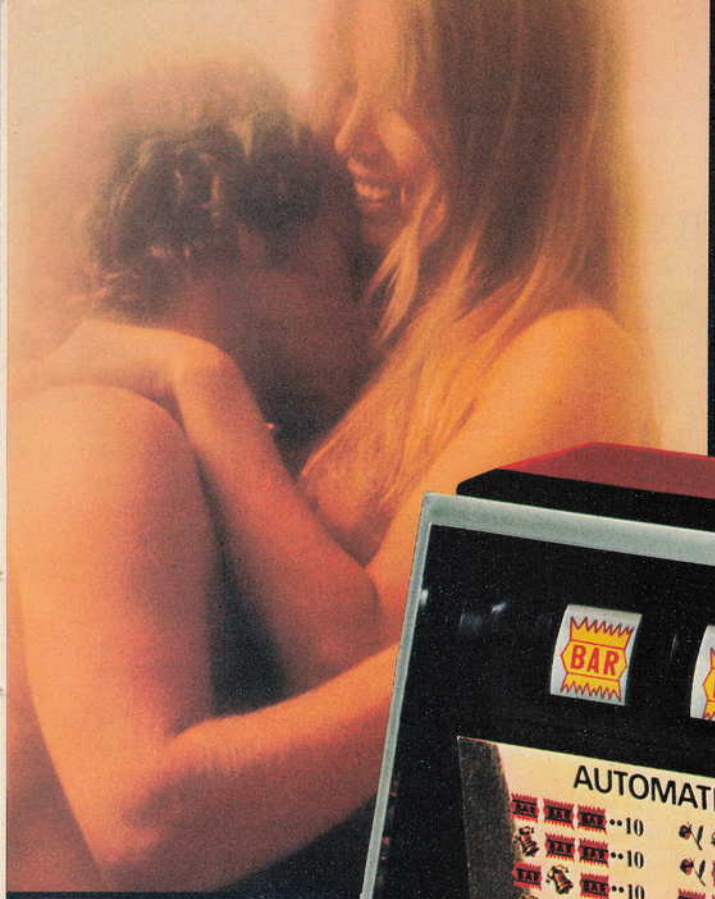

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Assassination Tapes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

showed hard stress on the PSE. Unfortunately, he made no other definite statement about the nature of the wound.

The interview with Captain Humes was more informative. Just before the interview, in 1967, Humes had re-examined the autopsy photographs and X-rays, and he discussed them at length on the CBS tapes. The diagrams drawn during the autopsy, he said, had not been intended to precisely represent the location of the wounds. However, he now produced a sketch which, he said, did represent these locations accurately. The interviewer asked, "Your re-examination of the photographs verify that the wounds were as shown here?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. No stress.

Were there any wounds other than one at the base of the neck and one up in the skull? "No, sir, there were not." Moderate stress, not enough to suggest deception.

Was there any doubt that the wound at the back of the President's head was an entry wound? "There is absolutely no doubt, sir." Again stress, but again moderate.

Altogether, how many wounds were there? "There were two wounds of entrance and two of exit." At this point the stress became hard.

And where were the entry wounds located? "Posteriorly, one low in the right posterior scalp, and one in the base of the neck on the right." Hard stress again.

Could he be absolutely certain that what he said was an entry wound was, in fact, that. "Yes, indeed we can." Hard stress.

The interview with Humes was one of the longest and most detailed on the CBS tapes, and I charted most of it with the PSE. It was clear to me that he believed much of what he was saying, but the frequent flickerings of moderate stress and the occasional flashes of hard stress suggested that he wasn't nearly as confident of his testimony as he claimed to be. As Dr. Perry had pointed out, sometimes it's not easy to tell an entry wound from an exit wound.

The interviewer asked him one good "bottom line" question:

"Do you have any different conclusion, any different ideas, any different thoughts now, after seeing [the autopsy photographs] again, than you had at that time?"

"No," replied Captain Humes, "we think they bear up very well, and very closely, our testimony before the Warren Commission."

The stress was hard.

Arlen Specter, one of the Warren Commission's principal investigators, also spoke on the CBS tapes. He said that the case against Oswald fitted together very well, and that seldom could one find among actual criminal convictions a case equally persuasive. He added that there was no foundation for the charge that the Commission had been formed to whitewash the facts.

The PSE said he was telling the truth.

John McCloy, a member of the Warren Commission, said much the same thing, and added that he had seen no credible evidence to contradict the findings of the Commission. The PSE backed him up on this, but it failed to do so when, speaking of the Warren Report, he said, "There was nothing fraudulent about it." Here the PSE showed hard stress.

If Specter and McCloy were as confident as the PSE shows them to be in the truthfulness of the Warren Report, what could be fraudulent about it? Perhaps the snipping off of a few loose ends, the suppression of a few pieces of inconvenient evidence which conflicted with a version of events they believed to be essentially true.

The one man who could be expected to have the most informed opinion regarding the work of the Warren Commission is former Chief Justice Earl Warren himself. He had declined to be interviewed on the CBS program in 1967, but he did appear on television in May, 1972, in an interview which was part of a series called *The Brandeis Television Recollections*. Bob Smith of the Committee provided me with the tape.

> "... we found no evidence of any kind that there was any conspiracy."
> There was very hard stress on "no evidence"

The interview was an hour long, but the Kennedy assassination and the Warren Commission came up only once. The interviewer, Abram Sachar, Chancellor of Brandeis University, was friendly and deferential. I charted some of Warren's remarks unrelated to the assassination and found that he was generally unstressed. Sachar raised the subject of the Commission obliquely, and Warren volunteered several rather lengthy statements about it

Warren said that immediately after the assassination there were two theories, one that Khrushchev and Castro were behind the killing, the other that a group of right-wing Texas oilmen were responsible. He said:

"We explored both of those theories for ten months and found no evidence that either of them was involved in it."

The PSE showed hard stress.

He continued:

"... we found no evidence of any kind that there was any conspiracy."

Again there was stress, and particularly hard stress on the words "no evidence."

"I have read everything," said Justice Warren, "that has come to my notice in the press, and I read some of the documents that have criticized the Commission very severely, but I have never found that they have discovered any evidence of any kind that we didn't discover and use in determining the case as we did."

Hard stress once again. The word "never" was a perfectly "trimmed hedge."

"I have found nothing since that time," he continued, "to change my view, nor have I heard of anything that has changed the view of any member of the commission since that time."

The stress was hard. As I had now come to expect, the word "nothing" seemed a particularly beautiful example of stress. Another word seemed to show even more stress: "member." Could he have been thinking of someone in particular? On January 19, 1970, Senator Richard B. Russell, a member of the Warren Commission, revealed that he had never believed that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone.

I had charted the last of the assassination tapes. Of course, these few thousand feet of recording tape are only a small fraction of the relevant testimony recorded and stored away in the archives of television news departments. There is, for example, Lee Harvey Oswald, as he was led through the Dallas police station, denying that he had killed the President. There are statements by Marina Oswald, Jack Ruby and by others.

I have no doubt that with these tapes, a Psychological Stress Evaluator, and time to work on them, a very detailed picture of the assassination of John F. Kennedy could be reconstructed, a picture that might even reveal the identities of the assassins and their co-conspirators. I hope that sooner or later someone does this. I have gone as far as the private resources of a free-lance writer permit.

What, given the sample of testimony I have processed with the PSE, can I say about the assassination?

We should first examine the testimony in which *no* stress was found, since it is almost certain that these people were telling the truth as they saw it. This strongly suggests the following:

1. Oswald owned a rifle.
2. A bullet fired from that rifle was found on Governor Connally's stretcher at Parkland Hospital.
3. Bullet fragments *alleged* to have been found in the presidential limousine also came from Oswald's rifle.
4. At least one eyewitness believes he saw gunsmoke on the grassy knoll, but another is equally certain no shots came from that direction.
5. Oswald shot and killed Officer Tippitt.
6. At least one member of the Warren Commission and one member of the Commission's staff really believe in the validity of the Warren Report.
7. Jim Garrison had little or no case against Clay Shaw.

Almost all of this tends to support, in one way or another, the Warren Report. But now

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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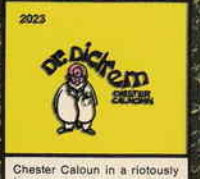

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let's look at the testimony that is called into question by the PSE:

1. The claim that Oswald's rifle was found in the Texas School Book Depository.
2. The claim that bullet hulls matching Oswald's rifle were found in the same place.
3. The claim that one gunman was seen in the "Oswald window" of the Dallas Book Depository.
4. The claim that two gunmen were seen in this window.
5. The claim that a gunman was seen in a different window of that building.
6. Another claim that no shots came from the grassy knoll, and a claim by the witness who saw the gunsmoke on the knoll that he also *heard* a shot from that direction.
7. A claim by a Dallas policeman that neither he nor Officer Tippitt knew Oswald.
8. The claim by the pathologist—the Warren Commission's only source of information about the autopsy—that the X-rays and autopsy photographs support his testimony before the Commission.
9. The claim by a member of the Warren Commission that there was nothing fraudulent about the Warren Report.
10. The claim by Earl Warren that the Commission found no evidence of a conspiracy; that none of the Warren Report's critics ever found anything the Commission had missed; that he had found nothing since the publication of the Report to change his view; and that he knew of no Commission member who had ever changed his mind about their conclusions.

If we accept that each instance of stress indicates deception, an interesting and unexpected possibility emerges:

Oswald was involved in some way in the assassination, if only as a fall guy. Some of the Dallas police force may have been involved, planted the evidence that implicated Oswald, and covered up the fact that there was a conspiracy. The medical examiner believed his own testimony to the Warren Commission, but later had doubts. The Commission found evidence of a conspiracy but didn't believe it, so they covered it up in order to present a tidy package to the public. Later, at least one member of the Commission changed his mind, but since he didn't know what really did happen, he decided to say nothing. So there was conspiracy in Dallas, and in Washington nothing worse than blundering.

I could say all this with certainty if I knew that stress always equals deception. Unfortunately, I do not know that. But the PSE analysis of the assassination tapes has generated a staggering amount of fresh doubt regarding the Warren Report. This doubt rises not only from specific points the PSE has called into question, but from the very sinister implications of the very existence of deception among policemen, government officials and Commission members. The question remains: did such deception exist or was the stress found by the PSE the result, in every case, of an outside issue?

"We've finally done it, Professor . . . a Birth Control Pill that has an extra mileage ingredient, is kind to hands, has a mouthwash in the stripe and you can't tell the taste from butter . . ."

Obviously, whenever stress is found by the PSE and cannot be cross-checked by a structured interrogation, some probability must be accepted that this stress is caused by an outside issue. No study has yet been conducted to establish what this probability might be, but let us pick, for the sake of discussion, a figure that may seem ridiculously high—70 percent. In other words, we are assuming that 70 percent of the times the PSE finds stress in testimony, it results from something other than lying.

Now, let's ignore the deception indicated in the testimony of the eyewitnesses; even if present, it might have resulted from mere desire for attention. That leaves eight "insiders" who have demonstrated stress when making statements supporting the Warren Report: the Dallas policemen Hill, Jacks, Jackson and Weitzman; the medical examiner, Captain Humes; Commission staffer Wesley Liebler; Commission member John McCloy; former Chief Justice Earl Warren.

Assuming that there is a 70 percent chance that any *single* instance of stress is "outside issue," what is the probability that all eight instances are due to factors other than deception? Elementary probability theory tells us that it is seven-tenths raised to the eighth power, or approximately 6 percent.

In other words, even making some fairly conservative assumptions, there is a 94 percent chance that at least one of these eight men is lying.

My own personal opinion? I don't know. I remember the young man with the ring. He said he was wearing it, and he was, but he stressed. He stressed not because he was lying, but because there was something about that ring that really bothered him, something he didn't want the world to know. Perhaps that is also true of these men who, in one way or another, learned some part of the truth about the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

I suppose I'm not absolutely sure even of that. When I first met Bob Smith of the Committee, I asked him if there was any one thing the government could do to clear up the mystery. Yes, he replied, the one thing that would help more than anything else would be to make available the physical evidence — the detailed FBI lab reports, the X-rays and autopsy photographs, the microscopic slides, the bloodstained clothing, yes, even the President's brain, wherever it has been hidden. These things, he said, would go far toward answering the questions about what actually happened that day in Dallas. Maybe they would even confirm the Warren Report.

So when I say I'm not absolutely certain these men are concealing something, I mean I can think of something that could conceivably change my mind. That is, if the government would open all its files on this matter to us and prove that we are wrong —we, the people who ten years later still believe we haven't yet heard the full account of the events of November 22, 1963.

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The Hollies

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EVIL WAYS
Santana
I'D LOVE TO CHANGE THE WORLD
Ten Years After
TIME OF THE SEASON
The Zombies
TURN, TURN, TURN
(To Everything There Is a Season)
The Byrds

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(The Lament of the Cherokee)
Paul Revere & The Raiders
ATLANTIS
Donovan
SYLVIA'S MOTHER
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
ELI'S COMIN'
Laura Nyro
PIECE OF MY HEART
Janis Joplin
Big Brother and The Holding Company

Side Two
HALLELUJAH
Sweathog
GET IT ON
Chase
PICKIN' UP THE PIECES
Poco
MERCY, MERCY, MERCY
The Buckinghams
SEASON OF THE WITCH
Steve Stills/Al Kooper

RECORD THREE

Side One
I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW
Johnny Nash
LONG COOL WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS
The Hollies
HOUSE AT POOH CORNER
Loggins and Messina
ONLY YOU KNOW AND I KNOW
Delaney & Bonnie
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
Chi Coltrane

Side Two
BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
Mac Davis
THE COVER OF "ROLLING STONE"
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
THEM CHANGES
Carlos Santana and Buddy Miles
THANK YOU
Sly and The Family Stone
SILVERBIRD
Mark Lindsay

RECORD FOUR

Side One
HOLD YOUR HEAD UP
Argent
HURDY GURDY MAN
Donovan
WE'VE GOT TO GET IT ON AGAIN
The Addrisi Brothers
ALL THE YOUNG DUDES
Mott the Hoople
OYE COMO VA
Santana

Side Two
ME AND BOBBY McGEE
Janis Joplin
HEART FULL OF SOUL
The Yardbirds
WEDDING BELL BLUES
Laura Nyro
SAN FRANCISCO
(Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)
Scott McKenzie
SHARON
David Bromberg

RECORD FIVE

Side One
ARIZONA
Mark Lindsay
WHO'S MAKING LOVE
Johnnie Taylor
(If You Let Me Make Love to You Then)
WHY CAN'T I TOUCH YOU?
Ronnie Dyson
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The Addrisi Brothers
MORE TODAY THAN YESTERDAY
Spiral Starecase

Side Two
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THE HORSE
Cliff Nobels
YOUNG GIRL
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Johnny Cash
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The Byrds
FAIS-DO
Redbone

Side Two
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Blood, Sweat & Tears
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WHAT YOU HEAR IS WHAT YOU GET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

The first thing to do is select three or four records from your own library to take shopping with you. Choose records that are in good condition, which you know well, and on labels with reputations for good sound. You'll want several types of music, including a solo piano or violin, an ensemble with soloist (either pop or classical, and preferably vocal, but an instrumental solo will do), an orchestra or band whose recording contains sudden loud and sudden quiet passages. Finally, one record should have a mass of sound—say, the finale from *Hair* or the climax of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*.

First, try your solo instrumental record, played through a speaker you've selected in advance as your standard. It may be one you've heard about from a friend, recommended by the dealer or seen advertised here. Listen to the instrumental tones, particularly the delicate shadings that make a piano sound different from a violin or clarinet. Fix the sound clearly in your mind. Now ask the dealer to switch to another speaker—either one you've heard or read about or one you've selected in the store. Does the instrument have as much lifelike quality? Are all of the subtle tone colors there or have some disappeared? Do you hear new ones? Follow the same procedure with a third speaker and switch back and forth among them.

Next, try the ensemble with soloist. You want to know how successfully the speaker separates the soloist from the orchestral background. In the case of a vocalist, do the sibilants pop or do they sound natural? In the case of a solo instrument, is it easily separable from the orchestra? Are the tone colorations of the solo instrument evident or are they sometimes lost?

Now try that recording of a full orchestra, preferably one with a big dynamic range. How clear is the sound when the group plays loudly? Softly? Is there a fuzzy quality in some passages or is it clear as a bell? Can you pick out a single instrument in the ensemble and follow it? Does the sound become mushy and blurred during the loud passages? When a sudden quiet passage comes up after a loud one, does a faint echo ring in the speaker?

Remember that the speaker alone isn't responsible for everything that comes out. Distortion can exist in the record itself or in the dealer's cartridge or amplifier. In such cases, all the speakers you audition will reproduce the same faults.You'll notice that some sound cleaner, more natural than others. Some handle bass or treble tones better, and some speakers produce a more even dispersion of sound in the listening room. To check the dispersion, walk around the speaker in a 180° arc, concentrating on the high frequencies. Bass tones are essentially nondirectional—but some speakers produce adequate treble only when you stand directly in front of them. The farther you can move to the side and still hear good high frequencies, the better.

Finally, try a record with lots of noise, preferably with some quiet spots. Again, you want to know how easy it is to pick out an individual singer or instrument and follow it as the music progresses—how clean the loud passages sound, how wide the dispersion of the speaker, and how the speaker handles those sudden quiet spots after lots of noise.

You'll have to listen very carefully, but once you get the hang of it, you'll find that there are differences between speakers, and you can hear them.

THE REEL SOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

All this is possible because an open-reel machine assigns more tape to a given musical passage than do the convenience types. All the new machines record at a tape speed of seven and one-half inches per second, twice the speed of tape cartridges and four times that of cassettes. A growing number of new open-reel decks even operate at fifteen ips, the speed favored by professional recording studios; most offer a choice of two or three tape speeds to accomodate different types of recording. Generally speaking, the higher the tape speed, the higher the fidelity—but the less recording time you have per reel of tape.

Most open-reel recorders designed for audiophile use get four tracks or programs of sound on each strip of quarter-inch magnetic tape. That means that each track is approximately twice as wide as the corresponding musical program on an eight-track cartridge or cassette. That in turn means that the signal (music) is greater in proportion to the natural hiss, or background noise, of the tape. You can use a quarter-track recorder to inscribe four monaural programs or two two-channel stereo programs onto a reel of tape. The four-channel models from Akai, Panasonic, Pioneer, JVC, Sony Superscope and Teac use the same quarter-inch tape to record a single four-channel program in one direction on the same quarter-inch tape. Some of the more expensive machines offer a choice of two- or four-track heads (or sometimes two-track heads) as optional extras.

Another professional feature which is filtering down to the audiophile recorder is the ten-and-one-half-inch tape reel. Most open-reel machines accommodate reels up to seven inches in diameter. A seven-inch reel can hold up to one and one-half hours' worth of uninterrupted recording or playback time in a single direction at seven and one-half ips without an automatic reverse control. But you can double that playback time by using a ten-and-one-half-inch tape reel full of super-thin tape. The real advantage of the large reels, however, comes when you record or play back at the studio speed of fifteen ips. That means a maximum of forty-five minutes' time on a seven-inch reel using the thinnest tape—double it with ten-and-one-half-inch reels.

Automatic reverse is a feature the true professionals frown upon. Nevertheless, it's a highly popular feature, particularly in the more expensive decks, because it eliminates the need for threading the tape at the end of each program.

If fidelity is the principal reason for buying an open-reel recorder, the ease and convenience with which you can make your own recordings is the other. You can, of course, record on eight-track cartridges or cassettes. But one is a drag to do, and the other doesn't permit you to edit or record duets with yourself. For the guy who wants to turn tape into a creative hobby, an open-reel recorder is almost essential, because things like sound-on-sound recording (those duets with yourself and echo effects), sound-with-sound (rehearsing a musical instrument or practicing a foreign language along with a prerecorded instructor), editing and splicing—all are easier to do on it.

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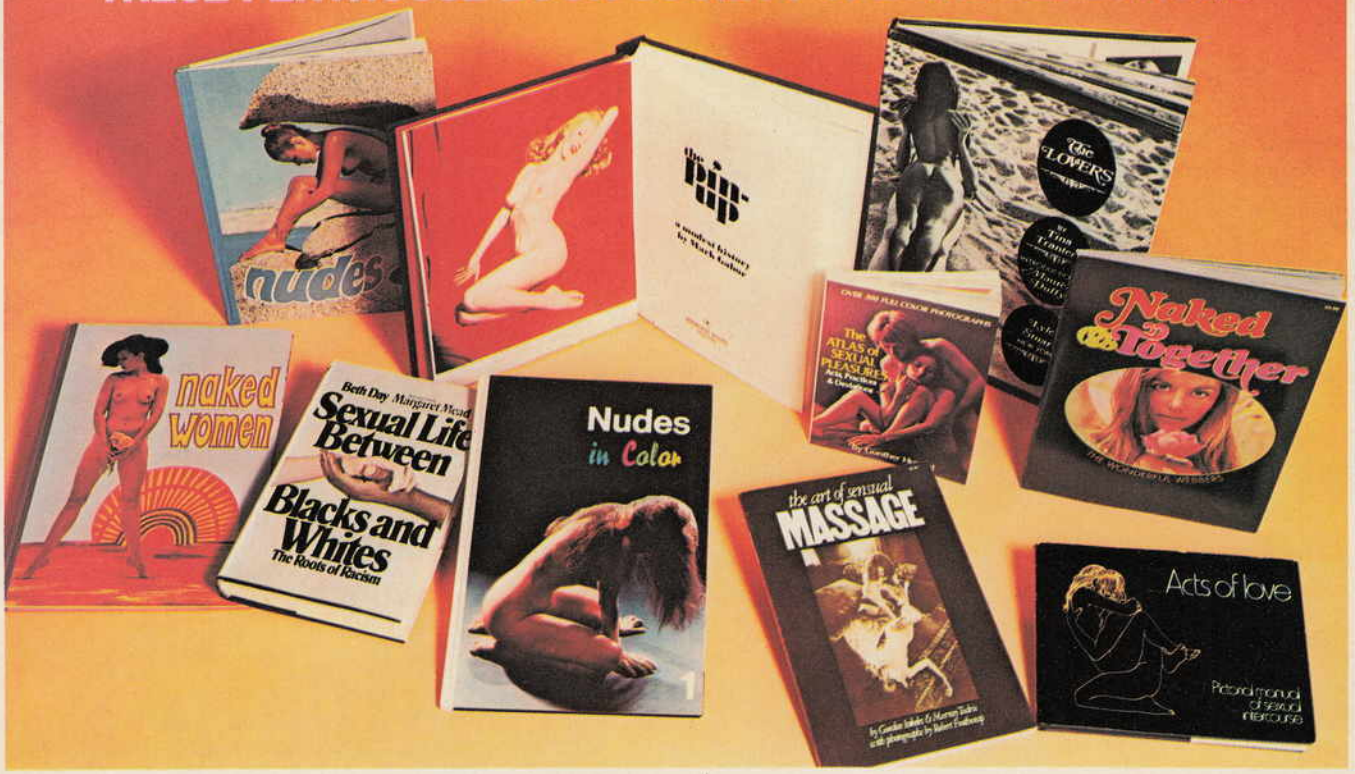

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

back to. In those schools we're teaching the religion, the dances, how to make dance outfits. They're learning those songs at the drum and the Indian languages, too.

Penthouse: Is that the whole curriculum?

Bellecourt: No. We teach reading, writing and arithmetic. We see the answer as a bilingual, bicultural education which, when we get it budgeted and operative, will allow White children to come and learn, too.

It would have been beautiful if years ago, when Whites came here, they had said, "Teach us the best of what you know, and we'll teach you what we know; let us live as brothers." But it was never that way.

When those young people come in, they stay. With a new pride. They don't end up in detention schools.

Penthouse: How about enemy number three, the paternalistic bureaucracy?

Bellecourt: The government appropriates a billion dollars yearly for Indians. Yet our people are suffering from hunger, the worst housing conditions and ill health. The life expectancy is forty-two years. We have five to seven times the national suicide rate. Many prisons are from 10 to 30 percent populated by Indian people. The bureaucracy has totally failed us.

We really got it together there in Washington, and we feel that it was a major victory for us. They have tried to prosecute a few people for possessing documents and so on, but they haven't been too successful. We haven't had a single conviction yet.

Penthouse: Is there going to be more to come from these documents?

Bellecourt: Yes, we just released a very little to give people a good idea that what we had is pretty volatile material. We gave some to columnist Jack Anderson. He didn't pay us nothing. We asked for no favors. We just wanted to expose it to our people, to show them that we went there for a purpose. If we'd really had a conspiracy to take those documents, we would have systematically copied them. We had the copying machines. But when it got to the point where negotiations broke down, everything else got lost in the shuffle. People just started going through files, finding interoffice memos and the Solicitor General's opinions, which clearly indicated that his opinions were benefiting White mineral and land-development companies, coal companies and oil companies, while ripping off Indian people.

Penthouse: These are things that still haven't been revealed?

Bellecourt: Yeah. The papers Whitten, Jack Anderson's assistant, saw, had very volatile material. Those were all solicitors' opinions.

Penthouse: What about the $1,800,000 dollars damage your people are alleged to have done to the Bureau. Weren't you ripping *yourself* off? Won't the damage be paid for out of money that would have gone to Indians?

Bellecourt: The alleged $1,800,000 has overshadowed all the good. For some reason a society which can spend billions of dollars in destruction in Vietnam condemns us for a relatively small amount of damage that claimed no lives.

Penthouse: Despite what you say about A.I.M. bringing unity to the Indians, an awful lot of Indians don't like you. Why?

Bellecourt: A.I.M. has made all Indian people think. It has made all Indian people form opinions. It has made all people, but primarily Indian people, form opinions.

But we find that unless we've been able to communicate accurately what we stand for, they immediately get a distorted view of what we are.

The Indian world has its bureaucrats, with their little homes and their jobs with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and they see us as a threat to their security. The Indian bureaucrat has not become an enemy, but he has become bothersome for us, because it's difficult to reason with him. That's our worst problem right now.

I'd have to assume it was this type of person who burned an A.I.M. leader's home near Wounded Knee on March 1. Two days before, five of that same type, a goon squad, assaulted our man Russell Means in a parking lot.

The tool non-Indians, or Washington, has used is dividing our people. People have actually said, "The superintendent of the agency told me that you guys were Communist, and all you want to do is take what we've got away from us." Now, that's a threat to those people. You mess with a nest, anybody's, man or bird, and he'll bite you.

Living on Indian land, they know the title is questionable. Automatically bitterness builds up, hatred for the people who are allowing them to survive. We see this around every reservation in the country—communities where the businessmen are all White, and their whole economy is based on the Indian coming in and shopping once a week.

Penthouse: What about the Senators who participated in the negotiations at Wounded Knee? Are they your enemies?

Bellecourt: Russell Means, the man responsible for this whole campaign at Wounded Knee, describes McGovern as a combination of General Crook, General Miles and General Custer —three of the worst enemies we ever had. He comes from a state that has a large Indian constituency, and that Indian constituency has put him in office many times. Yet conditions in South Dakota are really bad. He's made token efforts, but now he doesn't see that constituency as a threat. Consequently he's not going to do anything.

Penthouse: What about the newly elected Senator James Abourezk?

Bellecourt: Well, his father was a trader, traded with the Indians for years. The Senator still owns a trading post, with his brother, in Mission, S.D. He's involved in exploiting the Indian. High prices.

Penthouse: We're told that when the elder Abourezk died, hundreds of Indians came to mourn him.

Bellecourt: The old man? Well, they might have. A lot of those old traders, even though they exploited the people, the people got to rely on them. That was the way. They brought their jewelry, he gave them X amount of dollars, and they were able to eat. It was a way of life. The controlled economy of Indian people. But the trading-post concept has been very vicious for our people. It's under attack in the Southwest very strongly right now.

Penthouse: How do these trading posts work?

Bellecourt: The law states that they have to have a trader's license issued by the tribe. But many of them operated for years without a license. Perhaps some still do. We're looking into the trading law to see if the Wounded Knee trading post had a license. U.S. Code 25 regarding Indians states very clearly that if a non-Indian is caught trading with the Indians without a license, the tribe has the right to confiscate all merchandise, and the trader is subject to a fine not to exceed $500. So if the trading post at Wounded Knee didn't have a license,

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our people had the right to take weapons from the trading post as a protective measure.

Penthouse: What about the trading posts in the Southwest?

Bellecourt: They are real vicious. They've been exploiting the Navahos and the Zunis for their jewelry for years. Some of them have been found guilty of breaking the truth-in-lending law; they've been sued and had to give a lot of money to Indian people.

There's going to be an all-out attack launched against the traders. An organization called the Native American Merchandizing Enterprises has a Federal grant for about $500,000—two years funding—to probe ways to upgrade the prices for the craftsmen. They were buying from the Indian people and paying them a higher price than they would ordinarily get from the White trader; then they were getting this stuff to the distributors. They're very concerned. We're attempting to open up co-ops and get the people better organized to cope with the problem.

Penthouse: What is your dream for the Indian?

Bellecourt: It might be just a dream, but I see, one day, every one of our nations as separate and sovereign, and we will have representatives from each one of those nations sitting in our United Nations to determine the destiny of our people.

Penthouse: In an Indian United Nations?

Bellecourt: Yeah. I see a central, traditional form of government. The council government, like maybe the great Iroquois confederacy that still exists up in the Six Nations. I see that in gaining total sovereignty we can develop our lands. The U.S. government will naturally have to keep their promises to honor their treaties. Those lands will have to be paid for. We can take those dollars and develop our land our way. When the White man is on his path, and the Red man is on his path, we can walk together and respect one another. Until that day comes, we're going to continue to have problems.

Penthouse: Do you have any definite plans beyond Wounded Knee?

Bellecourt: I guess it comes down to one thing. The Declaration of Independence spells it out pretty precisely. When a government becomes a tyranny, when it suppresses the people, it's not only a duty but a responsibility for the people to attempt to change that form of government or to destroy it. I guess we're saying that we have the right to read the Declaration of Independence.

A bicentennial celebration is going to take place in 1976. We, the hosts, haven't been asked much about our involvement. We feel that if this government is expecting to celebrate its 200th birthday in our country, they'd better involve us.

We're going to introduce legislation, we're going to lobby, we're going to do all those things within the system. But at the same time we're going to have to confront this system to continue to let it know that we're serious. Unless our way of life is elevated so that we can survive; unless we're allowed total self-determination; unless the conditions change 180 degrees, it will be our duty and our responsibility to blow out the candles on that 200th birthday cake.

Penthouse: You said you wanted to read me something in closing.

Bellecourt: Let me read you some portions of a letter written by an Indian who wasn't even in Washington when we occupied the Bureau building. It comes from an Indian with short hair, who wears White-men's suits. Yet, listen to what he says. It sums up everything.

"The issue . . . was not . . . the occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the destruction of a certain amount of property. . . . The issue is, was, and forever will be the occupation of Indian land and the near destruction of the people by a nation of greedy and deceitful White men. . . .

"You will see that for every broken window in the Bureau quarters there are thousands of broken hearts among your people which cannot be repaired. Aren't your people worth more than taxpayers' money? Indeed, isn't the taxpayers' money the money that came from the rape of your lands . . . ?

"Red Cloud said, 'They made us many promises; more than I can remember. They never kept but one. They promised to take our land and they took it.'

"But if you do have any values higher than that of possession of land, money and prestige, I would ask you to be outraged that your government officials tell lies.

"Be outraged that Indian teenagers are committing suicide because their world appears hopeless.

"Be outraged that government agencies spend money not for the educational needs of Indian children, but for the career needs of non-Indian government employees. . . .

"If you ask me, 'Do you endorse the wanton destruction of property?' I ask *you* 'Do you endorse theft of property, either outright or through deception and lies?' No, I do not endorse destruction of property, but I say to you, if to destroy a small amount of your possessions is the only way to make you listen, then maybe it is time we made you listen."

Penthouse: Thank you, Vernon Bellecourt.

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S. J. Wolfe, the renowned essayist and poet, was selected to write the text.

The intention was to offer signed prints of the original paintings as an extraordinary art collection. But interest was so enthusiastic, it was agreed to publish the entire series as a rare art book. So serious collectors of the unusual, artists and connoisseurs of erotic pieces may enjoy an important contribution to their personal library.

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PERSONALS is a most important contribution to avantgarde verse and erotic art. It may immortalize its creators not unlike Gargantua and Pantagruel immortalized Rabelais and Cistine, Michaelangelo.

It is likely that few people writing language today could parallel Mr. Wolfe's verse, and it is likely that few would care to do it were they capable. He has seen fit to use words and phraseology the entire world has covenanted and people in general, cultured and uncultured, civilized and savage, believer and heathen, have agreed shall not be used, and which are base, vulgar, vicious and depraved. Mr. Wolfe's retort: "To prevail when sounder minds could not."

Mr. Ehrlich has the good fortune, or damnation, to be born with the quality which the world calls genius. But it seems genius and reverence are antipodal, Disney being the exception to the rule.

Mr. Ehrlich has no reverence for organized religion, for conventional morality, for artistic style or form. He has no conception of the word obedience, and he bends knee neither to God nor man.

It is very interesting and most important to have the revelations of such personalities. Heretofore, our only avenues of information led through the asylums for the insane, for it is there that such revelations are made without reserve. Lest anyone construe this statement to be a subterfuge, to impugn the sanity of the creators, let me say at once that I am not the first and surely will not be the last to do so.

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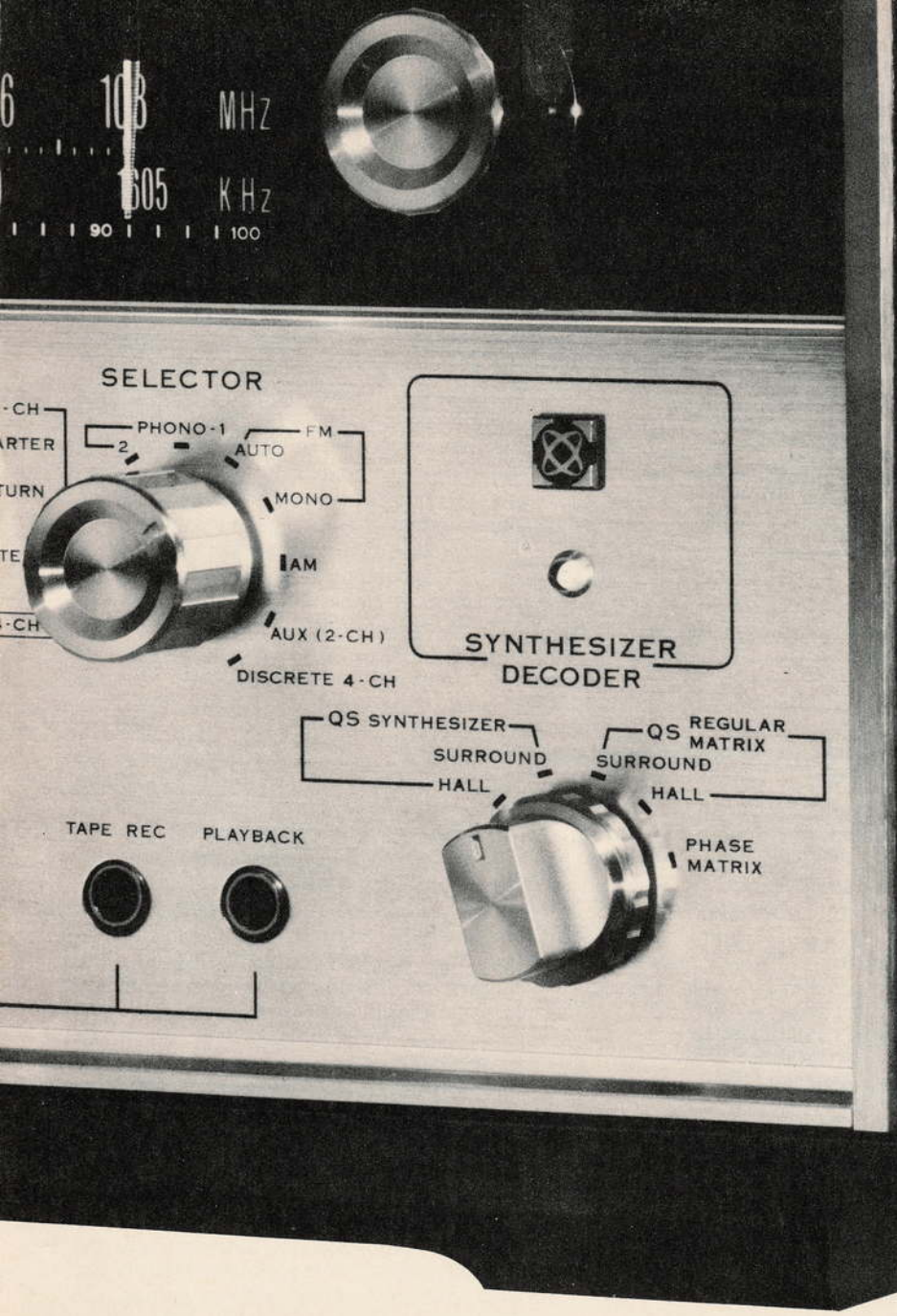

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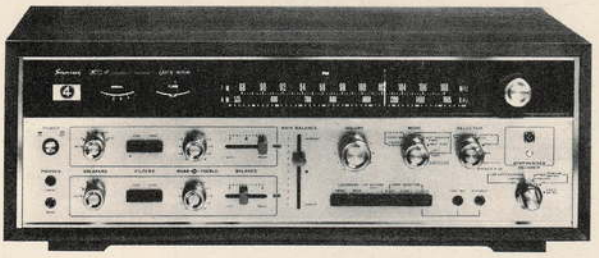

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HONKY-TONK ANGELS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

"A Dear John Letter," where a soldier hears his girl friend has married his brother, or Luke the Drifter's "Pictures from Life's Other Side"—things sometimes become so morbid that it borders on self-parody. The tragedies, though, are still just day-to-day events. Unlike rock, they are not connected to any sweeping cosmic drama. The fox ate the chickens, the pickup got repossessed, Mary Lou's run off with the Crazy Crystal Water man; otherwise "Everything's O.K."

A VENUSIAN DILEMMA

If Venus is the planet of love that guides the romantic lives of men, it's hard to understand how such totally different messages are being received by rock and country musicians here on earth. If "God Didn't Make Honky-Tonk Angels" by Kitty Wells and Carly Simon's "Daddy, I'm No Virgin" are any example of the kind of signals we're each picking up, then either Venus is a schizophrenic asteroid or we're just not getting the message straight.

It's not that country songs are any less intense or less bizarre than rock. For instance, in Willie Nelson's love ballad "I Just Can't Let You Say Good-Bye" you don't discover until the end of the song that he is slowly *strangling his girl friend to death!* Is this any less outrageous than Alice Cooper's: "I'm so scared your little head will come off in my hands"? Country is hardly less sexually explicit either. Take the wife-swapping "Let's Invite Them Over." It's just that country is direct where rock is oblique, casual where rock is wired. It's also the way each translates similar themes into its own idiom. A random comparison of rock and country titles indicates two parallel, but not necessarily contradictory, universes.

"Pop songs present the world as it ought to be, as it exists in the dreams of various record executives and adolescents," wrote David Hickey in an article on Dolly Parton that really defines the two different attitudes. "Country lyrics, on the other hand, are about the world as it is; they are made by adults and for adults—not rich and famous ones, just grown-up people making it from day to day." Still, an extraterrestrial scanner monitoring WWVA and WABC simultaneously might well wonder what the hell is going on.

LUNAR TUNES

Hound dogs and Japanese hillbillies already know what Americans are just beginning to find out—that country music is moon music! Of course! There's no atmosphere up there yet, therefore no sound, but doesn't that big fat moon just seem to beg for fiddles, banjos and a whole chorus of baying coyotes . . . something a little dizzy to go with all of that nonatmosphere.

If country music hasn't quite gotten to the moon yet (or has it—maybe one of the boys already stashed a copy of "I've Got the Interstate Running Thru My Outhouse" somewhere up there), the moon snuck into country music long ago—through the word lonesome, where it buried itself like an anagram, and it's been there ever since, shinin' on lone cowboys under Western skies, peeking through the outhouse crescent, waning on an "X" waiting for the phone to ring, spotting hobos in the night, Big Joe on the highway, country boys adrift in the big city and all the lovesick loners getting drunk in honky-tonks. Lonesomeness is the country malady, and no other word pervades country-music lyrics like lonesome. It springs up like a jack-in-the-box from the close parody of "Oh, Lonesome Me" and shimmers like a specter in Hank Williams' chilling "May You Never Be Alone Like Me." It was Hank Williams who wrote *the* hymn to loneliness, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry." From its opening train whistle to the suicidal robin at the end, its images are drenched in a delicious melancholy that approaches the starkness of haiku: the whippoorwill, falling leaves and a moon that "just went behind the clouds to hide its face and cry."

What could be sadder than a hillbilly moon? It's almost the epitome of lonesomeness—cold, remote and stripped of all life, like a vision of Appalachia in total desolation. It is the landscape of rejection and separation. The crazed Orlando went there to search for his lost sanity, and among its craters lonely mountain men go, looking for their broken hearts.

THE GRAND OLE OPRY

If the universe had to be modeled after an earthly ballroom or auditorium, it would be the Grand Ole Opry on a Saturday night.

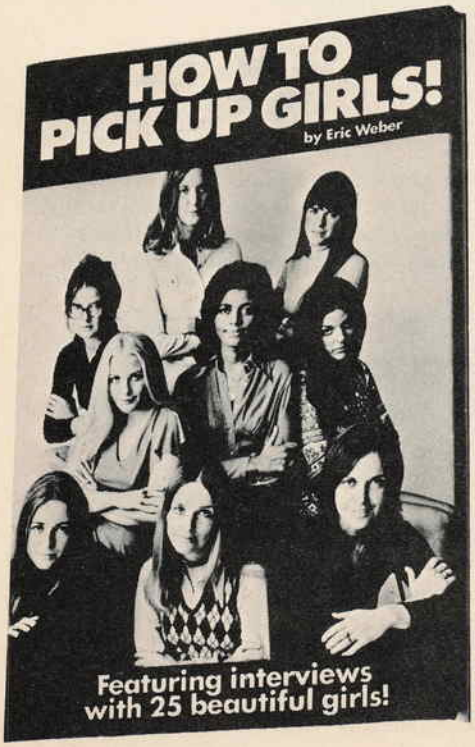
In front of a huge Hot Rize Flour and Cornmeal sign, showing a country boy and his dog going fishing, there's Hank Snow and Pat Boone in the spotlight getting into a somber duo of "I Saw the Light," while backstage guests, friends and fans wander about and visit, hold conversations, eat, drink and joke, and a mother calmly changes her baby's diaper. All this is happening right *on* the Opry stage . . . a sort of Noah's Ark with music. All of creation seems to be here, swirling about in mass confusion, and the whole thing is being broadcast *live* to five million listeners.

There are no rehearsals at the Ryman Auditorium, everything is strictly spontaneous . . . acts follow one another according to a special country logic. A tragic love ballad is followed by some outrageous hayseed comic or a clog-dancing troupe. And a serious performer like Roy Acuff will follow his rendition of the country hymn "Great Speckled Bird" with his famous yo-yo act. Miraculously, all this apparent chaos comes together.

The stars, and they are *the* stars of country music—Roy Acuff, Hank Snow, Grandpa Jones, Loretta Lynn—are required to per-

"If only I had this book when I was single!"

Mike Jackson



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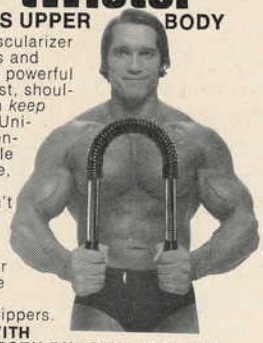

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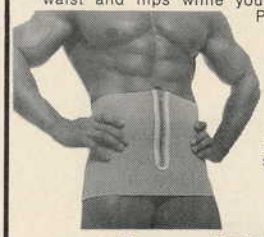

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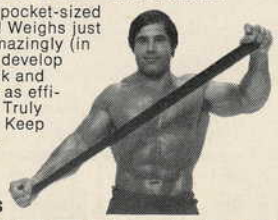

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form here at least twenty Saturdays a year if they want to remain members of the Opry. Many of them perform every Saturday, despite the fact that even as headliners they get only $30 for the night (their sidemen get $10) and all the homemade cookies they can eat.

The Opry's casual friends' and neighbors' attitude is really hard to believe. Even the Avalon Ballroom at its funkiest never approached the Opry for sheer looseness. Nobody is hassled, and there are no star trips. It's just pure entertainment and pure corn. The audiences love the corn as much as they love the music, and the hillbillies,

> When the "killer" sings about himself, he's also obliged to play the role of loser . . .

good-naturedly played by Minnie Pearl and Grandpa Jones, with their moonshine-outhouse repertoire, is as basic to the Opry as the music itself. The hillbilly character is a country folk-hero, endearing because of his innocence. The Opry court jesters like Stringbean, with his impossible anatomy and a pair of pants buckled at the knee, Little Clifford, the seven-foot baby, and Cousin Jody, with his extraterrestrial face, could be appreciated only by an audience that believes anything is possible.

WSM and the Opry are owned by National Life and Accident Insurance Company, and when the Opry was getting its start back in the Twenties, some of National Life's officials were a little alarmed about the Opry's mixture of backwoodsy music and hillbilly humor. But it's just this folksy quality that has made the Opry so successful. The Opry got its name back in 1927, when it was still just a radio show devoted to pure country music. Emcee George "the Solemn Old Judge" Hay came on the air after a classical-music appreciation hour and told his listeners that if what they had heard was an hour of music taken from the Grand Opera, then what they were about to hear for the next three and a half hours would be down-to-earth music from the earthy "Grand Ole Opry." The Opry is the oldest remaining live music show in the world, and it is Judge Hay's "keep it down to earth, boys" attitude that gave an identity to the Opry for almost fifty years. The Opry has made Nashville the country-music center of the world.

BEETHOVEN WOULD NEVER HAVE MADE IT IN NASHVILLE

Nashville has always been the center for hillbilly music, but the current controversy is how far "uptown" country music should go. Opposed to the rougher, homespun quality of such Bakersfield musicians as Merle Haggard and Buck Owens, there is the more sophisticated sound emerging from Nashville. It tends to drop the fiddle and pedal steel—the earmarks of rural or

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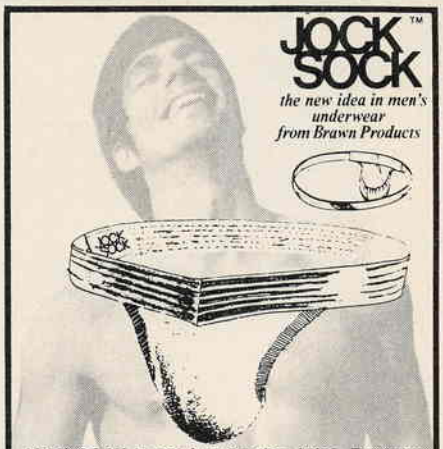

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tavern country music—in favor of a choral background and strings. It's what people on Music Row, Nashville's tight music community, call "going uptown," and although most country artists would say they hate to see it happen, "sweetening" country sessions is pretty common these days. Keeping the loyalty of a hard-core country audience is still important, but it's difficult for artists like Tammy Wynette, Lynn Anderson and Donna Fargo to resist the huge pop market. It only takes from 30,000 to 50,000 records to make the country top ten, compared to from 200,000 to 300,000 in the pop field.

The usual complaint about "going uptown" is that the music will lose its simplicity and authenticity. As far back as 1928, Brunswick engineers were coaxing singers with trained voices, like Buell Kazee, to sing more off-key on mountain records so the sound would be more "natural."

Despite his laid-back, country ways, Chet Atkins, Mr. Country Guitar and head of RCA's Nashville office, is a sophisticated musician and a prime mover in the Nashville Sound. He has recorded numerous jazz, pop, and country albums, but, as he says, even if he recorded Bach, it would come out country. Although Chet would hate to see country music lose its identity, many of the RCA "country" stars he records—Jerry Reed, Skeeter Davis, Charlie Pride—can be found on the pop charts.

The Nashville Sound is caught in the dilemma of trying to extend itself without abandoning its rural roots. It's a paradox Archie Green aptly described as a simultaneous rejection and sentimentalization of rural culture: "We flee the eroding land with its rotting cabin, at the same time we cover it with the rose vines of memory."

Strangely enough, patriarchs of country music like Roy Acuff and Hank Snow do not see the removal of the Opry from the ancient Ryman Auditorium in downtown Nashville to Opryland, the newly completed $16-million amusement park-museum-entertainment center outside the city, as an abandonment of a country-music shrine. Instead, they consider the conveniences of parking, air-conditioning, the elimination of standing in line and sitting on the hard wooden pews of the former tabernacle, as a tribute to the growth and long-awaited recognition of country music. They see the Opry more as a tradition, a movable hayride, and while it's possible to imagine a modernized Opry, it's almost impossible to envision what an "uptown" version of Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, Nashville's legendary beer joint, would look like.

TOOTSIE'S ORCHID LOUNGE

A bright purple storefront with a white orchid of the 1940's painted on the front window is about as subtle as Tootsie's gets. Where the name "Orchid Lounge" came from is hard to imagine; the only things tropical about this Dada event are the Polaroid and Instamatic photos stuck on every possible surface, a creeping, greenish network of images fermented by incandescent light to

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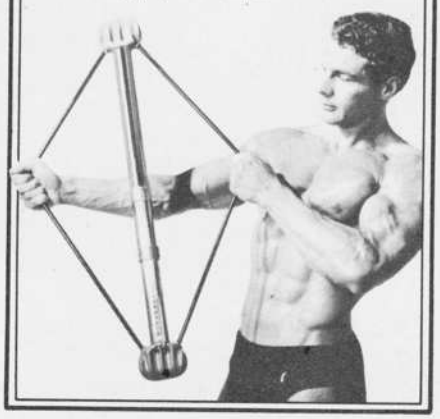


Q. *What does fitness mean?*

A. For normally healthy people, fitness is a simple matter of maintaining muscle tone through exercise—using your muscles often enough and hard enough to keep them healthy and trim.

Q. *How does lack of fitness show up?*

A. The answer depends on how old you are. In your teens or early twenties, it's largely a matter of physical development. Young men with pipe-stem arms and caved-in chests aren't fit. With older men the first signs are usually a roll of fat around the middle and a lack of pep and energy.

Q. *Can sports keep me fit?*

A. Yes, indeed, if practiced regularly and for long enough periods. Swimming, jogging, gymnastics, tennis, etc., can all help keep you fit provided you practice at least an hour three or four days a week—every week.

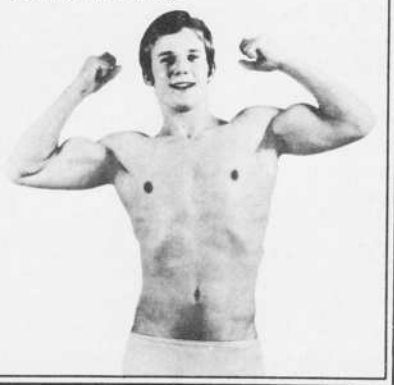
Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes, there's an outstanding home training method which I use and recommend. It's fast, easy and guaranteed to give results.

Q. *What's it called?*

A. Bullworker training. It's based on Isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength faster than sports or conventional calisthenics.

John Frelin shows how he increased his biceps by 2", filled out his chest by 4", his thighs by 1¼" in just a few weeks of Bullworker training.



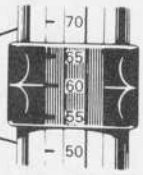
Q. *How long does it take?*

A. The 7-exercise introductory program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. *When do the results start?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can begin to see and measure positive results from the very first day! Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week!

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually *measure* your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.



Q. *But it's hard work, isn't it?*

A. Absolutely not! That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training...it's so amazingly easy! Each "Staticpower" Isometric exercise takes only 7 seconds, and you barely have to move.

Q. *Is there an age limit?*

A. Generally speaking, men between 15 and 65 in good general health can expect to benefit from fitness and strength building training. Young men should use Bullworker to improve their muscular development: broad, powerful shoulders—rippling biceps—a deep, manly chest.

Men in their thirties should use Bullworker to maintain peak physical form and for toning-up the muscles of their abdomen, chest, shoulders and upper arms.

From 45 on, Bullworker should be used to regain and maintain a youthful vigorous body that belies the passing years. I've seen lots of Bullworker users in their fifties with more energy, power, and vigor than many younger men.

Q. *How can I find out more about the Bullworker.*

A. I understand that the American distributor is now offering the Bullworker on a two-week-free-home trial basis. If you're interested in getting back into shape fast, I recommend you contact the distributor for full details.

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"All Things Exotic in Satin"

a gangrenous blur that seems to eat up all form. Snapshots are everywhere—on the walls, the cash register, under the glass on the counter, on the lamps—and range from a couple of boys outside the firehouse in Topeka beaming a "Hiya Tootsie!" grin, to Hank Snow with a couple of geishas at the Meiji Shrine.

Tootsie's, located on Nashville's Broadway, is right behind the Grand Ole Opry, and between performances Opry stars— as well as shitkicker fans, bus-tour Okies and misplaced city-dwellers—can be found in its back rooms, bare as the interior of a

> The train was not only an escape, it was the future... the secret history of America unfolding...

Klondike miner's hut, except for rough wooden tables and chairs and a huge Willie Nelson poster over the bar.

Tootsie's is what you imagine a real Western bar, circa 1890, must have felt like. It is an earthy wooden cave run by Tootsie herself, a bespectacled bar belle who presides over the jukebox-blaring, pinball-zinging, Grinder's Switch-hollerin'-and-jawin' with a combination of toughness and dignity. She'll no more tolerate vulgar words than Pretty Boy Floyd would, and if she hears any hairy language from one of the good ol' boys, she just might jab him back into line with her notorious giant hatpin.

The brouhaha of Tootsie's epitomizes country music's manner—casual, down-home, loud and friendly. The Orchid Lounge's atmosphere and artifacts make the Country Music Association's exhibit of Patsy Cline's wig and the bronze plaques of the Hall of Fame look like the Egyptian Room in the British Museum. There's something almost hysterically Dada about Tootsie's that must have something like the same effect on the uninitiated as Dali's "Rainy Taxi" had on audiences at the International Surrealist Exhibition in 1938.

What will happen to Tootsie's when the Opry moves from Ryman Auditorium to suburban Opryland? Maybe they can get Edward Keinholtz to make a facsimile of the Orchid Lounge, like his replica of Barney's Beanery out in L.A. Tootsie, unconcerned, says with a Mae West type of delivery, "You really like my place? Hell, you shudda seen it when I first took it over. It was a real dive."

IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY

One of the big events in a country day used to be watching the freight trains pass through. The kids would run down to the tracks at the end of the road and watch the endless cars roll by like still frames from a movie. A special treat would be the sight of a crusty old bum regally propped up on one elbow, sunning himself in an open boxcar. Suddenly jolted awake by surprising

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

She knows every trick in the book! The SUPER SEXY Frederick's of Hollywood fashion catalog! Rush your order for giant fashion-filled catalog today! Hundreds of dresses, sportswear, lingerie, bras, shoes, wigs and more spicies! Send 50¢ for 1 issue; $1.50 for 2-year multi-issue subscription.

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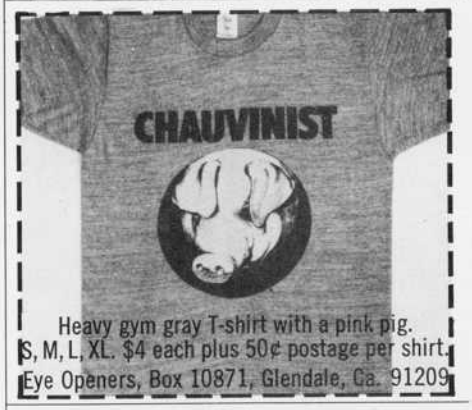

Heavy gym gray T-shirt with a pink pig. S, M, L, XL. $4 each plus 50¢ postage per shirt. Eye Openers, Box 10871, Glendale, Ca. 91209

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A. Floral Snap Bikini. Now our famous Snap Suit with interlocking brass buckles in exciting screen print helenca. In red/wht/blue, brn/powder/wht, or blk/tan/wht. **S-M-L-XL $8.95**

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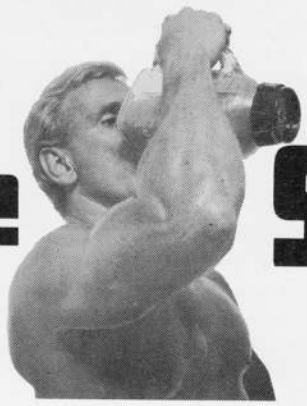
A NEW JOE WEIDER SCIENTIFIC WEIGHT-GAINING BREAKTHROUGH

The end of the SKINNY BODY!



He's "Drinking-On"A-POUND-A-DAY Our New Delicious Fun-Way!

Thousands are doing it—Monthly...WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" that's guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry-looking skinny body—through a new, scientifically blended, delicious milkshake-flavored drink. It fills out your body and face—for a fresher, more exciting, fun-going you!

From near death by tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, alcoholism and drug addiction, this sickly 5'10" skinny 110-lb. weakling gained 65 pounds of solid muscle—added 12 inches of boulder-sized bulges to his chest, 9½ inches to each arm, 8 inches to each leg, and reduced his waist to 28 inches—to become a body building champion... all through the use of Joe Weider's Trainer of the Champions CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 Plan!—That's the **true** story of Charlie Kemp!

A Long History of Physical Weakness Problems

Charlie's trouble started early. All his life he had been frail and sick—by the time he was 10 he had developed asthma, and at 16 his left lung had collapsed. Yet these were only hints of problems that would follow, for during the next three years his left lung collapsed five more times and his right lung collapsed twice—he had cystic emphysema complicated by tuberculosis. This, combined with his sickly appearance, was too much for Charlie's battered ego, and by the time he was 25 he was a bona-fide alcoholic with severe cirrhosis of the liver.

Just when things looked darkest, they got darker. His dismal health brought on narcolepsy, and in order to combat this disease he had to take powerful doses of amphetamines—pep pills. They, in turn, brought on more pernicious complications—loss of appetite and, ironically, insomnia, which required drug depressants. The combination of alcohol and drugs destroyed not only Charlie's physical health but also his mental health, and before long he entered the Seton Psychiatric Institute.

For a full year, psychiatrists bolstered Charlie's psyche, but when he was released, emphysema hit again and his right lung collapsed once more. Was his life really doomed?

Into the hospital again. Surgery curtailed the collapsing of his lungs and removed the diseased portions, and when he was released he found new determination to rebuild his body. But that meant gaining weight—and Charlie, who had to continue taking amphetamines which killed his appetite, began to rely almost entirely on food supplements.

Weider Formula/Method Creates a New Life!

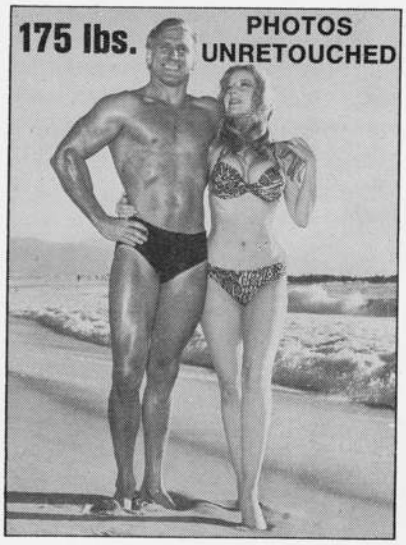
Charlie devoured Joe Weider's CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 by the case, altered his eating habits as prescribed for him by Joe Weider, and followed a few simple daily exercises, which helped to turn the weight gains he made into a firmer, more muscular and handsomer body.

His progress was astounding—you see here the gains he made—absolutely phenomenal, especially for a man entering his 40's and a truly great testimonial for the Weider System and Crash Weight Gain Formula #7.

His life changed with him—from a pathetic, undesired, unloved loser whose only companions were dogs—to a prize-winning "Mr. America Physical Achievement Award" body surrounded by the world's most beautiful girls.—This is the miracle of courageous Charlie Kemp!

© COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER, 1973

"Tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, two lung operations, cirrhosis of the liver, narcolepsy, alcoholic, drug addict, a life in and out of the hospital, psychiatric patient, three packs of cigarettes a day, no SEX desire, unloved—only dogs as companions."



"After years of struggling to stay alive he decided to follow Joe Weider's miraculous Weight-Gaining Plan. The result today is a muscular man of vitality—athletic, handsome, earning $40,000 a year, cured of the sicknesses that used to plague him, and now—surrounded by beautiful girls!"

You Can "Build-Up"Too!

Now, that miracle can be yours. If Charlie Kemp, who was a hopelessly sick underweight weakling struggling daily to live, could achieve so much, just think what you—underweight but medically fit—can accomplish by using the same milkshake flavored drink plan that Charlie used.

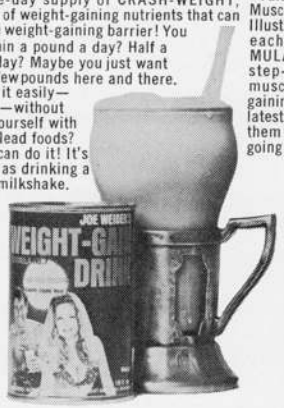
Start today to put an end to your skinny body by following the exact same successful weight-Gaining Formula that Charlie Kemp and thousands of others are using—Monthly! Just drink 4 zestful glasses of delicious CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 daily. It's full of calories, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and tastes delicious with your regular meals. It's safe and healthy, made from all-natural nutrients—NO DRUGS—and does all its work in a relaxed manner, piling on pound after pound of handsome weight to flesh out your bones. Combine CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 with five simple daily exercises, and watch how you fill our your narrow chest, your skinny arms and spindly legs. Put an end to your skinny body once, for all—in **JUST 14 TO 30 DAYS**! And, oh yes—it also fills out your face for a healthier, more exciting, fun-loving you, and that's a lot!

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER	GAINS
Weight	110	175	65 lbs.
Chest	33	45	12 in.
Arms	7½	17	9½ in.
Thighs	16	24	8 in.
Calves	10	16	6 in.
Waist	29	28	Lost 1 in.

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GAIN-A-POUND-A-DAY-KIT

It's a one-day supply of CRASH-WEIGHT, chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier! You want to gain a pound a day? Half a pound a day? Maybe you just want to add a few pounds here and there. You want it easily—enjoyably—without stuffing yourself with heavy-as-lead foods? Now you can do it! It's as simple as drinking a delicious milkshake.



FREE:

"Valuable Weight-Gaining and Muscle-Building Course." This Illustrated Guide sent FREE with each CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 Kit. Crammed with step-by-step instructions in muscle-building and weight-gaining basics. Filled with all the latest ideas and how to adapt them for your own personal, fun-going weight gains!

PUT AN END TO YOUR SKINNY BODY!

JOE WEIDER Dept. P-7
TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936
21100 ERWIN STREET
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF. 91364

Dear Joe: I want to put an end to my skinny body and have everyone compliment me on my athletic appearance and muscular gains. Rush me the "Pound-A-Day" CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 package I have checked below.

Check Plan & Flavor Desired:

- ☐ 7-Day Supply.....$ 8.00)
- ☐ 14-Day Supply.....$14.95)
- ☐ 21-Day Supply.....$20.00)
- ☐ 30-Day Supply.....$25.00)

- ☐ Chocolate
- ☐ Vanilla
- ☐ Strawberry
- ☐ Butterscotch

Pick any group of flavors desired with 2, 3 or 4-week order.
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Send for our free illustrated catalogue which describes our complete line of male contraceptives, birth control products for women (including rhythm aids), books on contraception and sexuality, and even a lab pregnancy test by mail. Send just $3 for a sample pack of 12 assorted condoms or $5 for our deluxe sampler of 19 condoms. Catalogue free with every order. You must be completely satisfied with our products and fast service or your money will be refunded in full.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

it modestly, without hurting her too much, unless she so desires.

THE LATE BLOOMER

I'm a married woman, and I'm having an affair with a co-worker who is more than a decade younger than I. This spread in our ages has really proved a plus. It's been many years since a man has wanted me with as much vigor as my lover does. My man is tired of the smart-ass attitudes of the younger liberationist women. He really appreciates a feminine-looking, old-fashioned "piece-of-ass" type woman who thoroughly adores and worships her man. His idea of the perfect evening is a mirror image of mine: meeting me secretly at a shopping plaza, heading to a motel, and letting it all happen there. My choice of clothing is suitably erotic, beginning with a sexy dress, a black garter belt, dark nylons, sexy sandals, a sexy hairstyle, a ton of perfume, a load of powder on my ass, feminine hygiene spray, deodorant and fresh breath. I wear no bra, slip, panties or pantyhose. How much sexier can a woman get? But now the real shocker. He has talked it over with his wife and has hinted that he'd like me to have a wild weekend of raw erotic activities in a threesome with him and his wife. As an alternative, he wants me to take part with him in a couple-swapping session. I've been thinking about it; a woman in her forties with a bunch of couples in their twenties, a woman who until recently has had a long lay-off from active sex. What should I do? Should I keep it a two-person relationship? Should I include my lover's young wife to avoid any trouble? Or should I indulge in the proposed orgy to open up my life? — B.K.

Let it all hang out, baby. Indulge and enjoy as much as you can take. Time does a lot of things and will surely liberate and rejuvenate you even more. You, of all people, are afraid to participate in an orgy? Don't make me laugh. Lady, you are the best equipped woman to teach those young men and women a lesson or two.

SHE'S UNDEREXPOSED

My wife's clitoris is covered with skin, so that not even the head protrudes. As a result, she obtains little satisfaction from my attempts to arouse her. One doctor has told her that a simple operation to expose her clitoris would be beneficial, but another doctor said this operation is worthless. What is your opinion? — J.B.

Such an operation does exist and it can be compared with the circumcision of the

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AMAZING "5 MINUTE BODY SHAPER" CREATES A SLIMMER, TOUGHER, SEXIER YOU!

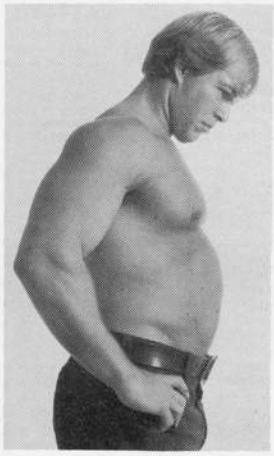
in 7 days I lost 4½ inches off my waist – 16 pounds of ugly fat – and shaped up! says Charlie Fautz

"I did it with one 5-minute exercise, twice daily lying on my back—*without dieting!*"

PHOTOS UNRETOUCHED • AUTHENTIC

CERTIFIED • NOTARIZED

Oct. 18–Before
Waist 37¼"
Weight 223



Oct. 25 (1 week later)
Waist 32¾" (lost 4½")
Weight 207 (lost 16 lbs.)

The first total body-shaper so effective—results have been notarized!

"On Oct. 18 I weighed 223 lbs. and my waist measured 37¼ inches; one week later, Oct. 26, I weighed 207 lbs. and my waist measured 32¾ inches. My improvement was absolutely incredible and I'm still amazed at the success of my "5" Minute Body Shaper."

These results are so fabulous – it is hard to believe. That's why we notarized and certified this case.

Notarized on October 26, 1972

RESULTS! NOT EMPTY PROMISES!

"Just couldn't believe it—doing one enjoyable five minute exercise, twice daily in the privacy of my home, could produce such exciting results so fast—**in 7 days**! Lying on the floor, using this 8 ounce exerciser—I could **see weight disappearing day by day**—my body becoming firmer, toughened and reshaped. I still couldn't believe all this happened to me so fast—without even giving up the foods I love. I am proud to recommend this incredible '5-Minute Total Body Snaper'—to anyone who wants to shape and toughen up. It's a life saver"...says Charlie Fautz.

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market".

RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms—and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days".

JIM HANLEY, Athletic Coach

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers".

TOM MINOCHELLO Famous Gymnasium Owner

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it".

PIERRE GRAVEL
Pres. Canadian Council of Chiropractic Research

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Michael Benedict, age 55: **"I lost 32 pounds and 6 inches off my waistline in 21 days".** Ken Waller, age 26: **"I lost 6 pounds and 3 inches off my waistline in 5 days".** Bill Russel, age 38: **"I lost 10 pounds and 2½ inches off my waistline in 10 days".** Jim Hanley, age 37: **"I lost 11½ pounds and 4½ inches off my waistline in 14 days".**

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5-MINUTE BODY SHAPER" plan is based on doing ONE-CONTINUOUS-RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE MOVEMENT! **That's all you do!** This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the waistline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast—while reshaping your entire body—arms, shoulders, chest, waist and legs!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of jogging...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 8 ozs and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space—anytime. Even while watching television!

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a "5-Minute Exerciser"—it sure does a lot!

NO GIMMICKS. NO CATCHES.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER.

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan—and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers"—I make you this

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE.

"GET IT OFF FAST"—and see measurable and firming results in 3 days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!

Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper"?

DISCOVER A NEW JOY IN YOUR BODY—*GIVE IT SEX APPEAL*— COMPLETE KIT ONLY $9.95

Weight just 8 ounces!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Ingenious "5-Minute Body Shaper" fits into handy pouches as small as one shown!

Joe Weider, Dept. P-7
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Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree... there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

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A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by remembering accurately everything they see, hear, or read. Whether in business, at social functions or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can dominate each situation by your ability to remember.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering anything you choose to remember, the publishers have printed full details of their self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Memory," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Memory Studies, 555 E. Lange St., Dept. 817-20, Mundelein, Ill. 60060. A postcard will do.

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male organ. It may help. Get the best qualified doctor in the field. Remember, a lot might have to do with her psychological state, so discuss this operation with her before you send her to a physician.

CARRY ON, VIRGIN!

I recently read that masturbation causes sterility. I am a fifteen-year-old virgin boy, and I estimate that I have been masturbating about once a week for the last two and a half years. I am very frightened, because I want to have children when I get married. Is this statement correct? If it is, how can I find out if I am sterile without involving my parents? Is there a way I can become fertile again if necessary? I need help, so please answer this letter. — David.

No way does masturbation cause sterility. Where the hell did you ever get this nursery rhyme? Many young men masturbate much more frequently than you, with no ill effects at all. If what you think were true, 90 percent of the population would not be on earth today to tell you not to do it.

NEEDED: A VIRGIN BED

During our short and uneventful marriage of only five months, my wife and I have had sex only four or five times, including our honeymoon night. It has been almost three months since the last time. We live in a furnished apartment, and my wife claims that she can't "do it" on a bed someone else has used. Every time I touch her sexually, she complains that I'm being rough and pawing her all over. Before we were married, she never complained. We had more sex during one date than we've had for the last five months. We enjoyed everything, including cunnilingus and fellatio. We are both twenty-one and healthy, so I can't understand her change of attitude. Have you ever heard of a situation like this, and what would you advise me to do? — D.D.

Buy a new bed.

HEDGE TRIMMING

My wife is a fantastic lover and does all she can to excite me. But she refuses to let me shave her pubic area. She is a nurse and she has seen shaved women, and she says they look ugly. I think they look beautiful, so how can I convince her? She has allowed me to trim her hair slightly twice and has complained about scratching and constant irritation. How can such irritation be prevented? — D.S.

There is a Latin expression *de gustibus non est disputandum,* which means one cannot dispute taste. What turns you on may not turn her on. A lot of women think a shaved cunt looks like a plucked chicken and takes away their femininity. In my opinion, a completely bald pussy does not have much character, compared to a nicely trimmed, short, but not stubbly, triangle, which leaves just enough to the imagination. Suggestion: trim it short, and if it still itches, put on some baby lotion or body cream to make it nice and smooth.

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HONKY-TONK ANGELS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

cheers, the hobo would respond with either a bubbly mutter or an exaggerated tip of the hat.

Hitchhiking and youth fare have pretty much phased out the creepers, hobos and natural-born drifters riding the rails to the Land of Cockaigne ("where you never have to change your socks"), but the whistle of the Midnight Special calling the restless and lovesick is still one of the most haunting themes in American music. Once the Iron Siren gets into the blood, "neither a kind-hearted girl, nor one he becomes 'stuck on' can hold a railroad bum when he hears the call of a train," as Jimmie Rodgers, "the Flying Brakeman," said about his classic song "The Railroad Bum."

The train was not only an escape and invitation to adventure, it was the future . . . progress itself unwinding along its iron paths . . . the secret history of America unfolding through speed, motion and flight. Most train stories were about disasters ("The Wreck of the Virginian," "Engine 143") but even its tragedies seem somehow triumphant. This complex object of folklore, eating up the wilderness with its ferocious engine, rattling boxcar and luxurious sleeper, was also a huge instrument, accompanying itself on the engineer's whistle and the hypnotic rhythm of its rods. Early country musicians like Byron Parker and his Mountaineers and Palmer McAbee loved to imitate these sounds, the Iron Horse as rolling guitar and the guitar and fiddle as miniature trains. Vernon Dalhart's record of "The Old '97" was country's first big hit, and it was in the railroad camps that country music gained its early momentum. Jimmie Rodgers, the first country star, learned to play the banjo from black gandy dancers while working on the Mobile & Ohio Line, and it was in the encampments and mines of the working man, far away from the "respectable" church-based communities that considered the fiddle and banjo instruments of the devil, that the early string bands developed.

The great hobo fantasy has now passed on into truck-driving songs. The tractor-trailer with its diesel smokestack is a sort of derailed train, and the big rig drivers on their endless asphalt trails are the heirs to Casey Jones. No truck-stop cuties will ever lure these heroes of country song onto the deadly rocks of suburban life, with its mortgages and TV dinners. In songs like "Truck Driver's Queen," "Convoy in the Sky" and "Phantom 309," country music has created a new hero from within its own culture.

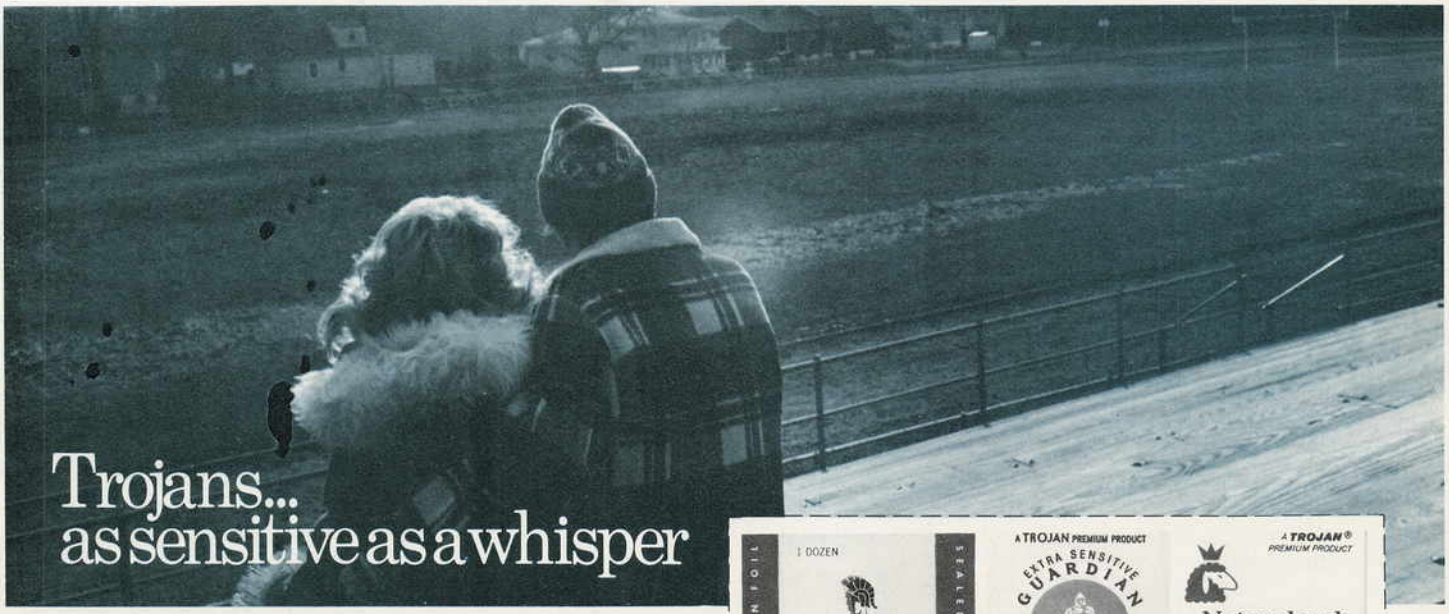
LET THE EARTHLIGHT SHINE ON MY OLD ROCKET SHIP

With the Nashville Sound going further and further "uptown," who's going to be left to play that redneck music but hippy shitkickers? Now that Mel Tillis and Charlie Pride are dressing like bankers, and without Elton John and Keith Richards to buy ruby-studded boots and $5,000 sequined suits, Nudie's Hollywood outfitters would die.

Just as automated agriculture is making the farm as deserted as the moon, with electronic Kow Trainers, E-Z Ketch Pig Motels and radiant-light fly eliminators, the city just can't get enough of those old country tunes. Country music is spreading everywhere! It's spreading like ivy on the outhouse, like an embroidered rose patch on Hank Snow's show suit, like lunar lichens! It's not just in Japan, its already spreading to outer space. The moon is ready for it, and the Martian Mountaineers are just tuning up!

Sometime in the future, when space-station Drifting Diode, with its rhinestone-studded sequined spokes, is whirling past the Milky Way, perhaps someone will remember that a barnyard band back in 1927 knew it would be just this way in their vision of earthlight:

"Farewell you old corn rabbits,
also you dodger pills,
Likewise you howlin' hounddogs,
you old moonshine stills,
If you ever see my face again,
I'll hand you down ma paw
I'll be looking through a telescope
from the moon to Arkansas."



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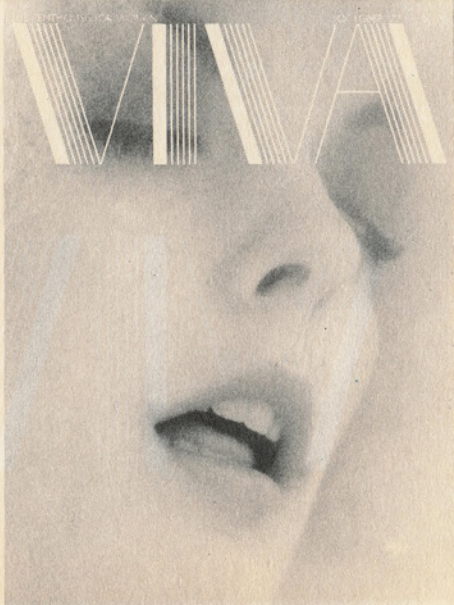

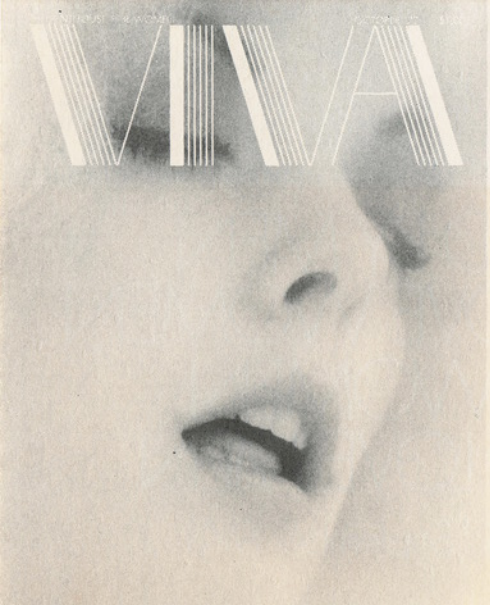

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